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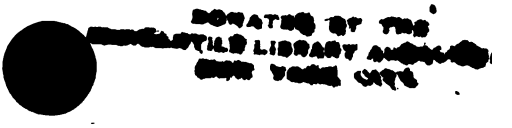

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MONTHLY RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE.

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THE DOCTRINE OF RECONCILIATION.

BY REV. C. PALFREY, D. D.

THE idea of the imputation of sin and of righteousness enters largely into what the old systems of theology call the "Scheme of Redemption." First, the sin of Adam is said to have been imputed to his posterity; then the sin of the whole human race is said to have been imputed to Christ, and to have been expiated by his sacrifice; and then the perfect righteousness of Christ is said to be imputed to every one who is vitally connected with him by faith. It may, perhaps, be thought hardly worth while to meddle with this dry old doctrine which nobody thinks much about now, not even those in whose professed creed it still lingers. But it was alive once. Like all doctrines that have ever made a part of the creed of sincere and earnest Christians, it was once a feeling. Feeling can never be adequately expressed in precise logical forms. The truth involved in it always gets injured, and more or less falsified, by such an attempt, and especially by trying to fit it into a place in an artificial system. But the germinal truth is ever true. The sentiment it produces ever makes a part of a genuine religious experience. It is, therefore, always well to examine an old doctrine candidly and respectfully. It leads to a consideration of the truth that lies at its centre, and of which it is a perversion, and helps us to restate it in a way that shall make it vital to ourselves.

The imputation of Christ's righteousness to believers in him is thus expressed, in a famous confession which is to-day the professed belief of a numerous and influential body of Christians: "Justification is an act of God's free grace unto sinners, in which he pardoneth all their sins, accepteth and accounteth their persons righteous in his sight; not for anything wrought in them, or done by them, but only for the perfect obedience and full satisfaction of Christ by God imputed to them, and received by faith alone."

The objections to this doctrine thus stated are obvious. It directly contradicts the plainest and most universal of our moral intuitions, and confounds all our ideas of right and wrong. We can have no conception of sin and righteousness but as strictly personal qualities. They are so by their very nature. They can be acquired for one's self only by one's self. They are inalienable and untransferable. To say that my sin may become your sin, or your righteousness my righteousness, will be seen, when we attend to the reality of things, to involve an absurdity. One may indeed experience the effects of another's sin or righteousness. So intimately are we bound together by various relations, that this is frequently the case. Few are so isolated that they can sin without in some degree impairing the happiness of others; or be good, without becoming a blessing to all within their influence; but it is the outward consequences, and not the personal quality of sin and righteousness, which thus pass beyond the original agent.

Sin and righteousness are also, in a sense, communicated by instruction, example, influence. An eminently good man is the cause of goodness in others, by making goodness beautiful, desirable, and attractive. And sin is propagated in a similar manner. But this case is manifestly different from the transfer of qualities supposed by the doctrine. Moral qualities are not thus imputed to a man irrespective of anything wrought in him or done by him, but only such as he has made his own by his own voluntary act.

Again, this doctrine, though certainly not so meant by those who profess it, does, in fact, involve irreverence to God. It

ascribes to him some of the poorest and shallowest of the devices of man. As if, in the dealings of a God of perfect justice and truth, there could be anything like legal fictions! As if he could be imagined to treat men as *constructively* guilty or meritorious! Surely, nothing but truth and reality can stand before him. How can he regard a man as having rendered a perfect obedience, unless he has rendered a perfect obedience? And if, notwithstanding the imperfection which confessedly cleaves to every man, it is still possible to enjoy his favor, it must be because there is a reason in justice rightly understood, — justice tempered by that mercy that makes it justice, and distinguishes it from cruelty, why such a being as man should be accepted by him on other grounds than that of an absolutely perfect obedience.

This doctrine is without foundation in Scripture. Not a passage can be found that asserts it. There are passages which, the doctrine being assumed, might seem to refer to it, — to be capable of interpretation consistently with it, — but not one that would serve as a foundation for it, or would suggest it to a reader who did not carry it with him to the reading of the Word, and was so prepared to find it there. Paul expresses the wish that he might be found in Christ, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ; the meaning of which is obvious. His own righteousness was that to which he had been brought up under the law; the righteousness which is through the faith of Christ is the higher and deeper righteousness that may be attained by the voluntary use of all the aids and influences offered in the word and life of Christ. The expression, "clothed with the righteousness of Christ," is sometimes used in religious discourse and conversation, and, though not scriptural, it is a very good expression, and ought to mean, clothed with such righteousness as Christ taught and exemplified and helps men to acquire.

How came a doctrine for which so little can be said, and which is open to such grave objections, to obtain a place in the Christian heart? It was a device for answering an anxious question that arises in every humble heart, seeking ac-

ceptance with God, contemplating the length and breadth and depth of his law, and conscious of its own weakness and sins. What are the terms of acceptance with God, — the conditions of eternal life? These questions are thus answered by Christ: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself. This do, and thou shalt live." But no one does this. No one expects to do it. Who, then, shall live? The law everywhere describes perfection and requires it, and no one renders it a perfect obedience. If a man could begin to-day, and thenceforth obey the law perfectly, as long as he lived, still, in a legal point of view, the delinquencies of his previous life would stand against him. The most perfect obedience is no more than his duty, and cannot make up for past imperfections. But his future obedience will not be thus perfect. It will have imperfections of its own to be answered for. What, then, is any man's ground of acceptance with God? To this question, a careless and superficial answer is sometimes given. Men say, God is merciful and gracious. He knoweth our frame, and remembereth we are dust. He does not expect of us perfect obedience. He will not be strict to mark iniquity. If we mean to do right, and do as well as we can, he will overlook our delinquencies and occasional transgressions, and graciously accept us. Now, this may be very true, and yet the application of it by an individual to his own case may be very false. A certain state of heart is necessary in order to make that truth applicable and a source of genuine peace and hope, and unless that state of heart exists, the thought of God's grace will only encourage a man to go on in sin, or to entertain low views, and satisfy himself with a careless performance of duty. Indeed, this ground of confidence may be shaken by simply repeating, to one who assumes it carelessly, his own words, "We have only to do as well as we can." Who is fulfilling that condition? Who is engaged with all his present power in the service of God?

This is a way of talking into which a man will be likely to fall who looks upon this question from without, as a matter

of speculation, without any deep personal concern in it. He does not feel all the difficulties of the question, and is, therefore, satisfied with the answer that he gives. But there is a state of heart which that answer by no means satisfies. When we consider justly how great a thing it is to possess the favor of God, and think of our own weakness, imperfection, and sin, and of the impossibility of an absolutely perfect conformity to his will, the question, how to be assured of his favor, assumes a serious importance. We refuse to be put off with a light and trivial answer to it. We are not satisfied with being told that we have only to do as well as we can. We are afraid of mistaking the measure of our own responsibility, of setting ourselves a too easy task, of being content with low views of duty.

This anxious question the doctrine of imputation professes to answer. To the penitent, wishing to return to God, and to live a new life with him, but oppressed with a sense of guilt, it says, Let not your past sins trouble you; they are all cancelled; their guilt was laid upon Christ, and was expiated by his blood. To the renewed soul, just awakened to spiritual life, deeply conscious of its remaining sins and imperfections, knowing how far short it will long continue to fall of the perfection set before it, it says, Be not disturbed by the inevitable shortcomings of your future life. God accepts you, not on account of anything wrought in you, or done by you, but by reason of the imputation to you of Christ's righteousness. He regards and treats you as if the perfect obedience of Christ had been rendered by you personally.

This is certainly a very tangible supply of the felt want; it can be readily grasped and applied, and must be very satisfactory to one who does not see how utterly inconsistent it is with the nature of sin and righteousness to consider them as commodities that can be thus handed about from one to another, and how unworthy a conception of the God of truth and justice it is, to imagine him thus treating moral beings as if their characters were the opposite of what they really are. And yet many excellent Christians have been able to overlook these immense difficulties, and have interpreted their religious

experiences by this theory of imputation, and have found peace in an assurance of pardon and acceptance, which was conveyed into their souls by this vehicle. Their peace and assurance were none too deep and strong for the reality. The abounding love of God for them was all that they conceived it to be. Their only mistake was in regard to the method by which they came under its influence. Their ideas of imputation were the husk in which the vital germ of a great Christian truth was enclosed.

This question about justification before God, and acceptance with him, arises from a legal view of man's relations to God, which regards the service of God as a contract, and our relations to him as analogous to the civil relations of ruler and subject, master and servant, creditor and debtor, in which the subject, servant, debtor, is in a condition to fulfil his part of the contract perfectly from the beginning, and in which, if he fail to do so, the ruler, master, creditor, is injured, and entitled to compensation. The difficulty is a legal one, and the remedy which the doctrine of imputation provides for it is also legal. It asserts that the compensation is made, the debt paid. If so, the creditor has no longer a claim. There is no room for the exercise of mercy, forbearance, forgiveness, on his part. He has exacted his utmost due, and he has got it. Yet the doctrines of which this of imputation is a part are called "the doctrines of grace," which profess to take men out from under a dispensation of mere law, and put them under a dispensation of free pardon and favor. Is it indeed so? On the contrary, according to these doctrines, God has never freely forgiven. He has never exercised that mercy and compassion which make a part of our ideal of moral perfection; he has shown an austerity and unrelentingness which we should consider grave faults in a man; and instead of being told to be merciful as our Father in heaven is merciful, we should have been told to be more merciful than he.

When I read the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which our Lord evidently intended to draw a picture of a truly good parent, as a type of the Infinite Father, a story that speaks directly to every filial and every parental heart, and needs for

its interpretation only the deep instincts of our nature, — a little gospel by itself, that tells the whole story of sinning and repenting man's reconciliation with God, and teaches the truth far more clearly than many obscure passages on the same subject, and, instead of being darkened by them, should be allowed to shed upon them some of its own light, — and when I see that this whole transaction between God and the soul is there set forth in the simplest and most intelligible form, just like one between any wise and good parent and his child; when I note that here was no mediator to appease the father's wrath and turn his heart towards his offending son, no mention made of satisfaction for the parent's insulted authority, no compensation demanded for his wasted goods; that the son was not required to keep away from his father's presence till he had proved the sincerity of his penitence by an altered life; that he went directly to his father, with all his sins upon him, and was received, not coldly, but with a tender and overflowing love that went forth to meet him, — not as a servant, but as a child, — pardoned on the sole ground of his manifestly true repentance, — taken back at once to his father's home, and permitted to accomplish his complete restoration to virtue under his father's care, — I say this, this is the Christian doctrine of atonement, of reconciliation. Thus does Christ solve the doubts and relieve the fears of the returning penitent, not by offering a legal solution of a legal difficulty, but by lifting him up nearer to God, into a position from which that difficulty vanishes, in which he will see that he is, and always has been, under a dispensation of love, that God has been ever willing to confer on him the highest blessedness he can receive, and that when he accepts it, when he comes to God with a desire and purpose of thenceforth dwelling with him as a loving and trustful child, then he is in the very condition in which it has been the design of all God's dealings to bring him; then all the transgressions he hath committed shall not be mentioned unto him; in the faith and love with which he has cast himself on the Father's compassion he shall live.

The fact has been alluded to, that in the parable of the

prodigal no mediator appears. Yet is that parable full of Christ. The true nature of his mediatorial office is indicated by the fact that it is he who tells us this story. He reconciles man to God, not by doing anything to change the disposition of God to man, or removing anything out of the way of the sinner's pardon and acceptance, but by revealing to him God as he unchangeably is, by leading him into God's nearer presence, where he can see him truly, and have the fullest assurance of his eternal love, and shall know that the only obstacle in the way of his return to God and enjoyment of his favor has ever lain in his own will.

In our relations to God we are as children going through the process of education under a parent's care and discipline. The parent gives the child his commands, sets before him the ideal of conduct and character he would have him attain. Those commands describe perfection. They could not be given in any other form. But does the parent expect the child to leap to it by a single effort? Does he resent the imperfection of the child's first attempts, as injuries done to himself, which the child is bound to repair? The parent's object in the child's education is not his own glory or profit, but the child's good. When the child has reached a point in his progress to which he has aimed to bring him, the parent is satisfied; he does not go back and hold him accountable for every failure he may have made in his progress to that point. He does not expect of the child perfection at the outset, but he does justly expect of him an obedient and teachable spirit, and constant and earnest endeavor. So is it in our relations to God. We are here in the infancy of our being, weak, imperfect, ignorant, to be trained, instructed, developed, by the discipline of God. Not without many falls, failures, and wanderings will our progress be accomplished. Perfection is not our starting-point, but our goal. Our Father does not expect it of us at once, but he does expect of us an obedient and teachable spirit, and constant and earnest endeavor, and where that spirit and endeavor are found, he graciously accepts imperfect obedience.

Accepts imperfect obedience. Is there not danger, it may

be asked, in this admission? Does it not take from the law its authority? If any remission of its requirements be allowed, the question arises, How much? Must not every man answer that question for himself? And is not an opening thus left for any degree of laxness in practice? Certainly there is such a danger. But the same objection lies against the provision for imperfect obedience made by the doctrine of imputation. Is there no danger in saying to a class of men, The imperfection of your life and character is completely covered by the obedience of Christ; whether you do little or much, you stand equally well before God, since he imputes to you Christ's perfect righteousness? There is the same danger in any provision for imperfect obedience, and some such provision every religion that addresses frail and imperfect men, and at the same time promulgates a law of absolute moral rectitude, must make. No human soul could breathe a moment in an atmosphere of unmitigated law. The only certain preventive of the abuse of God's gracious indulgence to weakness and imperfection lies, not in any form of words in which the conditions of eternal life can be expressed, but in the state of heart with which they are received. A right state of heart is necessary to the right apprehension and use of all truth. Abuse of God's grace as an encouragement to sloth and sin, is impossible to one who comes to God with entire filial devotion, wishing to testify his love by the most perfect obedience he can render, and believing that conformity to the divine will is the greatest blessedness he can enjoy. To such an one, the question, how little is absolutely necessary to be done, never occurs. He desires to know and do the will of God ever more perfectly, that he may more completely express his filial affection, and more fully realize the true well-being of his soul.

The conditions of eternal life as expressed by Christ, supreme love of God, love of our neighbor as of ourselves, are put in the form of a command. But can such love be instantly called into existence at a word of command? Can the will put it into the heart, in obedience to a precept? Instead of being an attainment with which we are to start at the commencement of our spiritual course, does it not set be-

fore us the consummation to which we are to grow, if not in this life, in future stages of our being? This preceptive form is only one way of expressing a spiritual truth, of describing our highest good, of setting before us the true end and aim of our being. Can we think that we are aliens from God and subjects of his displeasure, till we have grown up to perfection? How, then, — the question continually comes back upon us, — how are we to get peace and security during our period of imperfection? It is by the cordial acceptance of the righteousness taught and exemplified by Christ, as our righteousness, that is, as the righteousness which we will ever desire, which we will earnestly strive for, short of which we will never rest, which we will ever steadfastly believe that God will finally give us. This act of the soul, this fixed choice of the righteousness of Christ as the end of our desire and effort is the fact in spiritual experience which was represented by the imputation of Christ's righteousness. It lifts from the soul the burden of its imperfection. The soul from its inmost depths responds to the outward law. It finds the same law printed on its own nature. Christ in the heart speaks with the same voice as in the written word. The soul demands of itself the perfection that the law requires. It knows that in it alone are its peace, its rest, its true life. And then on this higher spiritual plane, it goes through the same round of experiences as on the lower legal ground. It longs for perfect union with God, and feels intense unrest and dissatisfaction at the imperfection that separates it from him. Then the question comes to it again from its own secret chambers, Whence shall it get present peace till it finds its final and perfect peace in God? And that question leads it to a more fixed choice, a more earnest desire, more strenuous endeavors to attain a complete oneness of thought, will, affection, action, with the divine will. God, who discerns the inmost heart, sees that there is planted in that soul a germ of spiritual life, that will grow till it reaches the fulness of the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus. He who knows the end from the beginning, and to whom the past and future are alike present, sees in it the Christ-like being that shall be, and imputes to it now the righteousness of Christ.

A PRAYER.

BY JAMES C. PARSONS.

O God! now thou art nearest,
And prayer is not a form or task,
Now, for myself and those to me the dearest,
What shall I ask?
Is it that, once for all,
I *myself* may see;
Learn, with thine eyes, the thing that holds me thrall,
And evermore walk free? —
That inward aim and outward fame
May reconcilèd be? —
That I and they, for whom I pray,
May hold our course serenely up to thee?

Now that the way is clear
Straight to thy listening ear, —
Now that I hold thee pausing to my want,
Which, be it worthy, thou wilt grant, —
I leave *myself* to thee;
Lord, let my limitations be!

But teach the eye, that too much inward turns,
Thy glorious world of truth to see,
Till with the love of it and thee
My soul for evermore adores and burns!
To know thy wondrous thought,
Spoken from space to space in visible words,
Which, ages after ages, alter not,
While each with each accords.
To know and love the eternal Right,
The angels' morning song,
Slow gaining from the heavenly height
Upon the realms of wrong;
To count it my supreme delight
Among its champions to fight,
Or toil with them in peace.
So, battling through my day, in faith,

To see no darkness close in death,
But broader space and perfect light,
And fading from my earthly sight,
All limitations cease!

MORNING HYMN.

Creator! God! the morning light
Hath reached again, hath cheered my sight;
Oh, let me thank thee; hear my voice,
And see my soul in thee rejoice.

How tenderly, how sweetly blest
By darkened hours for needful rest,
From which I rise with life anew,
My onward journey to pursue.

And wilt thou dart from truth divine
A ray upon my soul to shine,
A light upon the heavenly way
To guide me nearer thee to-day?

"Such comforts would come to us oftener from Nature, if we really believed that our God was the God of nature; that when he made, or rather when he makes, he means; that not his hands only, but his heart, too, is in the making of those things; that, therefore, the influences of Nature upon human minds and hearts are because he intended them. And if we believe that our God is everywhere, why should we not think him present even in the coincidences sometimes that seem so strange? For, if he be in the things that coincide, he must be in the coincidences of those things."

O Lord, I yield unto thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of thee (let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of thee, since even that proceeds from thee), — let me crave, even by the noblest title, which in my greatest affliction I may give myself, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodness (which is thyself), that thou wilt suffer some beam of thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on thee. — Sir Philip Sidney.

PRISCILLA'S PREACHING.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

AQUILA and Priscilla were a virtuous pair, whom the Apostle Paul found at Corinth, and towards whom he was drawn by their similar occupation, by the harmony of their faith, and by their personal qualities. Afterwards, at Ephesus, they were the instructors of one who, from their training, became a light of the Church, — Apollos, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures." Paul, writing from Ephesus to the Corinthians, gave their salutations with his own, and spoke of "the church" that was "in their house." After this they went to Rome, where they had formerly dwelt; and, in his letter to the Christians in that city, Paul salutes them as his "helpers in Christ Jesus," with words of gratitude and praise. "Who have," he says, "for my life laid down their own necks; unto whom not only I give thanks, but all the churches of the Gentiles. Likewise greet," he adds, "the church that is in their house." Again we find them at Ephesus, from the greeting of Paul in his second epistle to Timothy. With this text closes all that we hear respecting them in the New Testament.

It is interesting to observe the harmony which existed between this excellent pair, in connection with the office of Christian instruction which they seem to have shared. Priscilla evidently was no ordinary woman. Her power of mind, and facility alike in receiving and in imparting instruction, placed her on an equality with her husband; but this equality seems in no degree to have interfered with domestic harmony. Together they receive the teachings of Paul; together they instruct the eloquent Apollos; together they assist the apostle, and incur danger in his defence; and together they receive his thanks and blessing.

Another feature of interest in these accounts is in the repeated reference to "the church in the house" of these disciples. Similar language is used by the apostle with regard to Nymphas (Col. iv. 15) and to Philemon (Phile. 2). A

church is found in the house of Aquila and Priscilla, whether they are dwelling at Ephesus or at Rome. The father and mother, if true Christians, can never leave the church behind them. Wherever they may go, though "far from all voice of teachers and divines," there will be social worship, there will be the religious training of children, there will be the reading of Scripture, and mutual encouragement to all good works; and in these the piety of the wife and mother will bear an honored part.

Shall we regard Priscilla as an early instance of a female preacher, sanctioning thus the practice which some desire to see introduced into our churches?

She is certainly represented as sharing with her husband the task of religious teaching. Together they "expounded" to Apollos "the way of God more perfectly." This, however, was apparently in private conversation. We can imagine the three, as seated in the shop at Corinth, where Paul had worked before, with pieces of tent-cloth around, while the needle in Priscilla's busy fingers kept time with her words, and her glowing representation of the beauty of the Saviour's character impressed on the heart of the disciple that conviction which the learning and the logic of Aquila had begun to produce. We can imagine, too, other scenes wherein she "labored in the Lord;" how she went out among the poor of Corinth, and, imparting of her scanty means, doubled every gift by coupling with it the name of Him who had given his life to save sinners. But did she preach?

We think not; for, in the first place, we are never told that she did. In the second place, she was the friend and disciple of Paul, — of him who said, "I suffer not a woman to teach;" who wrote to the Christians of that same Corinth, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." We know that Paul's opinion has not now the authority that it once possessed. German theology has found out, indeed, that Christianity owes to him more than he ever thought of claiming; that he liberated it from that narrow, Jewish exclusiveness with which — strange to say — its Founder had left it encumbered. But, for all this, Paul's opinion does not pass

for much at present; or else all questions about woman's preaching would be left unasked. But whatever may be thought of Paul's opinion now, his friends, Aquila and Priscilla, thought highly of it. They looked to him as their teacher in Christianity, and it is not likely that either of them would have adopted a method of action entirely contrary to the letter and spirit of Paul's instructions.

We conclude, then, that Priscilla did not preach. And we do not consider this fact as detracting at all from the honor that should be paid to the memory of that distinguished Christian matron. She did not preach, but she taught, — taught humbly, unassumingly, without any danger, any suspicion, of transgressing the bounds of female delicacy. A man like Apollos, learned and eloquent, was not ashamed to sit as pupil at her feet. Preaching, then, is not a necessity to win respect to the instructions of female piety and wisdom. She did not preach, but she shared with her husband, as in their common occupation for daily bread, so in making known by daily converse with those around them, and by the blessed testimony of a good example, the power of the gospel of Christ. She was not a preacher, but she was an industrious laborer, a wise counsellor, a kind friend, a good wife, — perhaps also a good mother, — an honor, if not to the clerical profession, yet, what was far better, to her own profession of Christianity.

The question we have been examining suggests another, of more practical interest: —

Shall Priscilla preach?

Priscilla is still in the Church, and we view her with all possible respect. We have known her in many stations, and in different sections of the country; sometimes as the modest maiden, sometimes as the gifted authoress, the affectionate wife, the wise and happy mother; sometimes as the venerable matron, blessed in her children's children, whom, like their parents before them, she had brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Shall we yet know her as a preacher? Shall we advise the young Priscillas to prepare, by study, and practice of voice and pen, for the clerical pro-

fession? It is a question we would not touch lightly, though the style in which we speak of it may be familiar. It is a question in which deep issues are involved; it is a question on which the opinions of good men and of good women are divided. Let us examine it with all due seriousness and caution.

Of the authority of the Apostle Paul we have already spoken; his decision is, we believe, the only one distinctly given in the New Testament; but the practice of the early teachers is against the innovation proposed. No woman was appointed by the Saviour to be of the number of the apostles; no woman was ordained by the apostles to the pastoral office. The nearest approach to such an appointment appears in the instance of Phœbe, "a servant of the Church which is at Cenchrea." Rom. xvi. 1. The word translated "servant" is *διάκονον*, the name given in other places to a well-known class of church officers. See Phil. i. 1; 1 Tim. iii. 8–13. But their duty, both from the meaning of this word, and from the account in Acts vi. of the institution of their office, appears to have been connected with the charities of the Church, rather than with its worship. We rejoice that we have many women in our churches who give themselves with true heart and ready hand to the work of charity. We should have no other objection to the revival of the order of deaconesses in the present age than that it is needless to introduce an official title, when we already have all the good Christian ministration which it indicates.

Mention is made, in Acts xxi. 9, of four daughters of Philip, the Deacon, "which did prophesy;" and prophesying, in the New Testament, often means preaching. Wakefield translates the expression, "who were teachers," reminding us of the daughters of many a deacon since. The context, however, is rather favorable to their gift having been that of prediction, as it tells us of others who foretold to Paul the dangers he was to encounter at Jerusalem.

With a possible exception in this instance, the authority of the early Church is against the proposed change; and thus it is also with the Church in almost every section, through the

many centuries of its existence. Perhaps a few instances may be discovered, in the long record of the Middle Ages, where a lady abbess, or a female enthusiast, has preached uncensured; but if such instances have occurred, they were too obscure to disprove the general rule. Of more importance is the example of the Quakers; and of that society we would speak with the respect due to the spirituality of their faith, and the firmness of their testimony against all unrighteousness. But Quakerism arose as a protest against the lifeless formality and degrading man-worship of the age of the Stuarts. By a natural reactionary tendency, it sought the very extreme of difference from prevalent customs; and the evils of such a choice have now become manifest. Its peculiarities of dress and language have lost their original meaning, and instead of a protest against formality, are formalities themselves; while its rejection of a regular ministry, whose place it has endeavored to supply in part by female preaching, is among the principal causes which have led to its hopeless decline. It is not from a denomination which is rapidly passing away that we can safely borrow a custom for the use of a young and vigorous religious body.

But, it may be said, we have no occasion to inquire into authority and precedent; it is a question of right that we are discussing. Woman has a right to preach, a right to enter the clerical profession, as well as other spheres of useful labor, from which she has been injuriously excluded. The Church, too, has a right to her services; to the aid of a sex more pure, more devout, and not less gifted in qualities of mind than the other. Woman's peculiar aptitude for teaching is now generally admitted; why should not that ability be exercised on the loftiest themes?

Our reply to these arguments is derived from the universal recognition of a distinction in the spheres of labor appropriate to the sexes. Is it the business of woman, equally with man, to labor in the fields, to hunt, to bear arms in war? Is it the business of man, equally with woman, to prepare food, to tend infants, to nurse the sick? When questions like these are asked, every one must admit that the constitution of the

respective sexes implies a difference, providentially appointed, in their departments of labor. The question then is, how far that difference extends? If any kind of labor be unfit for woman to do, her right in relation to it is not a right of participation, but of exemption; the question of right, then, depends on that of fitness or expediency. If it is best, on the whole, for Priscilla and for the Church that she should preach, she has a right to; if otherwise, not.

Is it best, then, in the first place, for the male sex? The interests of this half of the human race are also to be considered. If we look at the condition of the churches, in our denomination at least, we find some ground for alarm lest religion should come to be regarded as woman's exclusive privilege. Its work of charity is mostly in the hands of our sisters; they form a large majority of our communicants, if not even of the worshippers at our regular Sunday services. These things show a tendency which should certainly be seriously regarded, before taking a step which cannot but greatly increase it. Man may be willing to yield his place in the pulpit; will he long continue to occupy his place in the pew? Gifted as the sex is in capacity for instruction, we have known large boys to be restless under a lady teacher; and if female preaching become a general custom, we fear that the men, after the attraction of novelty has passed away, will more and more leave the church, as a place where they have neither business nor interest, until the attendance shall consist alone of the gentler sex, and of the younger boys.

Is it desirable for woman herself that she should exercise the clerical vocation? In the affirmative, it will be pleaded that the success of several who are entitled to respect, alike as ladies and as preachers, fully shows that the sex is capable of giving instruction from the pulpit as well as in other ways. If, then, woman possesses the gift, can it be otherwise than desirable that she should have free opportunity for its exercise?

In replying to this argument, we would disclaim all discourtesy. There have been in past ages, undoubtedly, a few noble women who have worthily occupied the chair of public

instruction. Deborah, the prophetess, who roused up Israel to expel its invaders, and Huldah, the prophetess, to whom Josiah sent for information respecting the wonderful book that the High Priest had found in the Temple of the Lord, may retain for us their "liberty of prophesying." An allowance may be made, in those old times, of perhaps one in a hundred years; in modern days, the world's population being larger, the instances occur somewhat more frequently. We once aided in providing a place to preach for an eminent lady of the Society of Friends, when other places had been denied her on account of her anti-slavery opinions. We admire the learning, the ability, and the energy of another lady, who has done more than any one else in our country to gain attention to the important subject of her sex's right to labor, and to enjoy the rewards of their labor. And with regard to some few others, who are filling acceptably the pastoral office in a sister denomination, no word of ours shall detract from the respect which is their due. But these instances are, in our judgment, not numerous enough to make a rule. They are exceptional, and belong to that class of exceptions which prove the general correctness of the rule from which they vary.

Exceptions of a similar character, and much more numerous, are afforded by history to the rule which exempts woman from military service. We will not waste words by arguing to prove that the rule is correct. Yet Queen Artemisia fought her ship most gallantly at the battle of Salamis. Tasso tells us of the fair and brave Clorinda on the Moslem side, and of Gildippe, not less fair and brave, on the part of the Crusaders; and, in these instances, the fancy of the poet did but reflect facts of occasional occurrence in the wars of that rude old time. But, to pass over other instances, let us fix on one, where a woman aroused the spirit of a kingdom well-nigh conquered, led its hosts to battle and to victory, and left a memory glorious to her country and herself, and disgraceful only to her foes, who tried to veil their cruelty by their superstition. Few loftier names has history to show than that of Joan of Arc. The Maid of Orleans was raised up by Heaven to deliver France, as truly as Washington or Lincoln was

raised up by Heaven to deliver our country. We own the brilliant exception, but we own it as an exception still. In spite of all our admiration for the heroine, we maintain that the proper sphere of woman in war is the sewing-room or the hospital, not the guard-room nor the battle-field.

Exceptional cases, like that to which we have adverted, are a law unto themselves; but even they must obey certain conditions. The consecrating voice that spoke to Joan of Arc, while it gave her high honor in her unusual field of service, denied her a participation in the customary cares and delights of woman. Hear its utterance in Schiller's poetry:—

> "In the rough brass shalt thou thy limbs array,
> Cover with martial steel thy tender breast;
> Never o'er thee shall human love bear sway,
> With sinful flames of earthly pleasure blest.
> Never shall bridal wreath thy locks adorn,
> No lovely child within thine arms shall rest;
> But thee will I with warlike honor crown,
> Beyond earth's daughters all in high renown."

Something, then, had to be given up to make the exceptional heroine. Something has to be given up to make the exceptional preacher. The Maid of Orleans, assuming the part of manly energy to deliver France, resigned of necessity the calm, gentle, confiding, dependent part of female loveliness and happiness. The female preacher of to-day, assuming the manly part of prominent action before a large and miscellaneous audience, resigns of necessity certain qualities which have, for six thousand years, been considered peculiarly feminine. She cannot be at once shrinking and prominent, timid and unembarrassed; of a low and gentle voice, "an excellent thing in woman," and of a loud, sonorous voice, an excellent thing in an orator.

Exceptional cases cannot properly be taken to establish a rule. Providence makes them, Providence will take care of them; but for our guidance in establishing institutions and rules for their management, we must look at mankind in their normal condition, and govern ourselves thereby. It does not follow, because there was a Joan of Arc, and because she did

right in coming forward to deliver her country, that we ought to have a female department at West Point, and let "the ever-feminine lead us on" in the day of battle; and it does not follow, because Madame Guyon was worthy to be the instructor of Fenelon, that we are to make the settlement of female preachers a regular thing in our churches, or the training of them a regular department in our Divinity Schools.

And let us observe that these two things must go together. Those who advocate the employment of ladies as preachers advocate also, very properly, their especial instruction for that office. There is a feeling, equally strong and correct, against lowering the standard of professional culture. Now, the idea of a clerical education for ladies involves considerations much more grave than that of the propriety of bringing the two sexes together in the same lecture and recitation rooms. The question arises, Is it best to place before the mind of female youth an object in life inconsistent with that for which God and nature intended them, — an object which, in most cases, will be relinquished as soon as the voice of God and nature is heard in their hearts, calling them to other scenes and other duties than those we have placed before them, — an object which, if retained in connection with the more natural and proper one, will result to the injury of both, the individual half-performing the duties of minister, and half-performing those of wife and mother?

Our preparation for the ministry takes about ten years. From the time when the boy shows a sufficient love of learning to encourage his friends to send him to college, three years may fairly be assigned for preliminary studies; then follow the four years of the college classes, and the three at the Divinity School. Apply the same system to female instruction. Your bright little daughter of twelve is waiting for your decision. She is fond of the studies of her day school, fond of the teachings of her Sunday-school. Will you bring her up to be a happy wife and mother, or will you bring her up to be a distinguished preacher? The precedents before you are too few to assure you that she can be both. Will you condemn her to celibacy, or to the state far worse,

of one who has the cares without the tastes of domestic life, worn out with a double burden imperfectly borne; not the counsellor and fellow-laborer of her husband, but having her path apart from his, her circle of friends and admirers distinct from his, her will independent of his, — the two ruling their respective provinces, and meeting on terms of cold and unnatural equality, as historians tell us of their two Catholic Majesties, Ferdinand, King of Arragon, and Isabella, Queen of Castile?

However you may think it proper for others, you will make no such choice for the darling daughter who now comes to you so lovingly in bright and blushing girlhood. No; she must be a true woman, with all the softness of her sex, with its strength, indeed, of patient endurance and heavenward trust, but with enough of its weakness to appreciate the manly strength of that arm which Providence has in training somewhere for the sacred task of sustaining and protecting her. But even should you decide differently, will you be able to carry out your choice? Nature may have her way in spite of you. While you are maintaining your theory of woman's rights, you are not experimenting on dead matter, but on a living human being, with a warm heart, on which is inscribed Heaven's own law of woman's rights and woman's duties; and that law, thousands of years old as it is, may carry the day against the last refinement of the nineteenth century. You carefully train your future reverend lady, carefully and successfully through all the interesting period of "the teens." But when the funds have been collected from the churches, and your daughter is in the last year of the Madame Guyon scholarship in the Hypatia Institute of Theology, there comes a catastrophe. Is it

> "The blind fury wth the abhorred shears,
> That cuts the fine-spun life"?

No, it is the blind god of love, with his bow and arrow, that cuts the fine-spun theory. The young divine, almost ready to preach, receives an invitation, not from a parish, but an individual; and the applicant, being a man, with the spirit of a man, thinks that he will be able to support his wife without

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the necessity of her preaching. She breathes one sigh, as all her visions of future triumphs in eloquence and scholarship take their flight, but that is succeeded by a tenderer sigh, and she turns from the Hypatia Institute to the arms of domestic love, — her course being highly disapproved by the faculty and by you, but approved by the voice of Nature, which is the voice of its Divine Author.

We have brought forward this supposed instance playfully; but does it not involve a serious argument? Ought we to subject our daughters to a period of ten years' training for a profession, — a training which shall separate them entirely from what has been hitherto considered woman's work and woman's accomplishments, when the probability is that a Heaven-ordained and universal law of Nature will supersede the intended profession and render the education useless?

We cannot be too careful that we connect no false idea, no questionable institution, with the grand future which Providence seems to be preparing for Liberal Christianity. In that future, woman will bear, as she has borne, a noble part. With such names as Mary Ware and Eliza Follen, and the living good and gifted whom we must not designate, will be associated others, in this and in coming generations, distinguished for varied scholarship, for poetic genius, for blessed works of Christian charity. With these endowments, they will not need the prominence of the pulpit to show forth their worth; but their exalted gifts will be more highly prized, because ever held in union with unobtrusive, delicate refinement.

How often do we look upon God as our last and feeblest resource! We go to him because we have nowhere else to go. And then we learn that the storms of life have driven us, not upon the rocks, but into the desired haven; that we have been compelled, as to the last remaining, so to the best, the only, the central help, the causing cause of all helps to which we had turned aside as nearer and better. — McDonald.

THE IRRELIGION OF POOR WORK.

BY JOHN C. KIMBALL.

HAPPENING, not long ago, to be in one of our large manufacturing places, where the chief article turned out is stockings, my attention was attracted by the exceeding care with which they were handled by the agent who was engaged in packing them away. He explained it was necessary to take them up tenderly and treat them with care, or they would fall to pieces before the establishment could get them off its hands. And thereupon, though they looked very nice and white and warm, he showed how it was possible to run the finger through many of them double, and that some would hardly bear their own weight in being lifted up. Yet they were going into the market for human beings with bones and flesh and muscle to put on and wear. They will be advertised and displayed from shop windows as a great bargain in stockings. Poor people will buy them because they are cheap; and they will be furnished to poor children, with shoes to match, as things with which to keep warm, and in which they are expected to grow up to the fear of God and the honor and love of all mankind. This case may have been an extraordinary one in the extent to which the worthlessness was carried, but there is the same element of shoddy and sham, of outside beauty and finish covering up inward defects, in a large part of our modern work. It is only by rare good luck that one can find an article, whatever its label or its cost may be, that is really good and genuine throughout both its workmanship and material. The market is flooded with poor manufactures in every department and variety of art. One of the secrets of success in business consists in the ability to work in the largest amount of poor stock with the least possible labor, and so as to have it look well on the outside. The process of imperfection is almost the only thing which is perfect. There is nothing which is too important or too sacred for its touch. Not the steamboat or the railroad car in which

we are to trust our dearest friends, not the altar or the church at which we are to worship God. It is one of the worst defects of our modern civilization, one that is well worthy of being considered from the stand-point of religion; and though a paragraph was devoted to it in the March number of the "Religious Magazine," the subject is not by any means exhausted, and there are some of its separate bearings which need especially to be taken up.

First, the influence which it exerts on a person's own soul is positively bad. Not to speak of the dishonesty, the direct moral turpitude, which there often is in imposing a worthless article on the market, there is something in the very fact of making it, even when it is sold for exactly what it is, that is injurious and degrading. Man's character is formed not merely by the truth he is taught and by the influence of his friends and surroundings, but most of all, perhaps, considering how much of his attention and how large a part of his life are spent in labor, by the qualities which he puts into his work. Our structures instruct. We are made by what we make, edified according as we build. The inner and the outer life are connected with each other by a thousand subtle ties. The word insincerity, originally used, as is well known, with reference to vessels which had been cracked in the fire and then filled in with wax, was applied to persons not merely by a figure of speech, but for the more hidden reason that doing such work had a tendency of itself to make the man hollow and unsound. A human being cannot make shams all his life without having something of them creep into his own soul. The temper of the founder's steel goes up his arm in through his whole being. The hand that sprinkles chicory into coffee, gypsum into flour, meal into spices, water and chalk into milk, is sprinkling all the time a subtle effluvia of their adulteration into his own moral life. Being is only a very fine deposit of doing, character but the marks left on the soul by its passage through a long course of action. To be faithful and sound and thorough and good in ourselves, we must begin by being so in our work. There is a connection of effect as well as cause between Egypt's long

reign in history and its pyramids, between the grace of the Greek mind and its temples, between the religion of America, seeking for a robe of righteousness rather than for righteousness itself, and its shoddy cloth. It is by the marks which it leaves within that God brings every work of man's hands, whether it be good or evil, into judgment. And however successfully the manufacturer may pack up its rottenness to send out into the world, there is always sure to be the worst part of it left on his own soul.

Again, the effect of poor work is always bad, often terrible, on the well-being and safety of the community. Look at the heart-rending accidents which are occurring almost every week in one part or another of our country, almost always through the worthlessness of something which has been made. A machinist, in building a steam-engine, puts into the boiler a plate of cheap iron, or neglects to clinch a rivet, and a few weeks after there is a great explosion, by which a factory is blown up and a dozen or twenty of its workmen destroyed. A mason inserts a few thousand worthless brick into the walls of some house he is rearing, and by and by they tumble down with a crash on the heads of three or four unsuspecting families. Your wife or child is to go to some distant city. You take her on board of an elegant steamboat, where, apparently, all is safety and comfort, and she is bid, as you think, only for a few short days good-by; but under the paint and carpets and gilt moulding and showy upholstery, so taking to the eye, are rottenness and weakness and hasty work. A storm arises; the seams open; the timbers crack; and the vessel, with all her precious freight, goes down to the angry deep. A railroad company builds a shabby bridge, or puts a weak rail into its track, and in a little while a train of cars, thundering along at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, plunges through the poor work headlong down the bank into one mangled, bleeding, burning mass of wood and iron and human flesh. The community is shocked at such accidents, the newspapers filled for a few days with execrations over the negligence and incapacity by which they were caused; and there is a fierce outcry that the guilty parties be brought

to justice. Yet who are the guilty parties? Is not the trouble in the whole spirit of society; in the way of doing things to which all more or less have contributed; yea, perhaps in the very persons who in some of these cases are themselves the sufferers? There is often a providential retribution mingled in with such terrible accidents. The factory blown up by the flimsy boiler is itself engaged, it may be, in the manufacture of rotten stockings or shoddy cloth. The workman crushed under the falling house may himself have hurried over the rivet in the boiler. And the foundered steamboat, or the railroad train, plunged down the embankment to horror and ruin, may possibly have had more than one person in them riding with money they had got by making or selling some article as poor as the ship's knees or the railroad's broken rail. And where all are doing the same thing, are exposing the community to destruction by their work, if not actually involving them in it, is it really fair to punish the few by whom it happens actually to come?

Then, too, horrible as these great accidents are, they are not by any means the worst thing that society suffers from its bad work. It is always the little hidden agents, the miasmas, not the thunderbolts, which do the greatest mischief. And the loss and suffering and pain, yea, the destruction of life, which result every month silently and unseen from the making of cheap shoes, the sale of adulterated food, and the constructing of houses so as to shut out the sunlight and fresh air, are beyond question tenfold more than all we ever see reported in the newspapers under the big headings of Horrible Accident! Terrible Tragedy! Fearful Destruction of Human Life! The fact is, there is no safety for this great machine of society, which is really all one, so long as there is a single person in it who does his part ill. It is the duty of each separate member to do well and do with all his might whatsoever his hands may find to do. There is no knowing where the strain may fall, no knowing but the little pin you are manufacturing or selling may be the very pivot on which the whole question of life and death for scores of human beings may turn. It is the old doctrine of doing unto others whatsoever

things ye would that others should do unto you, being faithful in what you make for them, if you expect them to be faithful in what they make for you. There is no person who is not obliged to trust himself and those he holds dear in a thousand ways daily to the fidelity and strength with which something has been manufactured. And never, till every maker in the world makes everything he is set to do of the best material and in the best possible way, will he have the right to lay the blame for any accident which occurs on any of his fellow-men.

Again, poor work involves an enormous waste of labor. The cost of making a poor thing out of poor material, and then giving it the finish and gloss that will make it seem strong and good, is only a very little less than what it would be to make it all well at first, is really diminished in no sort of proportion to the lessening of its actual worth. I heard of a man once who attempted to make a watch out of clay. It certainly was not any easier to put it together and make it seem a watch than if the material had been gold and steel; and when it was done, after all, it was only a clay watch, nothing that would keep time or be of any real use. The shoddy stockings which would hardly bear the packing up had involved all the expense of picking, carding, spinning, weaving, and bleaching, and all the labor, perhaps for a month, of a dozen or twenty human beings, as much as though they had been made of fresh and perfect wool; yet, so far as serving anybody's need or comfort went, was not all that had been done to them utterly lost? The adulterated food which is sent to market, besides the toil and trouble of mixing in the worthless matter to begin with, so as to present the appearance of what is genuine, has to be lifted, transported, stored, advertised, packed up, and sold with just as much labor as though it was all pure and good; and even allowing the ingredients are simply harmless, it is quite as much a waste of work as it would be if an equal quantity of earth had been scooped up and carried through all this process, only to be thrown away in the end. So with every other case in which a thing is false and hollow: the labor bestowed upon it is lost

just in proportion as it departs either in material or workmanship from the best that can be obtained; and though it may seem small in any one thing, yet, take the world through, it is immense. A large part of the drudgery which is blighting the lives and wearing down to the grave so many men and women is due to this cause. There is work enough done every year to more than double the comforts and luxuries of every human being on earth, if it was only applied to what is real and genuine. The subject of shortening a day's labor to eight or ten hours, so as to allow the workman some time for rest and reading, is brought up from year to year before our legislators. All legislating, however, will be utterly in vain which does not go down to the root of the matter. It is the use of work which needs to be attended to; and if the whole of it was only genuine, what is done now might be accomplished not merely with a toil of eight, but of four or five hours every day.

But perhaps it is said the workman needs all this labor to be done in order to make a living; and if he only gets his two or three dollars a day for what he puts in the market, no matter whether it is good or bad, he gets the worth of his work, and it is all the same to him. Yea, farther than this, it is sometimes argued that making poor things, shoddy cloth, flimsy shoes, rotten furniture, articles which wear out quickly, is an advantage to the manufacturer, as it renders trade brisk, and increases the demand, and with it the price for labor. It is forgotten, however, in this argument that the laborer is not only a producer, but a consumer; and that, if he sells a poor article for a round price, he has got to use the money right off in buying a poor one at the same cost. There is something almost ludicrous in the self-satisfaction with which the members of society are engaged in this way in imposing on each other, very much as there might be in seeing a company of pickpockets, each with his hand in his neighbor's pocket, and each with his own pocket being rifled at the same time by his neighbor's hand. The operation of the principle is evident at once when applied to a small number. Here, say, are two neighbors, one a shoemaker and the other a manufac-

turer of cloth. The shoemaker produces a pair of pasteboard shoes, which he sells to the weaver for three dollars, fifty per cent. less than good ones would cost, and lasting, perhaps, only ten per cent. as long. The money he immediately uses in buying of the weaver six yards of shoddy cloth, which is cheap and durable in just about the same proportions! Has either been really the gainer? Nay, have they not both been losers just so far as their work was poor? If the man was making a pair of shoes for himself, would he not make them well, and consider that all the work that he used in covering up their defects and giving them the appearance of strength was lost? And would the fact that his making them poor must necessitate another pair the next week, and keep labor brisk, be a very great advantage? But how is the case any different when he is going to exchange them for his neighbor's cloth? Is it not of just as much advantage that he should have cloth which is strong and good, just as much a loss of labor, in spite of its keeping trade brisk, that the effort should be made to make it seem good when it is not? Is it not, in fact, simply an exchange of losses? But the principle which obtains between these two producers holds, also, between two millions, holds between the whole vast body of society. We have all got to consume as well as produce. And the person who would have a thing good for himself and get the most out of his own labor, must make good things for others, and give the most for theirs. It is only another application of the golden rule, only goes to show how true it is that we are all members one of another. The principles of the gospel, after all, are the real principles of political economy. And though religion is often sneered at as having nothing to do with politics or business, it is now and then through such facts as these that we get a glimpse of it as the only safe ground on which they can be conducted.

Finally, the way in which even the humblest work is done is directly concerned with the establishment of the kingdom of God here on earth. It is sometimes supposed that truth is the special instrument by which its triumph is to be brought about, and that the preacher alone is responsible for its prog-

ress. The kingdom of God, however, includes everything which relates to the culture, elevation, and perfection of society, everything which goes to make the human race what our heavenly Father designed it to be. Its foundations rest on earth and on the perfection of earthly things. It is impossible to have spiritual good alone. The various parts of our being and the various elements of our human life are all bound up inseparably with each other, the highest with the lowest, so that it is impossible to raise one without lifting up all. Its builders are all true men, all who contribute in any way to the supply of real human wants. It is wood, iron, stone, leather, wool, and cotton, as well as righteousness and truth, which go to make its walls. And it is factories and workshops and grocers' stores, no less truly than churches and chapels, by which it is carried on.

Every man, every workman, especially, ought to consider this, in deciding on the manner in which he will do his work. It is not for himself alone that he is placed here to labor, not to see how much wealth, how much honor and power and happiness, how much salvation, even, he will lay up in his own behalf, but to be a laborer with God for great, eternal ends. The Almighty has given him a wonderful heritage, given him the one and two and five talents, given him the golden sunshine, the perfect seed, the sound wood and metal, and the wondrous truth of art and science; given him the religious faith bought with the precious blood of his own Son. And now, in return, is it fair that he should make over to God's world, for all these, only a lot of shoddy cloth, rotten buildings, pinchbeck jewelry, brass watches, and poisoned food? Is there any piety and prayer, any amount of virtue in his own soul, which can make up for such a way of using up himself and God's goods? Has he accomplished the real end of his being, anything which is worthy of his ambition as a true child of God, got any true title to his possessions, even his virtues, unless along with them he has made the world the richer and the better? No; in the larger view, the mechanic is just as responsible as the minister for the motives and the way in which he does his work. The hypocrite in

the workshop, that is, the man who uses God's wood and iron to put on the appearance of what is strong and real, is just as bad as the hypocrite in the pulpit, the man who uses God's truth to put on the appearance of piety and virtue. And so, too, the good and true man everywhere is a servant of God, a worker for eternity; he who forges an anchor strong, equally with him who proclaims an immortal hope; he who builds a house well, side by side with him who forms a character. The only safe, the only Christian way, is for every person to do his best, do with all his might whatsoever his hands may find to do. There is no blotting out anything which has once been made. What though its outward form perish! What though a hundred years from now there will not be a single fragment left of all the articles which, the past week, have come from our hands! The work itself, the real thing, has not gone the less into the permanent making of the world. The condition of society, the health and well-being of the race, will be affected by the manner in which it has been performed. The ages travel in our shoes, wear our garments, live in our houses, eat of our stores, long after the generations to whom they first came have worn them out and used them up. There is a fine thread in every loom of time which runs on into eternity, a spark out of every anvil that lights up all the future, one end of every rivet which is clinched far behind the remotest years. Not a stitch has been dropped, not a pasteboard shoe put into the market the past week, that will not keep back in some way the coming of the kingdom of heaven. And not a plate of glass made clear, not a house built strong, not a perfect nail turned out of the humblest mechanic's shop in all time, that will not show something of their light and strength and finish in the great temple of God forever.

Surely, then, there is such a thing as a religion not only of good works, but of good work. The gospel has a message even for our hands. The essence of Christianity is found in what a person makes as well as in what he does. God will bring into judgment literally every work that is wrought on earth, every secret bit of shoddy, even, that is put into our

manufactures. It is truth in the inward parts of houses and garments and wares, as well as of souls, that he desires; salvation that is wrought out at the anvil, the bench, and the lathe, as well as in the prayer-meeting and the pulpit; the threads of character as well as cloth that are spun at the jenny and woven in at the loom; the hopes of humanity that rise and fall in workshops with the swing of hammers as truly as on battle-fields with the swing of swords. There is no high and noble quality of the human soul which can be expressed in what is thought and felt, that cannot be expressed also in what is made. And, conceived of in this spirit, carried on for this end, every employment, everything even which deals with the crudest form of matter, is a work of God, a thing for which it will be said at last, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LIVING IN GOD.

For worthy living open thou the heavens!
Open the heart of God and — live in it.
Thou livest in thy house, thy house again
Lies in the country, and the country lies
On earth, and earth lies in the lap of heaven,
It swims therein, reposes in God's world, —
And God's world rests *deep in the heart of God!*
Live worthily, O man, thou liv'st in God,
God lives in thee, he lives in all the heavens,
He lives here on the earth, lives in thy land,
He lives within thy house, he lives in thee!
For worthy living open thou the heavens!
Open the heart of God, and live in him!

— The Layman's Breviary.

The true aim of a Christian is to be as much like God, that is, as perfect, as his faculties and means allow him to be; and to appear to men neither more nor less perfect than he is, or appears to himself. — C. Follen.

WOMAN'S LABOR.

We suppose that there is hardly any one among the defenders of woman's rights who would deny that the duties of wifehood and maternity constitute the prominent functions of woman; and we trust that the number of those who assert that therein ends her destiny is constantly diminishing. As well might it be said, that in paternity and the support of a family lie all the duties of a man.

Nor does her claim to labor depend on her sex, but on her capacity; and that capacity will be differently appreciated according to the standard and customs in each country of self-development and freedom. Behind all this, however, there is an indefinable dread of, or stigma attached to, labor, in itself considered, when exercised by a woman, that must be removed before she can bring out her capacities to their fullest extent. There seems to be a vague idea afloat that woman and labor are not compatible. This idea prevails largely in America, where the generally elevated character of man delights in providing woman with a home, and in keeping her, sheltered from hard necessities, within its precincts, into which the claims of political and industrial life must enter chiefly as theories.

That woman does labor here in the United States, we do not of course deny, nor that there is an increasing number of departments in which she can work. But we do earnestly contend that these various departments are too much in one direction, and that to be a working woman is not considered as respectable an occupation as to be a working man. That this difference should lie in the question of sex is right only in so far as a different functional structure requires at times the forbearance and tenderness of man. The amount of difference is exaggerated, and would be greatly lessened, we think, if woman labored in out-door occupations. Before such can become the general practice, our ideas of labor must be changed. Why is it more derogatory for a woman to dig potatoes than for a man? Both are human beings. And if

the farmer's daughter occasionally hoes and plants to help her father, why may not some other young woman, who has no father to aid, earn her daily bread by hiring herself out as day laborer? On account of her health, it is answered. How, then, we ask, can German women do it? How is it that in England it is the woman's back which brings up from the depths of the earth baskets laden with coal? American women are different, it is again replied. Granted, but by their own choice. For at least every sixty women who cannot perform out-door work, there are twenty who can, if they would; and if they best like such work, why should a false conception of the relative dignities of various kinds of labor restrict them from working in an enjoyable and natural manner? Certainly her health would be far better in employment in the open air than in confinement in hot, crowded rooms. Is a woman less feminine because the play of the muscles is seen in her brawny arm? Are her eyes less gentle because bent on the earth rather than on the needle? Young and middle-aged women could perform as thoroughly all the light farm work that is now done by boys (we do not say by men, because we know that there is much heavy work that they better, perhaps alone, can do); and the boys, finding their places occupied, would remain longer at school; thus laying a securer foundation for the future prospects of America, which depend on the average education of the masses. If it is good for a consumptive man to be occupied in the farm stable, why not for the consumptive woman? The swearing and coarse manners considered as characteristic of stable life are not indigenous to it; and the matter of sex should not make tolerant a sin, hideous in itself.

We recall a little town in Vermont whose graveyard bore record to the fact that most of its male inhabitants had been twice or thrice married, — an evidence of overwork on the part of the women, as it was considered, and not peculiar to that farming region alone. Many farmers' wives and daughters do work very hard in the house, in the dairy, in the barnyard, and somewhat on the farm. If their work is the occasion of their death, it is produced by the amount rather than

by the kind of labor. Men die as frequently from overtaxed strength. How many of those women would have been willing to hire themselves out with the usual stipulation of certain hours reserved for themselves, and yet would consider it no disgrace to do slop-work for stores, on a miserable pittance, in a miserable attic!

Injury is done to a woman's physical capabilities by the notion that she is only equal to a certain kind, or to a small amount, of labor. Take a man or woman at the age of forty, and, under the usual conditions of different bringing up, the man will be far the stronger; but if the woman had also been employed in out-door hard work from her early years, her strength would bear a greater relative proportion to the man's. It is not only an enlarged sphere of action in in-door occupation which we entreat for woman, but for a right to labor in any out-door employment unprejudicial to her health, and to be considered as true a woman in her farming, gardening, vine-dressing, and messenger means of livelihood, as in serving and bookkeeping.

That labor is the most dignified which is best adapted to the health and mental capacity of the individual, without any regard to the supposed rank of such labor. Labor must be rightly appreciated by the upper classes before the middle and lower can be induced to regard it in its proper light. We do not mean that a due estimation of it is lacking in those with whom labor is an actual necessity, but that its respectability is not sufficiently regarded by that large part of the population whose annual income barely suffices for daily needs; who would rather spend days and nights in making old clothes good as new than injure their standing in society by a day's earnings. If a woman herself is willing, her friends occasionally demur at her opening a boarding-house, or sewing, or copying, — all of which is more or less respectable, — but seriously object to her exercising manual labor in shops and families. If compelled to support herself, it had better be done with closed doors and drawn curtains. Fathers, husbands, brothers, would prefer that their wives, daughters, or sisters should sigh for the pleasure of a concert than procure the means for it by honest earnings, openly bestowed.

Most women, even those with large families, have time to earn a little, and in our American society the families could be counted by hundreds where the master of the house is able to supply sufficient food and warmth, but cannot furnish any of the little enjoyments which make life graceful. Yet to the wives and daughters of such a man, who know that their fingers might procure that extra want, the only reply vouchsafed by him is the poor apology, "I should be ashamed to have you work;" possibly he may be so far enlightened as to consent to their proposal on the condition of utmost secrecy, thus casting a shadow on the ennobling feeling of self-support. Such women do not wish to be excused from labor; they want to use all the ability they possess, as tradeswomen or as seamstresses. Much of their work can be carried to their homes, and, when done to procure some self-educating luxury for their family, would only interfere with the useless embroidery on their children's clothes, not with any want of attention given to their offspring, or to their housekeeping. A woman's first duty is to supply the wants of her home, if she has one; after that is done, there will always be some time left on the hands of any one of wisely directed energies; a slipshod woman will always be slipshod. A wife does not like to sadden her husband, often burdened to the utmost of his strength, by the expression of wishes which he can never gratify; but with how much honest pride might she reverse the general custom, and give him something earned by her own fingers, or obtain for her whole family an innocent pleasure. The women of the upper classes do not need to work, those in the lower ones must, and those in the middle ones had better not, for the sake of appearances. None but a cowardly man would work less because his wife worked some in departments out of the immediate household. Public attention is every day called to the wickedly small receipts of those who sew for shops, or of all who are underpaid in the strictly called working classes. But is it seen that one cause for these small payments is found in the slight esteem everywhere accorded to labor? It is not considered respectable to work, therefore little attention is given

to the merits of the work. It is deemed better to have inherited an income, or to live sparsely, than to work, though none sing the praises of labor more loudly than those who, if working, do it secretly. Let honest, respectable women work with their husbands and fathers, work for a fair price, producing thoroughly good work, and the modern demand for culture and the every-day demand for more comfort would be answered in a few years in more tastefully furnished sitting-rooms, in small but good libraries, and in photographs of good subjects.

Most women have, before their marriage, the command of three or four hours in the day, to be spent in unnecessary sewing, in reading, or in earning, as they may choose. After marriage, from fifteen to thirty years are occupied with the cares of an increasing family, during which interval of time, hours, days, and weeks might be saved by well-systematized arrangements. Not much time gained in each day, but a great deal throughout the whole period.

It is said that employers do not wish employees who cannot devote all their time to the interests of some special business. Practically, however, employers are constantly changing their "hands." Some remain for a week, others months. Any woman who would do her work well would find those who would gladly avail themselves of the small portion she can give. It rests with woman to command a fair price for her labor by good work. Her wages now bear a more equal proportion to the man's than they have done; it is for her to make them still more equal by rivalling his work in thoroughness and ability. Such power is not wanting to the woman, but the miserable twaddle about her quick intuitions and her facility in creating a good appearance or outside in any given thing, has led her, for generations, to esteem swiftness above thoroughness. That she can exercise both qualities, history and private experience testify.

Few women are occupied with exclusively maternal cares after the age of forty-five, leaving ten or fifteen years in which they can find abundance of time for labor, before old age encroaches upon their abilities. It is during the very period

that a woman is occupied with her children and her own sufferings that we maintain she can yet earn something, if she will, without detriment to the health or education of her children. Else how is it that our washerwomen cook for their husbands, bear children, nurse them, and dress them, and yet do the washing and scrubbing of their wealthier neighbors? We are told that their children suffer from lack of attention, but we question whether they are not as honest and true as those of the middle classes. Much education cannot be imparted to them by their mothers, who have but little themselves, while those who possess both the ability and the desire to teach their children will do it, whilst partially occupied with sewing. Such women make one ashamed of the inefficiency and self-indulgence of others whose income barely quadruples theirs, and who relatively need four times as much again.

A more forcible objection brought against the propriety of the woman, married or unmarried, who works while she has a household to govern, and is not in pressing want, states itself thus: that by taking for labor, for which she would receive remuneration, the small allotment of time which is hers after the necessary work of the day is done, she lessens her opportunities for reading, slight at the best; that she needs the recreation afforded by some books and the stimulus given by others; and that her children, if she has any, must consequently suffer. We grant that the hard-working woman must often read for amusement, and therefore will; but feeling that it is amusement alone which is thus obtained, which is also procured in more social ways, she will give but little time to it in the course of the year. As regards the instruction that can be derived from perusal of books, she will be too tired to digest it, or not even know enough at the outset to care about it. Her knowledge must be gained step by step, perhaps best, at first, by an entertaining book which will awaken curiosity for more solid information on some special point. Her individual intellectual development will grow slowly, whilst that of her generation will be somewhat in advance of the preceding, giving a wider foundation for her successors to

build upon. That women might improve more rapidly, is not to be denied, but the generality of them wont, because they don't want to. They had rather sew than study two hours. We are apt to conclude, from exceptional cases, that all women are hungering for more mental food. They are pining for fresh religious life, for employment, and for cultivation of the affections, but not to learn that which is not easy to acquire. A woman's children need not suffer; because her own tastes are not highly cultivated, it does not follow that they are so dormant that she would not endeavor to bring out in them, by the aid of others, what she herself may personally little value. It is only a few of the modern generation who despise their mothers and grandmothers because they had less book knowledge than is possessed by their descendants. The cry for culture is not universal. Each one wants more, but the original stock of many is so small that the perception of want is scarcely felt. The character of a mother, more than her acquirements, aids her children. Neither most women nor most men are especially intellectual. Intelligence is the word that matches mediocrity, and most people are mediocre, though their descendants may be distinguished. There will always be those behind who will have to strive for what is ahead of them. Meanwhile, intelligence is fruitful and peaceful.

The question of labor is specially interesting in regard to unmarried women, who must depend wholly or partially on their own earnings. With them, generally speaking, want of time cannot be offered as an excuse, nor want of health. While the married woman must find employment which can be pursued in her own home, such as plain sewing, tailoring, fancy work for stores, shoe-binding, button and trimming making, copying, etc., the unmarried woman is left free in her choice of any of these exclusively feminine means of livelihood, or can enter upon many of the avocations of man. Her opportunities as a tradeswoman should be daily increased. How many morbid sentimentalities and sickly headaches might be avoided by absorption in some congenial trade. The bread is not merely to be earned, but to be earned in

happiness. Why should not a woman become as interested in the sawing out of some delicate piece of cabinet work as a man, and dream of new designs and combinations? In some of the lighter departments of this trade a woman could succeed admirably. In wood-carving, her fancy and delicacy of touch might find ample scope. Her religious aspirations, her loneliness, her joy in achievement, and the harmony of her nature could find expression in quaintly carved frames and ornaments, — thus imitating the old Gothic masters who revelled in the large field of delight and utterance which architecture opened to them. Women of less ability would make good paper-hangers and house-painters of in-door work. We heard an architect express his determination to employ women in his office for draughting purposes, as soon as he could find those who drew well. It is not long since a woman's work was considered detrimental to printing, and now, in many establishments, they are preferred to men as type-setters. Woman must do her work well. If below a man's in ability, the remuneration is rightly proportioned to its lack of excellence. If the women of this generation, from want of special training, are better fitted to be housekeepers and wives than trades-women or type-setters or wood-carvers, their wages will be small. Yet let the women of our day remember that manual skill can be transmitted through the subtle forces of inheritance, as well as intellectual ability; not alone from a special woman to a special child, for the collective force and difficult acquirement of one generation become by adoption and evolution the common property of the next. No woman with manual skill or mental worth need linger in idleness. The avenues to labor are open, let her enter in and take possession; let her conduct be womanly and her work good; others will follow in her footsteps, and slander and opposition cease.

Again, it is said that if women of the middle class work, the poorer ones will be superseded. The law of supply and demand has never ceased to establish itself. An outcry has always been raised at the introduction of any labor-saving machine, of which the sewing-machine, a few years ago, is

an instance. Now it has created new means of labor, and become a blessing to thousands by direct use, and by the creation of different means of work which opened for those who, at first, found themselves, through its agency, without employment. The history of the use of steam and of the establishment of factories shows the same loud wail and the same final triumph. Labor-saving is really labor-gaining. Create labor, and the laborer arises. Take certain tools from the hands of one man and give them to another, and the first finds he can do something else, because he must. The competition of these two classes of women would diminish slop-work, in consequence of the smaller pay that at first would be offered, the number of sewers being larger. Then this number, finding the means of livelihood in it absolutely impossible, would decrease, seeking out-door work or a trade, and those who remained would only sew well and for good pay; the shop-keepers would be obliged to furnish better material and sell better, therefore, in the end, cheaper, clothing. Such might be only one of the results of the wider spread of labor among the respectable classes.

We are constantly expecting that the generation with whom any reform begins are to be immediate participants in its advantages. On the contrary, our reforms and our labor are for our children, yet more for our children's children, and theirs again for still distant ages. It is a poor faith that demands an instant prospect.

We have said that labor must begin in the upper classes. By that we do not mean that those who have enough should lessen by their efforts the success of others; such would be an unwise enthusiasm. To those who have large means at their disposal other fields of labor lay open. But if the rich overlook this middle class, affording it neither aid nor friendship, and help only the absolutely poor, they but clothe the body, and leave unsupplied those aching, timid minds who feel that somehow it is right for them to earn, but need the support of a brave, influential friend in their first efforts. Let the rich women open large establishments for work, which they shall personally direct, and let the middle class come to

them, equally with the extreme poor. If such a combination of female strength had existed, the voting question might not yet have been agitated. Are not many women influenced in their desire to become voters by the indefinite expectation that, if voters, they could do a thousand indefinite things now denied them? How much of modern philanthropy has come out of the unoccupied time of women who longed to be doing something? When all women have a chance to work, there will be no time for unhealthy confidences, Dr. Holmes' ministerial friendships, or self-discontent. What would the fifteenth century have said to a Mrs. Fry or a Mary Carpenter? The mass of women are neither prominently intellectual nor philanthropic, nor gregarious in their tastes, but they are active, and this activity cannot be worked off in their homes; the surplus must be exhausted in well-paid work indoors and out of doors.

Not even teachers receive the respect or the remuneration due them. Where even a teacher of a successful private school is able to demand that which she has a right to claim, her scholars often regard her as a paid teacher, as one working for her living, which gives them an unconscious right to annoy her in careless ways. The same disposition is manifested in college. Paid labor is placed at a disadvantage compared with unpaid labor.

One of the worst results of chivalry remains in the common impression that a woman is to be treated differently from the rest of mankind; that, because she is a woman, a man must resign his seat, and not because that particular individual, be he man or be she woman, wears a wearied look; that trifling subjects of conversation or loose arguments are specially adapted to the fancy of all women; that her tenderness and self-abnegation, her virtue and morality, are more exalted than a man's; that, in short, she is to be spared from all hardships, imagined or real. All such comparisons and adjustments of various excellencies between men and women are unjust. A good man and a good woman exercise nearly the same virtues in nearly the same degrees. The average of men possess every whit as much modesty and power of self-

sacrifice and gentleness as women; and the average of women possess already as much moral, and would soon, under different educational treatment, as much mental strength as men.

Again we say, that a woman does not want to be excused from anything. If a special woman is better fitted than a special man to bear all manner of fatigue or work, lay it all upon her; refuse her nothing as a woman, seek other grounds for the reason of denial. Numerous exceptional cases have proved her exceptional ability; if, now, the average equality is to be manifested, let her come forward and show that, without loss of health or charm of manner, she can be farmer or gardener, can understand and manage her own business affairs, and carry on a successful wholesale or retail trade.

It is for women to prove that the sweetest home-life can be combined with outside labor for the sake of that home; that that labor is worthy of proper remuneration, and brings new treasures of delight to the family; and it is for her to claim, on behalf of the unmarried, homeless women, that society should open to them new avenues of labor, in which they should be as well treated and respected as men. A woman's destiny is not marriage any more than it is a man's, and until that principle is left out of a girl's education she will often fail in courage to select a vocation for herself, and will wait with folded hands or busy hands and heavy heart for something to turn up. The end and aim of each woman is her own highest development, now gained by labor in which she is thoroughly interested, and now by culture. Married or unmarried life constitutes the given circumstances under which she is to reach the highest fruition of her own being; and for women of the large middle class of this country labor is for the present, perhaps for many years to come, the most successful means of enfranchisement of both body and soul.

G.

Honor yourself, and you will be honored; despise yourself, and you will be despised.

An hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.

SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.*

BY REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE.

(Continued.)

IT is with strange emotion one draws near a spot of which he has heard all his years, to which desire long cherished leads, and when actual vision takes the place of pictures, or descriptions. Antiquity has for us all a charm, or, at least, a sensation peculiar to itself. The home of our parents, the land of our ancestors, the old time reaching so far back that, poetry says, the purity of man was worthy the companionship of gods.

We left Cairo, on Thursday, the 14th of February, early in the morning, to visit the pyramids. The day was, as others preceding and following, a day which made its calm beauty felt, — a day not fairer than we have at home, but where the perfect tranquillity around disposes to a kind of divine meditation. And the very day recalled one of the strange features of living in that land, — the fear of unpleasant weather never enters into their arrangements for journeying. The Nile, giver of all blessings to the Egyptians, needs no rain to keep its channel full, and they know that each day's sun will rise unclouded, and the future be always fair. This very fact seems to have an unfavorable influence on their life, removing the thoughts of a Providence in the outward world, which constant changes bring near. We passed through old Cairo, with its busy scene of filthy life, and soon were on the bank of the Nile, lined with rough boats having the lateen sails, and managed by vociferating Arabs, afraid of the river-god they so devoutly worship. The Nile is turbid and brown, like the Tiber or Jordan, larger than the Rhine or Danube, and approaching the size and grandeur of our western rivers. Its flow is slow and vast. In the gallery of the Vatican at Rome we had seen its sculptured representation, the huge, recumbent figure of a god. In the marble of the base are the waves, a sphinx offers a support

* These sketches were prepared for Sunday Discourses at the Vesper Service.

for the left elbow. Sixteen children, surrounding the figure, in every attitude, are symbolic of the sixteen cubits to which the river should rise to render Egypt fertile. One of the figures puts the crown upon the river's head, another some wheat into one of his hands, another stands with folded arms in the cornucopia the river holds in his other hand, while the rest of the figures play with the animals native to Egypt. It is not without reason that this river has long been regarded as the most famous in the world, or that it should receive a sincere worship. As we crossed it, we saw on our right, a little farther down the stream, on the island of Rhodah, the celebrated Nilometer, and afterwards visited it. In the centre of a large chamber is a graduated column or pillar, not unlike the scale of a thermometer, divided into distances of twenty-two inches, by which the height of the annual inundation is measured, and the promise of the year foretold. Every morning criers through the streets of Cairo proclaim the rise of the river, the daily news in comparison with which everything else is unimportant. It is the political event of greatest significance to the nation, a presidential campaign of intensest anxiety, upon the issues of which depends the prosperity or wretchedness of all the people, and the Egyptians discuss the inundation of the Nile as village peasants settle the affairs of government. Indeed, it is the only thing of enough importance to take them out of their listless indifference. When the Nile rises from twenty-two to twenty-five feet, the government rests easy, for the treasury will be filled; when it falls below sixteen or eighteen feet, famine is inevitable, and the gayety of the court ceases, and the wealthiest become fearful, and even fatalism bestirs itself. For a few days after the rise begins, the river is of a muddy red color, as if changing into blood, and full of animalculæ, so that even the natives will not drink without straining it. Hence, far from being miraculous, it is hardly poetical when the early Scriptures say, "The water which thou takest out of the river shall become blood upon the dry land;" and again, "The river stank, and the Egyptians could not drink of the water of the river;" "And there was blood throughout all the land of Egypt."

The Nile water is, however, very sweet and pleasant when cooled by evaporation in the earthen or stone jars everywhere in use, and, as of the fountain of Trevi in Rome, so the Egyptians say of the Nile, that no one drinks of it without always longing to return and drink of it again. There are still other reasons making this so famous among the rivers of the earth. Herodotus speaks of Egypt as the gift of the Nile, and indeed this whole land, which is a valley, seems to have been created, as it is sustained, by this wondrous river. On either side is the desert, and, as far back as memory or history could reach, raged this eternal conflict between the sand and the water, the desert and the river. From the desert, the Egyptian, as well as the Arab to-day, had everything to fear; from the river, everything to hope; the latter was the emblem of life, the former, of death. By the Nile gathered all greenness, freshness, and joy; by the desert was all desolateness, solitude, and fear. The Nile was the font, the desert was the tomb.

After reaching the sandy bank on the other side, we rode along through an Arab village, across and along embankments thrown up for irrigation, past groves of palms, until the line of vegetation was crossed, and the sandy plain began. All the time the pyramids were in full view, commanding an awed silence. Perhaps it is impossible to draw any great wonder which for many ages has claimed the homage of men, and view it apart from the appearances which myth, mystery, antiquity, and fancy have thrown around it. Even as we stand before the pyramids, they have some of the memories of school-days, some of the ideal garb of childhood's imagination, around the mountain-mass of solid and polished stone reaching from the sand to the sky. A traveller sees many things to disappoint him; many which are different, very different, from their representations; some which surpass, some which fall very far below expectation; some of deepest interest to one, of no interest to another. The pyramids belong to that class whose simple majesty seems to claim for them a place among superhuman rather than human works, so entirely like even the plainest wood-cuts of the geographies, so

utterly beyond any representation whatever. So overshadowing are the proportions of the great pyramid that one is very likely to pass by the equally famous Sphinx, although it has a height above the sand of forty feet. Warned by others, we kept a most careful watch as we drew near, and soon found ourselves tracing the outlines of human features in the monster rock which, half-man, half-lion, and symbolical of the mysterious nature of the Deity, kept watch over the entrance to the abodes of the dead, the mightiest sentinel, watching most faithfully and longest, by the mightiest tombs on earth. Mutilated as the dark head and form of the Sphinx are, and rude as it appears in features, its colossal proportions are by no means in a kind of graceful outline. The nose has been broken off, the royal helmet of Egypt, once on its head, is gone, the great stone beard is gone, and it is, perhaps, one-third covered in the sand. Its length was once one hundred and forty feet, and the circumference of its head around the forehead one hundred and two feet, all cut in the natural rock and polished. A traveller says that, while looking once at the Sphinx, a man was seen sitting in a fold of the neck, as a fly might appear on a horse's mane, while above him was the dressed hair on either side the face, each bunch a mass of stone which might crush a dwelling-house. How stately and imposing this statue must have been when it embodied the idea of worship of a vast nation, when along the great pavement in front of it, enclosed by its paws, the multitudes marched in to the pyramids and the great cemeteries in the sand, when under its breast was an altar, on which for ages were kindled the sacrificial fires. All around it we found tombs and sculptured figures of the dead, in the sand far below the surface, in tombs of massive blocks of most exquisitely polished stone, joined by that perfect workmanship in masonry which has not yet been surpassed, perhaps not equalled.

The large pyramid stands on a sand plateau more than an hundred feet above the highest rise of the Nile. It is only by going around it that one forms any conceptions of its size, for here is a mass of masonry covering more than twelve

acres, and reaching a height of four hundred and fifty feet, or more than twice that of the shaft on Bunker Hill. Great piles of stone broken off from the sides, or hurled down from the top, lie around, for, as Rome found a quarry in the Colosseum, so Cairo finds one in the pyramids. An oppressive feeling, almost a panting for breath, seizes you as first you enter the stone passage into the interior of the pyramid, and the heat is intense. This feeling soon passes off, and you give way to the constant wonder which the solid masonry creates. Everywhere the huge blocks so nicely cut and fitted together that the line can be traced with greatest difficulty, and not even a knife-blade thrust between, and all polished to the brilliancy of a mirror. The wonder does not pass away when you find yourself in the chamber of the king, and by the great and elegant sarcophagus in which Cheops was laid after he reared for himself so lasting a monument. The light flashes from the polished walls. The ascent of the pyramid on the outside is by no means difficult, with the ready help of the Arab guides. There is everywhere, certainly, the sense of solid safety, and the only fatigue is from the height of the steps, sometimes over four feet, and the only danger from the smoothness in places. It is quite certain that no labor of men's hands could have placed the great stones near the top, and all unknown is the mechanical power they used. What must this greatest of the pyramids have been, when all the recesses of the steps were filled in with stone, the whole of the sides smoothly finished and polished, and covered with hieroglyphics! While we sat down to rest and gaze and think, our Arab guides gambled with French napoleons on the summit. There was Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, other tomb-pyramids in group all around, the Nile with its heavy flow, and the line so distinctly traced between the green grass and whitish-gray sand. A caravan winding through the desert we longed to see, but could not.

The connection of Hebrew with Egyptian history begins at a very early date. Abraham doubtless resembled the Bedouin chiefs we saw every day, with just such habits of life, and just such possessions for his treasures; and when, from his wild, pastoral life, he came into the culture of the old

Egyptian nation, which for centuries had had its government, laws, society, and institutions, when he came to the schools and worship of the great temple of the Sun at On or Heliopolis, when he wandered through its streets of palaces and colonnades, saw its luxury and want, its faithlessness and faith, then, perhaps, there came upon him the aspirations for a higher religion for his people, as a greater than Abraham felt when the world's faith swelled his divine soul, as he came from his Nazareth home up to Jerusalem to worship, and while in the Temple found in his soul the Temple of the living God. Those temples have all fallen into ruin, only the pyramids remain; even they have begun to yield to time but the faith of Abraham, childish, yet entire, how fresh it lives in the world's heart!

Then we find Jacob and his descendants making Egypt their home, coming to the wondrous land the Nile made fertile when famine was elsewhere; here Joseph came and made a story pleasing to the ear of childhood, as long as childhood shall be; here Moses grew to be the deliverer of Israel, who ought to have better learned the lesson of the Exodus. It is in Egypt we find man first worshipping the Unseen, and feeling the Unseen to be the Eternal. It was from Egypt that many of the leading ideas of Solomon's Temple at Jerusalem were taken. These are the associations which, besides the charm of antiquity, make Egypt interesting, and make one long to visit it before Palestine, and linger to leave it. We there first saw the same kind of life which reaches back to the day of Jesus and Moses and Abraham. One morning as I was walking beyond the walls of Cairo, I saw by one of the wells, so numerous and so necessary, a woman with a little child, and a water-bottle by their side. It was not the complete picture, but how suggestive, of the scene of Hagar resting in the wilderness, the bondwoman sent away, but the promise to her more literally fulfilled than to the free, and how has the mother's cry for God to help the orphan opened the skies since then; how

> "Many a languid prayer
> Has reached Thee from the wild,
> Since the lone mother, wandering there,
> Cast down her fainting child."

Herodotus says of the Egyptians, "They are extremely religious, and surpass all men in the worship they render to the gods." The same may be truly said of the Mohammedans to-day, save that, instead of the gods, one must confess their worship is purely monotheistic. Their constant objection to the Christians is, that we do not distinguish between Jesus of Nazareth and the Supreme Being, and therefore we must be idolaters; and, as we saw Christianity represented by the Greek, Latin, Armenian, and English Churches, with their show of idolatry, and with the unchristian spirit of sectarianism everywhere marking these churches, there is no reason why any Mohammedan should desire to be a convert. The constant reply of guides or servants, when questioned about Christianity, was, "You Christians are idolaters." Whatever help the forms of the Romish or English Churches may be to some worshippers, the vast Mohammedan body is proof they are not in the least necessary to a devout life. The mosques of this people, with their one great dome, are almost as simple as a Quaker meeting-house. The minarets are light, slender, and graceful, and the call of the muezzin is not without the suggestion of devotion. Their worship seems to consist, not so much in gathering together for prayers, as in bowing down, wherever they may be, with their faces toward Mecca. One cannot go far on any road, at the hour for prayers, without meeting these people at their devotions. A few prostrations upon the earth, a slight movement of the lips, and they have worshipped. In comparison with the very formal and slight hold the worship of the Romanists in their cathedrals seems to have upon them, turning as they constantly are to gaze at strangers, or the poor to ask an alms, the rapt expression and the stolid indifference of the Mohammedan to all of earth are very marked. Near every mosque is a fountain, where they perform their ablutions before entering the temple, or along the roadside by a rivulet, or a well, they do the same before commencing their devotions, — first wash, then pray; so in all these countries baptism came to be a symbol of great significance. At the threshold of the mosque every one must take off his shoes, and put on slip-

pers, or enter without any. Within is one great space, unbroken by side chapels or altars, with only the niche by which each one may know the direction of Mecca, with a simple platform or pulpit, oftentimes movable, for the preacher, with worshippers kneeling in all parts of the temple on the great mats or tapestry covering the floor, such an improvement upon the stone pavements of cathedrals. Oil-lamps are suspended from the roof, and texts from the Koran occasionally are inscribed on the walls. Here is a description of a mosque from Milnes' "Palm Leaves:"—

"A simple, unpartitioned room,
Surmounted by an ample dome,
Or, in some lands that favored lie,
With centre open to the sky,
But roofed with arched cloisters round,
That mark the consecrated bound,
And shade the niche to Mekkeh turned,
By which two massive lights are burned;
With pulpit whence the sacred word,
Expounded on great days, is heard;
With fountains fresh, where, ere they pray,
Men wash the soil of earth away;
With shining minaret, thin and high,
From whose fine trellaced balcony
Announcement of the hours of prayer
Is uttered to the silent air.
Such is the mosque, the holy place,
Where faithful men of every race
Meet at their ease, and face to face.

"Children are running in and out
With silver-sounding laugh and shout,
No more disturbed in their sweet play,
No more disturbing those that pray,
Than the poor birds that flattering fly
Among the rafters there on high,
Or, seek at times, with grateful hop,
The corn fresh sprinkled on the top."

The grand mosque at Cairo was of unexpected magnificence. With the same simple and unadorned style as the smaller ones, its proportions recall the immensity of St. Peter's, and, in the absence of all paintings or images, the gorgeousness of the marble and alabaster is without a shadow. The dome speaks of the arching heavens, the whole temple is suggestive of worship, — simple, pure, heart-felt, uplifting wor-

ship. As we stood beneath the dome, an English churchman turned to me and said, —

"This is the great Unitarian cathedral of the East."

"With," I replied, "a faith certainly as helpful as St. Peter's."

"Doubtless," he answered, after a pause, "and more Christian."

In a *theological* conversation with our dragoman about the Mohammedan religion, while in the same mosque, he said, —

"We no idolaters as you are. We no worship Mohammed. We say Jesus, Moses, Abraham, Mohammed, all good men sent from God, all prophets to tell us his will. Every man who do good all his life, and not bad, he all go to heaven."

We tried repeatedly to find out something of their faith as to the salvation of women, for it is said in the Koran that women have no souls; but it is a saying they cannot explain, and, as others who cannot explain what the heart believes, they take the testimony of the heart rather than of the record, and so our dragoman said, —

"Woman has no soul, for the Koran says so; but if woman do good all her life, and not bad, she will go to heaven, whether she has a soul or not."

It was a strange reflection, and solemnly suggestive, that the ruins of only temples and tombs remain, — temples which tell of worship needful to all souls on earth, — tombs which tell of the hopes or fears of all hearts reaching into the unknown and shadowy realms. An ancient historian says, "The Egyptians call the houses of the living inns, because they remain there but a little while. The sepulchres of the dead they call everlasting habitations, because they abide in the grave to infinite generations; therefore they are not very curious in the building of their houses; but in beautifying their sepulchres, they leave nothing undone that can be thought of." So we saw poor clay hovels everywhere, but ruins of mightiest temples, and the pyramid-tombs not yet in ruin — all else of Egypt has perished. There was another strange thought: the remarkable ease with which, in these lands, the

old temples could be transformed into Christian churches. As all through Europe the heathen divinities readily answered for the images of Christian apostles and saints, and, as at St. Peter's, the statue of Jupiter was turned into that of St. Peter, by calling it after the apostle, so in Egypt, after Christianity was introduced, the vessel which held the blood of the sacrifice became a place for the holy water; the marble on which the victim was slain became an altar; Osiris became Jesus, Isis and the child Horus became the Virgin and child, and a procession of Egyptian priests was easily transformed into a company of the apostles, by leaving off a few pagan ornaments, and the worship of one hardly less idolatrous than of the other.

On a Sunday evening we went on board the steamer in the harbor of Alexandria, to sail the next morning for Jaffa. With strange emotions we turned from the land of memory to the land of hope, and, like the Hebrews, we kept turning back. Darkness was upon the land, darkness was upon the people, but in our hearts we heard a whisper, "Out of Egypt have I called my Son."

What makes a land holy? What throws such a charm over Palestine? Why are Jerusalem and Bethany, Bethlehem and Nazareth, Hebron and the Jordan, Galilee and Damascus better known than our childhood homes? Why does the very air seem purer and the earth more hallowed? Such questions we could but ask ourselves as we came into the open roadstead of Jaffa, and Palestine was directly before us, with all its memories swelling like a tropical sea. When our little boat brought us past the rocks appearing above the shallow waters of the harbor, we found ourselves in a small and very filthy sea-port town of about five thousand beings, and lost among the immense piles of oranges crowding the wharves and awaiting shipment. While our miniature caravan was preparing, we sauntered through this the ancient Joppa until we came to the house of Simon the tanner, where Peter had his trance-vision. It was pleasant to find, thus early in our pilgrimage, a locality which all traditions consent to represent as the scene of sacred representa-

tions and historical characters. The house, as it stands to-day, is modern, and no pretensions are made other than to the holiness of the place. The Mussulmen consider it sacred, and a small mosque or praying place is in one of the rooms, but they read the New Testament story thus: "The Lord Jesus here asked God for a meal, and the table came down at once." In the small court was a well of fresh water, by which Arabs were filling their water-skins, and this well, needful for tanning purposes, is what has led to the recognition and preservation of the place and its memories. By a stone stairs on the outside we mounted to the roof of the low, one-story house. The roof was of mortar, and the walls rose around it, as in most of the Oriental houses, forming a promenade, or sitting-room for the inmates, or a play-room for the children. Close by the waves of the Mediterranean, as they fall over the rocks in the harbor, glance in the sunlight, and gently beat upon the shore; farther off a few sail appear, and two or three steamers land or receive their passengers and freight of Jaffa oranges. Jaffa, or the "Beautiful," the "Watchtower of Joy," was the port of Jerusalem in the time of Solomon, and has been ever since. Here was the land of the Philistines, always hostile to the chosen people, and yet giving the name Palestine, so entwined with all our Bible memories. Near Jaffa, Dagon, the "High God," was set up and worshipped. To Jaffa came the rafts of pine and cedar of Lebanon for the Temple at Jerusalem. To Jaffa Jonah came and "took ship to flee from the presence of his Maker." It was from a rock in the harbor of Jaffa, according to some mythological accounts, that Perseus delivered Andromeda, and so, says one, "It was at Jaffa Peter had his vision of tolerance, and went forth like a second Perseus, but from the East, to emancipate from still worse thraldom the virgin daughter of the West." In later times, Jaffa became an important port to the Crusaders, and the general landing-place of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre. Still later, it was the scene of one of Napoleon's most inexcusable massacres; and, latest of historical and fanatical incidents, an American colony has settled at Jaffa, with the foolish idea, based upon a literal interpreta-

tion of prophecy, of restoring the Holy Land to the Jews. As might have been antecedently demonstrated, it has proved an entire failure. Soon after we left the town we saw two of these colonists, and from them heard a very favorable account; that they had been most kindly received by the natives; that they lived in entire safety without any locks on their doors; that their orange groves were wonderful, and their harvests promising; that the Arab Sheiks were anxious to hire their ploughing and reaping machines; that one day a storm came suddenly up, and they were obliged to leave some seed-wheat in the field, and, the storm continuing seven days, upon their return they found it not, but soon after it was brought to their settlement. At Jerusalem, we heard from others, disaffected members, quite a different story, and as the government has been obliged to send out a vessel and bring the colonists home, the latter would seem the more trustworthy side.

About noon we found ourselves beyond the walls of the town, at a small Turkish *café*. Rude poles supported a thatched roof, while by the door, or on the earthen floor within, or on rough pole benches around the enclosure, the natives held their small coffee-cups, indolently sipping, or still more sleepily smoked their bubbling nargiles. It is the rule for all caravans to camp beyond the walls of the cities, the first night, so that if anything is forgotten it can be obtained in the morning before the desert journey is begun. Therefore we waited awhile until our horses and guides and all things were entirely ready, and while we waited a party of three passed us. One, an old man, in a kind of sedan chair, its arms fastened upon mules and balanced by two Arabs, making the journey of Palestine and Syria at the age of almost eighty, to see the places of which his childhood ears had heard.

And now our pilgrimage fairly began. For some time we rode over a narrow and dusty way, lined on either side by great hedges of the prickly pear, and beyond orange groves as far as the eye could reach, with the golden fruit but half concealed by the leaves. When all appearances of a road ceased,

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we came upon a wide-stretching plain, with grass and sometimes grain. The rainy season was hardly ended, and occasionally the earth seemed baked on the surface as if by a hot sun after a long rain on a clayey soil. A low range of hills bounded the view. We stopped for lunch by one of the fountains, with its whitewashed walls, to be for some weeks so common and so cheering a sight. The water was cool and sweet; we had Eastern fruits of every kind; the air was balmy but not depressing, and all around were the bright scarlet anemones, which sentimental travellers are pleased to call the Saviour's blood-drops. As the afternoon wore away, our slow and meditative journey brought us to Ramleh, through which passed the old caravan route from Egypt to Damascus. Here we found a high tower, in the midst of extensive ruins, and great subterranean vaults of Saracenic architecture, and with a narrow stone staircase leading to the top, whence the broad plain was seen in great beauty, with the olive and orange groves around, with the Mediterranean afar, and the hills of Judah to the east. Now the memories of the Crusaders began to press upon us, for here at Ramleh, on their way to recover the Holy City, was one of their encampments, and all this country must have been covered with their wild and misled hosts. A little beyond the town of Ramleh, on a gentle grass-slope, we found our tent pitched, and there we passed the first night on the soil of Palestine. Of Old Testament history, it was not far from the scenes of Samson's labors with the gates of Gaza, and not very far distant from where Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still on the plain of Ajalon. The full moon came slowly up before our tent door and over hills we knew must stand around Jerusalem. Near by were some tents of our countrymen, and on one was raised the American flag. So we thought of our home and our struggles when we saw that, and heard the words of Jesus promising peace out of the severest struggles, and thought of the eternal guidance and providence of the Infinite. Early in the morning we pursued our pilgrimage. We were on the route by which the Crusaders, with stormy zeal worthy of a better end, hastened to

Jerusalem. In places the narrow valley was rough and stony, the channels of the mountain streams scarcely dried; in places a beautiful green valley, with wild-flowers spread out before us; on the mountain sides great flocks of black goats and white sheep were pasturing; here and there a ragged Arab was ploughing with his heifer; here and there another was following his mountain-path. Along the rocky passes, along the hilly paths, past the ruins of an old church, where, by a fountain with its white dome, we rested, along rockier roads, up and down long hills, we slowly rode, until, as the afternoon wore away, we found ourselves straining our eyes, while, with beating hearts and hushed lips, we waited for the opening sight of the City of Zion. Hotel agents beset us with importunate entreaties. Far off to the right was the convent of St. Helena at Bethlehem, a little to the left was the imposing Russian convent. We had reached the brow of the last hill, we had passed the last guard-house, before us were walls and mosque domes and minarets and towers, below us and on the sloping hill-side, so that we looked down upon them, were the houses of Jerusalem, and the sunlight fell upon the great dome of the Mosque of Omar, where once stood the Temple of Solomon. By the Damascus gate, and through streets narrow and dirty as of other Arab towns, we came to our hotel. Ascending by the stone stairs on the outside, to the highest terrace, we found one part of the terrace furnished with a very good room, while the other part answered for a promenade, and in the parapet all around were sunken holes answering for flower-pots, with many kinds of roses and plants in bloom. As I sat on the terrace looking over the city as it rested in the darkness, the moon came up over the brow of Olivet, and threw a great shadow adown its slope, where once was Gethsemane and agony, struggle, victory, and peace.

(To be continued.)

Take counsel of him who is greater, and of him who is less than yourself, and then recur to your own judgment.

OUR FATHER GOD

A SERMON PREACHED ON THE FIRST SUNDAY AFTER WHIT-SUNDAY, COMMONLY CALLED "TRINITY SUNDAY," BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

"For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth (as there be gods many and lords many), but to us there is but One God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him; and One Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things, and we by him." — 1 Cor. 8: 5, 6.

Christianity is a revelation, an unveiling of God. It enables us, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory and to feel the power of the Eternal Godhead. It declares and names Him whom before we had worshipped ignorantly or not at all. Through one and another preparatory creed it leads us on and up to the Creed of creeds, which in all ages and in all worlds, upon the lips of men and angels and the Christ acknowledges God to be the Father. Of all religion, this is the final utterance, for which all else is preliminary and provisional. "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us." "If ye loved me, ye would rejoice because I said I go to the Father." "Then shall He deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father."

It is common in our day to speak of the great creeds of Christendom, the creeds of the ancient Church which set forth what Christians believe of the mystery of the Godhead. This Sunday is especially devoted by the great majority of Christians to the reciting of these creeds, and the dogma, for which the most elaborate of them witnesses, has given to the day the name of Trinity Sunday. Not in any temper of antagonism to these old confessions, which seem to me to be, not indeed truth itself, as some imagine, and yet full of profound truth, I shall venture to say of them that they cannot be regarded as final, as exhausting the Christian doctrine of the Godhead, and leaving nothing to be said any more of the relation of the child on earth to the Father in heaven. They require to be interpreted and supplemented. They speak better than they know. Better than they know, they give the glory to Him who is over all blessed forever, underived, Fountain of all being, fathomless, shoreless Love. Worship Him,

all ye gods! We need such an One to worship. The age is coming to a recognition of this truth, far away from it as some of its children may be.

I was much impressed, the other day, as I read a biography of Lacordaire, the famous Catholic preacher and monk, with his statement that, in his view, the worship of Christ, as it is commonly practised in Christendom, must be regarded as only preparatory to the worship of the Supreme Father of the Christ. That divine Son of God points us onward and upward. With the Ray, Light of Light, we go back to the Sun, Light itself. With the Stream, child of the Fountain, we ascend to the Fountain, the Head, the Source. In Him who is of the same substance with the Father, we return to the Father, and are forever satisfied, for our life is hid with Christ in God.

Let me ask you to note how the Father is revealed in the Son, and how the Son glorifies the Father. Let me ask you to note how the Father is revealed through the Holy Spirit, and how this same Holy Spirit glorifies the Father.

1. "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," and declared him Father. God reveals himself as Father in the being of One who lives before us, his Son. As the face in the mirror supposes the face itself, and as the impression upon the wax supposes the seal, so an adoring, loving, ascending Son supposes an adorable, lovable, descending Father, and the filial spirit declares the fatherly spirit. Do not seek, on the one hand, to deny or to lessen that glory of the Son, for how can any glory which is not transcendently excellent answer to our glorious God? Spare that perfect Mirror of the divine perfections, were it only for Him whose wonders it reflects. Just that was wanting in our world before Christ came into it. Just that would be wanting now, could they take away our Lord. "He looked, and there was no Man. He wondered that there was no Deliverer." There was no one of whom the world must needs say, "Truly this was the Son of God." He is altogether of God; he has no father save God. Let all which the creed

of Nicea claims for Christ be substantially true; let him be Light of Light, very God of very God; that is no more than the must needs be whose spirit can fullyr eflect the divine Spirit. Make his Sonship as glorious as you can, or rather do not seek to divest it of any glory which evangelists and apostles and hearts of loving, revering men have thrown upon it. For you, as for Stephen, let the heavens be opened, and let the Son of man stand at the right hand of God. And yet, on the other hand, remember that it is a Sonship, not a Fatherhood, which the Gospels and Epistles and the ancient Church celebrated. They believed in the Father because they had seen him in the Son, in one who from his deepest and divinest consciousness, and from the very topmost heights of his being, and in that life which he lived, and in that glory which he had with the Father before the world was, knew and felt and proclaimed himself not Father, but Son; the Son who could do nothing of himself, whose life it was to live in the Father, whose peace and strength it was to worship the Father, whose blessedness it was to return to the Father. I have no doubt that this subordinationism is the teaching of the creed of Nicea, and of the Nicene Fathers, and of the early Church, and I think that the Unitarian needlessly separates himself from Christendom in conceding that Nicene symbol to the Trinitarian, and ruling it out of his prayer-book. And Christ is with us in his Sonship, that he may reveal the Father. The Father must be, because the Son was and is.

And let not any say that this is a merely speculative and theoretical matter. It is intensely practical, and it includes a lesson which, as much as any, perhaps more than any, our age needs to learn. If the old Psalmist were in the world still, he might well repeat his exhortation: Worship Him, all ye gods! It has come to this in our day, that men deny the sovereign God by quietly assuming, each man for himself, that we are all gods. They are willing to call Christ divine, if only we may also call all men divine. And so, instead of being creatures, we are creators, — instead of being created by God, we create God. The creative intelligence, so they call our Father in heaven, unconscious in nature, becomes

conscious in man; more conscious in Christ than in any other man. That, I believe, is the formula. All the God there is for us is our higher and better nature. Theology, or the doctrine of God, is a superstition, a childish thing, which a manly world has outgrown. There is no Father in heaven, only a thought of a Father in your own fatherly and loving soul. And I say it is timely and practical to proclaim that Jesus Christ, at all events, believed himself, if there was any meaning in his speech, to be *Son* of God, dearly beloved of him, taught of God, in the bosom of the Father, not alone because the Father was with him, not even to be called good, because there is but one good, even God. Let me tell you, advanced thinker, man of intelligence, moralist, who art a law unto thyself, — let me tell you, if you can pause a moment in your self-complacency, as one secret after another of the world which you have unconsciously made is disclosed to your lordship, let me tell you of One not yet, I think, discredited, ruled out of authentic history or of man's heart; of One whom the world could not refrain from calling God and worshipping as God, for the glory and beauty that dwelt in him and compassed him about, who yet with his whole being made confession of that only adorable One, our Father, saying, even after his resurrection, "I ascend unto my Father and your Father, unto my God and your God." To me there is something very instructive and very touching in this majestic and awful Christ, lying low in God's power, Son of the Father, still saying to us, — how emphatically to all who are losing their worship! — Oh, there are depths of being which cannot be sounded; there are heights of being which cannot bescaled; be-sides the eternal Wordthere is that which is eternally unutterable, a silence beyond any speech; besides the Son, living only by the Father, there is the Father, whose life is not given to Him, but is forever in himself. Seen in the light or in the darkness of the nineteenth century, our Saviour is the most noteworthy instance of its favorite philosophy. He is the spirit of Nature, or, if you will, God come to consciousness in man so fully that he could not free himself from God; so that in him, beyond all men, God and man are one; only re-

member that in this philosophy there is no God but man. Seen in the light of his own words, and set forth in the great creed of the future, of which all other creeds are but the eloquent preludes, the Saviour of men is the blessed Son of the Highest, whose glory it was to have no glory of his own, to love the Father, to trust in the Father, to pray to God always. It has been found easy for a pantheistic, which is practically an atheistic, philosophy to express itself in the phrases of dogmatic Trinitarianism, and even to recite, not without unction, the Athanasian Creed; but pantheism cannot take up our Lord's confession of his Father and our Father, of his God and our God.

2. And, once more, let me ask you to observe how, as in his Son, so also through his own Holy Spirit shed abroad in the hearts of his children, God reveals himself as our Father. That Spirit in Jesus beyond measure could only have declared that Son of Man to be the Son of God; and we might have looked upon him with reverence and amazement and love, as upon one with whom we could have no portion; but as there is one God, so there is one Mediator between God and man, and this Mediator prepared a place in the hearts of men, that in us also, according to our measure, the Spirit might dwell. And we call God Father, we know that we can count upon him for time and for eternity, for better, for worse, we know that he heareth and helpeth us always, so far as we receive from his dear Son the Spirit that mediates, the Spirit of Christ, the Spirit that was poured out upon all Christian flesh, the Spirit that is found wherever two or three are met in the name of Christ, the Spirit which prays every true prayer, which prays for us when we cannot pray for ourselves. "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." How the spirit which is ours and yet not ours, which is so sweetly human and yet so wondrous divine, thirsts for God, even for our Father in heaven and on earth, calling him the Ever-loving, the Ever-faithful, the Ever-near, our Portion, our Refuge, our Joy, our Crown, never to be found out by our utmost searching and yet ever rewarding our search with the sweetest dis-

closures. Well did the Saviour say unto us, "When ye pray, say, Our Father." Children of God, call him only by that dear name.

And so if you ask me what is this true faith of which our Collect* speaks, by which we acknowledge the glory of the eternal Godhead, I answer, It is the faith which, by the Son and in the Holy Spirit, glorifies God the Father. So interpreted, I accept the ancient formula: "In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost;" repeating the words as the water falls upon the forehead of the babe, as hand is joined to hand in the marriage covenant, as the corner-stone of the house of God sinks into its place, as the Church is set apart to be a Church. So interpreted, I do not scruple or mislike the old ascription: "Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end."

Christianity is the unveiling of the Father. In the face of Jesus Christ it is the light of the knowledge of that glory of God. In its spirit of holiness and love and prayer it leads us to Him whom to know aright is perfect knowledge. Into this knowledge it is our privilege to grow. It is perfect knowledge, and yet it doth endlessly increase. It is a revelation of a mystery hidden from ages and generations, and yet it is itself a mystery, to be received and held only in faith. It is unto life, and it is according to our living, that living which is but another name for loving. It is learned at the feet of Jesus, and in that way of light which they walk in who follow him, and who, opening their hearts for the word of his commandment, receive with that word the Spirit that draws us unto the Father.

* Almighty and Everlasting God, who hast given us thy servants grace, by the confession of a true faith, to acknowledge the glory of thy Eternal Godhead, we beseech thee that thou wouldest keep us steadfast in this faith, and evermore defend us from all adversities, who livest and reignest one God, world without end. *Amen.*

If you cannot master the whole, yet do not forsake the whole.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

MANY persons must have thoughtfully pondered two notable illustrations of the feeble influence of the religious press. There was an unusual accordance in the religious journals of Massachusetts in the support of the late prohibitory liquor law. It will be remembered how largely the temperance question entered into the political elections of the last autumn; and as the choice of representatives drew near, the editorials of the religious press waxed warmer and warmer. They declared that licensing the sale of intoxicating liquors was next in guilt to man-stealing and piracy. The pulpit, to a great extent, added its fulminations; and religious bodies connected with the largest sects, in solemn assembly just prior to the election, pronounced the prohibitory law to be the glory of the Massachusetts Statute Book.

When the election took place, it was at once seen that all this rhetoric had produced little or no effect. Prohibition met a thorough and overwhelming defeat. "The glory of the Massachusetts Statute Book" was swept away. It is not our intention here to express any opinion for or against a prohibitory law. We are intent only upon reviewing the facts of the case. We think they are sufficiently remarkable. They prove certainly that Massachusetts is not a priest-ridden commonwealth; and they show, as we think, that the editorials of the religious press of all denominations, written, as we are sorry to say too many of them are, with more warmth than wisdom, with more zeal than knowledge, with more denunciation than devotion, have but a small influence in shaping the course of public opinion.

Of the same fact we have another illustration on a still larger scale.

In looking over, two months ago, a pretty large batch of religious journals, representing all sects, we could not but notice the unanimity with which they demanded the conviction of the President of the United States, in the late impeachment trial. It is hardly worth while to call to mind the

epithets that were applied to the executive head of the nation, who was declared to be a worthless sot, and a worse traitor than Jefferson Davis. Equally unnecessary must it be to allude to appeals to the judges in the trial, beseeching them not to be more infamous than Benedict Arnold, and to expose themselves to the undying scorn of an outraged people.

What good did all this do?

We know it may be said that these journals truly represented the spirit of the people, whose will was finally defeated by fraud. Suppose this was so, does it justify heated passions and intemperate speech on the part of those who assume to be religious guides? But we think that the calm acquiescence with which the people have received the verdict proves that the tide of indignation and wrath never by a great deal came up to the high water-mark of the journals aforesaid. We say this quite independent of any opinion we may have had on the subject of impeachment. We are looking at the conduct of the religious press in the light of the history of the last few months. We think here is another proof of its feeble influence.

The public has seen what loose charges of fraud have amounted to, though scanned by eagle eyes that would give anything to be able to prove them. And as to the course which some journals have since taken, in denouncing independent and high-minded senators, telling them that it will not be safe for them to walk in the streets of the cities of their States, we think all good men must say, "Out upon such dastardly and outrageous words, which breathe more the spirit of mob and Lynch law than that of the gospel of peace and love."

We arrogate no position as censor of our contemporaries, some of whom have shown an admirable temper and bearing in the crisis through which we have passed. No doubt senators have heeded moderate and wise words wherever they have found them. But we should like to see their faces, if by chance they happened to peruse some of the fanatical journals referred to. They know very well how poorly these re-

flect the calm good sense of the people. When these sena tors were told that it was their solemn duty to represent public opinion, they might well reply in the words of Edmund Burke to the electors of Bristol, and say, " Yes, but it must be the opinion you yourselves will have six months hence, th opinion which all impartial and just men will have, the opinion of history and posterity." Who can doubt that some of those most denounced have honestly tried to find that opinion, and will ultimately receive honor for breasting the gusty passions of the hour?

It is because the religious journals so much commit themselves to these passions, so seldom preserve that calm tone that becomes the religion they teach, and the office they discharge, that they have fallen into disrepute, and exert a diminished influence. As we said in the beginning, we think this fact must have arrested the attention of thoughtful observers in both of the illustrations we have named.

— We find in a late number of the New York " Methodist" a good article, entitled, " The man of only one newspaper." We think its just censure applies as well to the man who reads only one *religious* paper: —

" It is a fact patent to most of our readers who ever thought of the matter, that the tendency of the American mind is to extreme views. Very few men are capable of recognizing intermediate shades of color, especially in political matters, — everything is white, if it is not black. During the war, those who doubted the expediency of the Emancipation Proclamation, the financial wisdom of paper currency, or the wisdom and skill of the (for the time) popular military commander, were secessionists, or, at best, copperheads; as, on the other hand, those who believed that the integrity of the nation should be preserved at any cost, were abolitionists.

" Now, this extremeness of view, we take it, is caused by the fact that the mass of the people allow their thinking to be done for them. They choose their party, — perhaps accidentally, perhaps intelligently, — which being done, they subscribe for their party organ, and henceforth see only through the editor's spectacles. How often we hear men say, — speaking of journals of

opposite politics to their own, — 'I wouldn't allow it to come into my house!' They little think, perhaps, that this is a confession that they are purposely keeping themselves in as absolute ignorance as possible of the enemy they profess to be fighting. In the great majority of cases, they are combating men of straw, which they and their leaders have built up for the purpose.

"If this radicalism of opinion is peculiar to or excessive among Americans, it is because we are so pre-eminently a reading people, and because we confine ourselves too much to our party organs. We do not object to the most ardent partisanship for the right, or what seems to be the right, but we claim that every man should have an intelligent reason for the faith he professes, and an intelligent knowledge of what he opposes; and these he can never acquire by being a man of one newspaper.

"Too frequently the political press — like lawyers — deem it their duty to maintain the cause they have espoused by every argument, and even by distortion of facts. One of the most amusing exercises of which we know is to read reports of the same congressional speech in papers of opposite party bias. In the one it is as sure to be the utterance of an angel, as, in the other, the howling of a demon. There can be no medium; and thus it is with every political measure proposed or adopted. Yet it is a fact, astonishing as it may seem, that there is some reason and show of right in every party measure, and men of equal intelligence and integrity sometimes hold diametrically opposite views. Until we see this, and are able to discriminate between the good and the evil, rather than to indulge in wholesale praise and denunciation, we may be very useful in the way of voting, but, for all other purposes, might as well be inanimate, as well as unthinking, machines.

"In one of our exchanges we find some thoughts on this subject which we thoroughly indorse. The class of men described we meet with often, — indeed, oftener than with the exceptions. During the war we used to be much amused by some friends on the border, who quoted the State of New York opinion from the 'Daily News,' — the only New York paper which they read. The errors into which they fell can be imagined, but they differed only in degree from those to which all are subjected who limit their reading to any one newspaper. Says the writer to whom we have referred: —

"'The effect of a persistent course of partisan newspaper reading upon the human mind is very appalling. We know men who cannot speak two minutes upon any other than business subjects without betraying the fact that they are "Tribune" men. They look at God's beautiful world through "Tribune" spectacles. In the same way, "Herald" and "World" and "Times" readers may be discerned by certain well-known peculiarities that are as sharply defined as the geographical features of a country, or the nose upon a man's face. . . .

"'Few persons are conscious of the effects of a constant reading of their favorite paper upon their mind. Their speech constantly betrays them; and in five minutes' conversation, not only the paper they read, but all their views upon all possible subjects, may be ascertained. Such persons can always be gauged in a moment, and are good for nothing, except to consume good food to little purpose, shout to order at political meetings, and vote at election time. They resemble each other like peas; and as for brains, they could not live an hour if vitality depended on intellect and sound sense. A person that reads only one newspaper must always have a narrow range of thought. In fine, the man of no newspaper is only worse than the man of one newspaper.'"

— If all the American students now in attendance at European colleges and schools were brought together in one university, what a large institution it would make! We see that in Berlin alone there are *forty-three* American students, chiefly in theology and medicine. We wish that the number in a hundred other places of instruction could be ascertained. What effect upon our tastes as a people, and upon our national character, must be produced by the return among us of so large a number of foreign educated men?

— We have been amused by the following anecdote in the "Christian Witness" of this city. That excellent paper, we suppose, thought it was a good argument for a liturgical service; but it shows that one hearer, at least, got tired of always hearing the same prayer, and so perhaps the anecdote makes as much against as for a prayer-book. A good Scotch clergyman was always giving thanks "that a sparrow could

not fall," etc. A wronged and vexed parishioner appeared at the manse one Monday morning, and opened his grievance thus: —

"Sir, I hope you'll excuse me; but I am fashed (tired) always every Lord's day hearing about the *sparrow*. Oh, sir, it would be a great relief if you would only *change the bird!*"

— The "Nation" has an article, signed "By one who has suffered," that pleads for more justice to ministers. It gives an anecdote illustrative of the manner in which members of his flock are sometimes alienated, and follows the subject with reflections that deserve our consideration: —

"A young clergyman had just buried his young wife. In the early freshness of his grief, he was waited upon by one of his deacons, with the announcement that Brother Smith had left his church and gone to the Methodists, 'and Brother Smith does say that you — his own minister — have hurt his feelings so that he never can get over it.' The tender-hearted shepherd was touched by this imputation, and eager to atone to the aggrieved sheep for any unintentional wrong he might have done him.

'So up he took his little crook,
Determined for to find him,' —

which he did, sulking over some job of his trade of house-carpentry.

"After an expenditure of much affectionate entreaty and skilful cross-questioning, the minister elicited the following: —

"'Well, the fact is, I knew there wasn't much chance of your wife's getting well, and so I went to work two or three weeks before she died, so as to have it all ready, and made just the prettiest coffin for her that ever was turned out in this town. I'd took her measure a hundred times sitting right back of the parson's pew, you know. I didn't say nothing about it to you beforehand, 'cause my woman had a notion it would sort o' cut you up. I don't know why, but when I heard that you'd telegraphed to Boston for one of them new-fangled burying concerns, I must say I felt as if I couldn't set under your preaching no longer,' — and 'set' he didn't.

"But offensive and torturing as the house-top proclamation of a minister's domestic concerns and most sacred interests may be, I desire that it may continue, and, if necessary, increase, till the

obtuse majority shall perceive the absurdity and the wickedness of 'settling a minister' upon an inadequate salary, to be, at the best, eked out by gratuities and hap-hazard 'donation-parties,' and supplemented, by way of a sop to conscience, by a subscription to the fund for superannuated clergymen and the widows and orphans of clergymen. Let not only the amount of each minister's salary be published abroad, but also the rates of house-rent, domestic service, schools, markets, etc., etc., in the town, and the income-tax of his parishioners. If he has incurred debts for his education, his library, the recovery of his health, give them the benefit of printer's ink. Recently in a country parish near us a clergyman actually offered his entire salary to any householder among them who would board him and his small family. As no one was willing to do this for the sum offered, I suppose the mercenary creature either took a clerkship or went to some more remunerative parish.

"If any minister is the recipient of a donation-party, 'surprise,' or otherwise, let all its items appear, prefixed by a statement of just how much of the salary was over-due at the time of the free-will offering; how much money was jingled in the wincing pastor's ears by the jocose brother appointed to the presentation; how many of the 'material comforts' remained undevoured or unmussed after the sated flock had departed; how abundant and how suitable to the average taste of cultivated men and women were the odds and ends of apparel and ornament left behind. And yet by no alchemy of print or photography could that be reproduced which often transforms gifts, in themselves desirable, into an insult and a curse. I mean the tone, the accent, the general expression and intent of the giver; this indelible impression is the one secret of many a minister's life.

"How would you, who are a merchant, receive a company of your most obstinate debtors who should 'surprise' you some evening by assembling at your house with the gifts of a few dollars, a few eatables (I am assured by a truthful friend that her father received during one week of a depressed pork season fifty spare-ribs), a light-blue dress for your brunette wife, and a bizarre hat for your dainty little daughter, 'The Prince of the House of David,' and a few other works of like inspiration, for your library, etc., and all offered as so much supererogatory charity, — the mere overflow of beneficent souls upon whom you had no claim? Why, if you were a poor man, and had no ex-

pectation of justice from them, you would — at least, after a little experience — receive them as many a minister is obliged to do. Those few dollars are little, compared with the man's rightful due, but they may purchase a new life-lease for his worn-out self or his wife, or supply some absolute need. He learns to bow his thanks courteously, and tell his thoughts to no one but his God.

"But these gratuities are often given in earnest affection, and with gracious delicacy; this I can testify after much experience and observation; but better far that they should be rendered needless and unknown. A gift from friend to friend, be he minister or layman, is one thing, and a gratuity from parishioner to pastor quite another. Let the salary itself frankly express all that the parish are able to do for the man of their choice, and let him buy his own food and clothing, manage his living, and bury his dead how and where he please, with no restrictions save those which bind any Christian man, and let him do something (more or less as the parish and he are able) to provide for the future of his wife and children, which every man who is a man claims as his right and privilege.

"Having intrusted to a man the cure of souls, you surely can trust him not to waste his substance in riotous living.

"Not long ago a distinguished layman closed an eloquent remonstrance against the proposed increase of a minister's salary with the following aphorism, which I wish might be blazoned before the eyes of all whom it may concern: —

'The strength of the Church has been the poverty of its clergy.'

To whose credit is this, pray? If it be true, and such magic strength lie in poverty, then let the pews hasten to share the tonic with the pulpit, and usher in the millennium. But until this consummation is reached, let every parish hesitate, for its own sake as well as his, to grind down its minister to bare necessities, so as to defraud him of all ability to exercise one of the manliest, most ennobling of virtues, — *self*-denial."

— The practical good sense of many of the articles in the constitutions framed by the States lately in rebellion is proof of the sound elements in the South for reconstruction. We have been struck with what such a paper as the New York "Nation" says of the new Florida constitution: —

"One is irresistibly tempted to compare this constitution of Florida with that recently prepared by a purely Caucasian convention for submission to the people of this State. We e, of course, aware that the latter is not considered by the best of its framers as by any means perfect, or as anything more than the best attainable; but it is the work of white men, and of white men of whom a very large number doubted the propriety of ever letting negroes vote at elections, except under a property qualification, and this in a State in which nothing is required of electors of any other race except the possession of the human form and the male sex. Now, we are bound to say that, tried by any of the known tests, — history, experience, or principles of human nature, — this Florida constitution is not only a better one than the one we now have in this State, but, on the whole, better than the new one which, after twenty years of experiment, has been offered for our acceptance by the flower of the white portion of the community."

— The intelligent London correspondent of the "Boston Daily Advertiser" has quite surprised us by the following statement of the number of the English clergymen who advocate the doctrine of Transubstantiation. He says, —

"If the Church of England is weakened by a war in her midst, how will she stand before her assailants outside? If I did not recall to mind similar epochs in her history, I should be inclined to say a great separation was about to take place. Of the many points in dispute, the cardinal one is the doctrine of Transubstantiation. This is preached by at least two hundred of the clergy of the English Church at the present moment, and they cling to it as vital to what they term the Catholic system. If the clergyman has not the power of changing the elements at the altar, he is not a priest, and the poor fellow who passes him in the street, dressed in a long and shabby coat, and who officiates in a paltry little chapel, — namely, the Roman Catholic priest,— is his superior. If this is denied him, he cannot absolve; he cannot excommunicate. Fascinated by the prospects of power and authority which this system holds out, many of the clergy who once were evangelical have embraced it; and at this juncture the remaining evangelicals, making use of a large fund collected for the purpose, are appealing to the law to decide whether such things may be legally taught in the Church."

— We cut the following from an exchange: —

"'The London Spectator,' in an article on 'Aristocratic and Democratic Poetry,' affirms that the reason why Homer is dear to the English aristocracy is because his poetry is in spirit aristocratic and almost feudal. The 'Spectator' says, 'There is no trace that Homer ever shared for a moment that deep love of the people and keen scorn for aristocratic selfishness which appears so powerfully in much of our best modern poetry, and, as far as we know, in *no* ancient poetry except the poetry of the Hebrews.' This is another illustration of the fact that the Bible is widely separated in spirit and form from the literature of antiquity, and could not therefore have been the mere product of the spirit of its age. We commend to the friends as well as to the foes of our inspired book the following extract from the 'Spectator:' —

"'The poetry of the Bible, during the prophetic period at least, is one long protest on behalf of the people against the hard legalities, both ecclesiastical and political, which kings and priests and the richer classes had imposed upon the Hebrew nation. Here was a people by no means subdued to the yoke of law, — perhaps the most indomitable people on which a legal yoke was ever pressed, — and yet all their poetry lives and breathes in the faith that kings and rulers exist only for the people; that the poor are even more God's care than the rich; that God "filleth the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away;" that "He hath cast down the mighty from their seats, and hath exalted the humble and the meek." Whatever this doctrine, that the people must be prepared for a reign of law before they are prepared for the reign of liberty, may be worth in other respects, the poetry of the Hebrews does not, like the poetry of Greece and Rome, afford the slightest testimony to it.'"

— The Chicago "Advance" gives the following just and appreciative notice of the Methodist Conference which lately met in that city: —

"This body, which meets every fourth year, is in daily session at the Clark Street Church. It is well worth a visit and a study. Numbering nearly two hundred and fifty delegates from about seventy annual conferences, presided over by the bishops in turn, and embracing the leading ministers of the denomination, it is a noble gathering of Christian men, and a conspicuous monument

of results accomplished by holy zeal and industry. The General Conference represents 8,000 ministers and churches, and over 1,100,000 members. As, for each communicant, there are twice as many children and adults in a congregation who are non-communicants, the Methodist population of the country must be three millions, equalling the Romish population of which we hear so much. The centenary offerings amounted to nearly eight and a half millions of dollars! The capital in the Book Concern exceeds half a million. The church buildings and parsonages were valued in the census of 1860 at over thirty-three millions. And all this (besides the work accomplished by the Methodist Church South, the Protestant Methodists, the Wesleyans, and other secessions), the fruit of but one hundred years' labor! Surely, evangelical Arminianism, however mistaken on two or three theological points, is not so terrible a monster as the imagination of some hyper-orthodox men conceives! Even the 'Panoplist' itself, or the 'Princeton Review,' must admit that it is compatible with earnest piety, marked intelligence, great administrative capacity, and a spiritual success difficult to parallel. A large debt of gratitude does this country owe to our Methodist brethren for their wide-spread pioneer work on the ever-advancing borders, and their indefatigable efforts to carry the gospel to the masses. Nor, notwithstanding our inability to accept their scheme, would we deny them a theological merit, in securing in other denominations such a modification of old-fashioned Calvinism as to recognize the truth that the atonement of Christ is for all mankind, and that there is some kind of an ability in sinners to avail themselves of the offer of mercy. And then what an example of fervor in prayer and song (with some extravagance, to be sure), and of warm-hearted church-life they have given, before which other bodies of Christians that were ready to die of starch, ice, and respectability have been compelled to modify their usages! We shall never cease to honor John Wesley along with John Calvin, while refusing to call any man master, or to wear, like a dog, any man's name on our collar. Yea, we think the time is not far distant, when Christians will be prepared to meet in church organizations, irrespective of the theologic differences denoted by those two honored names, contenting themselves with a simple evangelical creed, and remanding the higher philosophy of religion to the discussion of the Quarterlies and the decisions of eternity."

RANDOM READINGS.

"MODERN UNBELIEF."

SAINTE-BEUVE, in his portrait of Madame Roland, says, "The atheist was a production of the eighteenth century. He took rank as such. His unbelief was almost a profession. When an individual was discovered to possess this quality, he was regarded with a species of horror not unmixed with fascination. People communicated the fact to their friends mysteriously. Three-quarters of the people of our day believe in nothing after the grave, and still never suspect that they are atheists. They go on at hap-hazard, in perfect unconcern, and excite no particular remark. Is not ours really the worse situation of the two? and does not the incredulous solemnity of the eighteenth century prove that the men of that day were nearer faith than we?" On the other hand, is not our scepticism often very revering of what it holds to be venerable things, and often full of love for the brother whom it *can* see?

As an offset to Sainte-Beuve, take this on

LAMENNAIS (from an unpublished poem).

"So thy quest
Ended like mine, with naught to call thine own,
Made end with all fond searching first and last,
All ventured, dared, imperilled, — nothing known!"

With these keen words, like eager sword-strokes fast
Flung forth, methought another spirit passed;
I knew him by the mighty shade he cast.

"Yet not to failing love, but unto Truth,
I gave the promise of my golden years,
And tracked her flying footsteps as the youth

"Tracks the bright nymph that flits and disappears,
And lures him on through paths that weave and wind,
Till in the forest thick with spells and fears

"She leaves him desolate and mad and blind.
Rich was the life I lost, the soul I gave!
And strong the charm wherewith I sought to bind

"Her strength to mine! I rifled earth, air, wave;
Yea, oft the dead I questioned! but no word
I found, nor any that could guide or save.

"Then from my way died off each flower; no bird
Sang from the blasted bough, a crash — a cry —
Of giant tree that fell, afar I heard,

"Or fierce beast snared in deathly agony;
And all was silent; then afar I spied
A few, who on a mountain pathway high

"Held on their upward way, by love nor pride
Seduced, enticed by knowledge, nor dismayed
By fear, — the followers of the Crucified.

"These lingered not for song of bird, nor stayed
To mark what hues the glittering insect glossed,
That dipped across their path from sun to shade.

"These won their steadfast goal — and have *I* lost,
Who flung my soul within the crucible,
And saw it shrink, nor counted up the cost,

"So that truth's bright elixir clearer fell
In sparkling drops? Of all I ventured there
Is nothing found? Have I loved truth so well

"To lose my Christ? Lost God through loving men?
— Speak now, my soul! if all to win and lose
Once more were thine, if choice were given again,

"Would it be thine the *surer* way to choose?
Though o'er my grave no word of hope was said,
Above it raised no cross, behold the dews

"Lie on it fresh! Though all whom once I led
Fell from me, shunned me, banned me, held my lore
For spells accurst, unhallowed, backwards read, —

"I was God's Priest, his Prophet evermore."
Then raised he that old cry of anguish sore,
"*Hast thou no other blessing*, Father, say?"

— APPENDIX TO "LIFE OF LACORDAIRE.'

E.

WHO becomes every day more sagacious in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him, or despairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend.

RADICAL IDOLATRY.

BY E. F. FULLER.

It is common for the parties which arise in Church and State to name themselves the opposite of what they are. Thus, in the political history of this country, the party of pro-slavery, oligarchy, caste, and aristocracy has made odious its pseudonymic of democracy. So in the department of religion or irreligion, that novel party which stops at the outside surface of nature without penetrating to that root in the supernatural to which its existence is due, calls itself by the title of Radical.

This would-be new birth, like all the patent isms which do not enlarge and carry further the substantial verities of old truth, but gainsay its essence as well as form, is only a renaissance of time-worn error. The radical would feel insulted to be told that he is an image-worshipper in a new phase. Yet such is the exact fact. From the first history of religion, man has been repeatedly warned against losing sight of the spirit in the form, which is idolatry and ritualism, the vice of paganism, Judaism, Catholicism, and all formalism; and last, by no means least, the vice of naturalism, called by its votaries radicalism.

The simple and plain statement of the matter is just this: Natural science has been the ruling passion and absorbing theme of the nineteenth century. Thought thus engrossed in nature has lost sight of super-nature. In all this externality and development, law and order, intellect has become an image-worshipper, and come to ignore that spirit which is the fountain and origin, efficient cause and anti-type of all that is outward and natural.

It is true that the devotees of naturalism, who are nonplussed at miracles and blind to the supernatural, mysticize and sentimentalize and rhetoricize and poetize about spirituality; but, mark you, this "German fog," however roseate, does not impute personality to spirit. And impersonal spirit is nonentity. Pantheism and atheism are identical. The one gilds the mist with a counterfeit glare and kaleidoscopic dubiety; the other, in a plain, matter-of-fact, barefaced way, puts away the glittering illusion. When intellect, not looking through the telescope or microscope of physical science, nor the prismatic spectacles of egotism, regards the simple truth of the case, it readily perceives that all moral and mental attributes inhere in and describe a person, or they exist only as the abstractions of thought. You may

think of the qualities of goodness and knowledge, abstractly; but any school-boy must be aware that except there be a good person, there is no goodness; an intelligent person, there is no intelligence. Individual consciousness is what makes personality. If God has that consciousness, he is a person; and if you and I have it, we are persons. You know from your separate consciousness that you are not the same person that I am. And whenever you lose that separate consciousness, whether you become engulfed in God, or whatever becomes of you, you will be nobody; and if God has not a separate consciousness, he is nobody. If it is a beautiful idea to you that you will be engulfed in this way, it may be no more than fair to take you at your word. And what if God should let you have it so? As a man thinketh, so is he; and I am sometimes tempted to fancy that God may judge a man by his creed; and if he thinks he shall not "shoot the gulf," or shall empty himself in a great ocean of impersonality, and so takes his portion in nature, it may turn out, for him, as he insists it will.

But my proposition at the outset was, that the radical is an idolater. And plainly he is the old pagan, pharisee, and relic-worshipper right over again, because his devotion is to externality. Nature is the idol of his druidical homage.

Now, formalism sooner or later kills itself, as well as the soul. Naturalism inevitably opens the path to superstition. We live and move and have our being in the supernatural, and to deny it is to take away our very breath. Hence, after a suspense of faith, we draw, as it were, a long breath, an eager inspiration of the supernatural, without stopping to discriminate between genuine faith and superstition. Hence the radicals are the picket-guard of the Roman Catholics, and the pioneers of superstition! Witness the many converts that have stepped over from their ranks to Romanism. If this flood of naturalism be not faithfully withstood by the true believers, it will inevitably end, — not in atheism or pantheism, for either, if generally prevalent, would prove azote to man, and his race would become extinct, but in a cataclysm of superstition. Just as certainly as the day revolves into darkness, will radicalism, if it have its way, bring the human race again to the darkness of the Middle Ages, which could be felt and history can never forget, to incivilization, superstition, and iron. Which may God avert; and his Church, looking up to him, obtain a supernatural strength to resist and vanquish.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands
And piles of brick and stone and gold,
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
A stomach craving dainty fare;
With nought to do, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
Some breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn:
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit, —
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art:
A heritage it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door:
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son, there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten soft, white hands;
This is the best crop from thy lands:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son, scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both children of the same dear God;
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past:
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

J. R. L.

JUST as you are pleased at finding faults, you are displeased at finding perfections.

He gives me the most perfect idea of a fiend who suffers at the perfections of others, and enjoys their errors.

WHEN the counsellor grows rusty, the counsel will be polished.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, chiefly during the years 1863–65. By H. P. Liddon, M. A., Student of Christ Church, Prebendary of Salisbury, etc. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Company, 135 Washington Street. 1868.

No matter where, no matter by whom, the Sermons are preached, you will be sure to find the preacher arguing for Faith as against the doubts and denials of an age which claims to be an age of inquiry, but has indeed settled down very dogmatically into the dreariest unbelief. Mr. Liddon's Discourses are vigorous and suggestive; there are mental conditions to which they will speak very instructive words, and yet they leave much to be desired in the matter of sympathy with the difficulties of the sceptic. There is a tone of utter antagonism that is not quite true, and certainly is not likely to help those who have lost their faith. What we want is mediators between science and religion, — men like Robertson. Liddon has much of the furnishing of such a mediator, but he is not one. E.

Charles Dickens' Works are in course of publication by Ticknor and Fields. The "Charles Dickens Edition" is specially attractive for cheapness, clear type, and for original illustrations by Cruikshanks. Ten volumes of this edition have been issued, the most recent of which are

Christmas Books and Sketches, comprising A Christmas Carol, The Chimes, The Cricket on the Hearth, The Battle of Life, and The Haunted Man, with four sketches by Boz. These make a handsome volume of 552 pp.

Oliver Twist, which we reckon one of Dickens' best, with *Pictures from Italy*, and American Notes for General Circulation, make another volume, with a new preface by the author. *Barnaby Rudge* and *Hard Times* constitute another volume also, with a preface.

Dickens' Works in this series are uniform in print, style, and binding, though each work may be had separately. The series completed will be, for cheapness, portability, and neatness, one of the most desirable editions of the great humorist. S.

Sketch of the Official Life of Governor Andrew, with his Valedictory Address on retiring from office. New York: Hurd & Houghton. Cambridge: Riverside Press.

This volume of 210 pp. is a charming portraiture of the Governor's life and character. The valedictory, read in the light of events which have since transpired, will impress the reader with the greatness and sagacity of the statesman. The Governor's great and good qualities, in rare combination, are well delineated in this little volume. It shows, what all ought to have known before, that his opinions on the prohibitory law were honestly held, and not put forth for a lawyer's fee. The reader will close the book with a sigh, that the great man for our crises should be taken from us when we need him still. S.

Sermons. By Rev. NEWMAN HALL, D. D., of London, with a history of Surrey Chapel. Gould & Lincoln.

They are clever orthodox sermons, devout without being eloquent, and they will be warmly welcomed as a memorial of the author, for the love of him which glows in every loyal American heart. A portrait of the author fronts the title-page, — a face full of Christian benignity.

The Hour that cometh and now is is a volume of Sermons by Dr. J. F. CLARKE, republished with additions. It omits one sermon of the former edition, and adds seven others not included in it. The former edition has had a well-deserved popularity, for its freshness and practical bearing, bringing home great truths, and applying them to common life with a fund of familiar illustration. The additional sermons are in Dr. Clarke's best vein: on the "Relation of Christ to the Soul," "The Man of Sin," "Melchizidek and his Moral," "Negative and Positive Religion," "Weeds," "The Summer is ended," and "God save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," a Thanksgiving discourse. William V. Spencer. S.

Holidays at Rosalind's. A sequel to Elsie Dinsmore. New York: M. W. Dodd.

Both the original book and the sequel are among the best story-books for children. Elsie appears in the sequel as a girl religiously conscientious, preserving a pure conscience through great trials and difficulties. The story is told with such dramatic interest as to absorb the attention of young readers to the end, and impress them with excellent moral lessons throughout. S.

Foul Play. A novel by CHARLES READE and DION BOURCICAULT, with illustrations by George Du Maurier, has been republished by Ticknor and Fields. It is a novel of the sensational order, the hero of which is an Episcopal clergyman, whose misfortunes and strange adventures excite the sympathy and interest of the reader, till he emerges out of all his troubles in a successful marriage.

The Spanish Gypsy. A Poem. By GEORGE ELIOT, author of "Adam Bede," etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868.

We are reserving the reading of this poem until the summer vacation, but we have read enough of it to know that very pleasant things are in store for us, and that the author is a true poet as well as a fascinating novelist. E.

Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Translated from the French by H. W. Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

An admirable translation of an exceedingly interesting volume, prefaced by excellent words from the translator. The book treats of those who are gone from us, some of whom have been long gone; but it is by no means simply retrospective. The portraits belong to the passing as well as to the past age. E.

MR. WM. V. SPENCER, 203 Washington Street, publishes a very suggestive Sunday School Manual, entitled "Lessons on the Christian Life for the Older Classes." By CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH, to whose labors in the spirit our churches are greatly indebted. E.

A Sister's Bye-Hours. By JEAN INGELOW.

Our first judgment of "A Sister's Bye-Hours" was that it was not equal to "Stories told to a Child," and that could hardly have been to find fault; but as we went on, we felt inclined to put it side by side with that rare little book, which is certainly to give it great praise.

Margaret; A Story of Life in a Prairie Home. By LYNDEN, is published in New York by Chas. Scribner & Co.

IF you want a spirited and inspiring book for children, get *Ragged Dick.* Author, HORATIO ALGER. Publisher, Loring.

E.

THE

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CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

The following Report on a subject vitally important to the Liberal Churches was read at the South Middlesex Conference, which met at Concord, June 18th. The subject called forth an animated discussion in the afternoon, but as no result was arrived at, and as many wished to speak who did not have the opportunity, the Resolutions and the whole subject were laid over for consideration at the next meeting of the Conference. Meanwhile, we have thought it best to print the Report and Resolutions, in the belief that they involve a subject of wide and profound interest. We have made a verbal alteration in the first resolution, in order to give it a more direct practical bearing.

THE subject selected by the Executive Committee of this Conference for consideration at this time is CHURCH ORGANIZATION. It is one which goes so directly to the life and prosperity of our religious societies that they deemed it important to obtain, as far as possible, the fruits of our past experience, and the wisest lessons and suggestions that come therefrom. They, therefore, committed the subject, with instructions to the Committee to put themselves in correspondence with the Churches of the Conference, and bring in a Report which should open the whole matter for discussion. The Committee have endeavored to discharge this duty, and now report to you the best results which they have been able to obtain.

We have received answers from twenty-two out of the twenty-six societies to which the circular was addressed, containing statements, and some of them suggestions, which we think of much practical value. In four of these societies there is no church organization distinct from the society itself

In three others which have inherited a church organization and ordinances, the church has become gradually so merged in the congregation that the distinction becomes rather imperceptible and nearly obliterated, so that no roll of what are called "church-members" could probably be made in them. In the other fifteen societies reported the distinction exists. These have covenants and terms of admission. Among these, the largest reports one hundred and twenty-five members, one-third of its congregation; the smallest, fifteen members, one-fourth of its congregation. In these fifteen churches, fifty-seven members have been added during the past year, and one hundred and seventy-one within three years. Nearly all this growth, however, belongs to six of these churches, the other nine having had no additions, or very few, during the past three years.

The fifteen churches reported which have a distinct roll of members admitted by covenant number in all eight hundred and sixty members. The larger and more growing churches include one-third of the adult portion of the congregation. In the others the relative numbers vary from one-fourth to one-tenth of the congregation.

The facts which have been communicated, therefore, would sum up as follows: Of the twenty-two societies reported, seven have either no distinct church organization, or one which is becoming merged in the congregation and identified with it. Five of these seven have the communion service and value it, from one-fourth to one-half of the congregations joining in it. One reports the whole congregation, meaning, we presume, the adult portion. Two of them omit it altogether.

Of the fifteen societies which have separate and distinct church organizations, with covenants and terms of membership, six of the churches in them are on the increase. The other nine of these fifteen churches are decreasing as distinct churches, tending manifestly to final immergence in the congregations; so that there are only six churches in the conference out of the twenty-two reported which seem as such to be growing ones, judging from the admissions of the last three years.

Questions of the utmost gravity cannot but urge themselves upon our attention. You must see from this brief recital that our system of church organization, as it now exists and operates, is not giving us generally any results with which we ought to be satisfied. Probably in not more than one-half of the churches of our conference is the system working so as to promise even to perpetuate itself. Shall we give it up, and say that it does not belong to our polity, and that its day is passed? Four of our letters say, Yes; merge it in the congregation. Let the society itself be the church, and do not keep up the distinction any longer. Others are perplexed and doubtful. They are not ready to give it up, and yet they do not know what to do with it. "As now existing," says one of our letters, "it seems in many cases, as with us, to have no office and no influence." "I walk by faith, or rather by hope," says another, who seems utterly dissatisfied with the present state of things, but not seeing the way out. "I confess the whole subject is perplexing and unsettled with me," says another, "though I have thought much of it." Most of the letters, however, earnestly and emphatically discourage anything like a surrender of the church, as such. This is the case always where it is comparatively flourishing and enlarging its numbers. "Entering the church," says one of our letters, "is a step which makes religion cease to be passive, and becomes an active, personal power," and "the sense of responsibility is greatly increased by church-membership." "I should not," says another, "be willing to merge the church and society in one. I should fear a religious declension and weakness as the result." Another writes, where there is no church in the society, that he deplores the fact, and says, "We must have a separate church and living body; without such an element, a parish will soon become a mere aggregation of curious listeners." Another writes, "The experience of more than thirty years assures me that without a separate living organization, clearly defined and emphatic, no society can be permanently prosperous. The church sustains a relation to the congregation somewhat like that which the family sustains to society. It should be the home of humanity." This, in-

deed, is the prevailing tone of the letters which we have received.

But we hope it does not need any argument to show that no organization ever ought to be kept up which cannot be made receptive of the Divine Life and inspiration, and which the Divine Providence does not own and bless as its instrumentality. No Christian society has any right to ask its minister to spend his strength in that most vexing and demoralizing of all task-work, trying to galvanize the dead bodies which they have done their utmost to make such. Either the church ought to be alive, and the society by general sympathy and co-operation ought to live in it and make it instinct with their best energies, or else it ought to be removed as a corpse that cumbers the ground. And now the question comes, Which of these two things shall be done?

The Committee agree entirely with those of our correspondents who think that the question of church or no church resolves itself ultimately into the question of a society or no society. It will be found, after all, that differences of opinion on this subject are more specious than real. It will be found, we think, generally, that where there is no church distinctively organized, there is something exceptional in the circumstances of the case. If there is much life there, the society may be newly gathered or entirely homogeneous, or it may be gathered around some minister of popular gifts, and its relations merely personal. But in almost every society a portion of the congregation are floating and foreign, having no personal interest in the society, bound to it by no personal tie, and never intending to be. If we mean by a church only the permanent and reliable members of a society, such as you can organize for work, always knowing where to find them, we have already made a distinction in the congregation, and a pretty decisive one, too. Will you organize the society for Christian work, and leave out the transient element till you can make it permanent? Unless we do this, we have nothing but a chance collection of people who come together for no other purpose than to hear somebody speak, who will come so long as they like the speaking, and go some-

where else when they do not. We have no element of permanence; for when the popular speaker dies or goes somewhere else, the people disperse, and that is the end of the matter till they find another. For anything permanent, we must organize, and we must organize around something besides preachers. We may organize as a Howard Benevolent Society, but that is not a church; as a temperance society, but that is not a church. When we organize around Jesus Christ and his word for the purpose of being made Christ-like, and extending the power of his gospel through society, then we become a church and all benevolent societies in one, — a church too distinct from that portion of the congregation which is accidental or floating, or which has no sympathy with our main object. The distinction comes again between church and congregation, and the only way to get rid of it is to shut the church-doors, and bar them against all comers who will not be doers of the word as well as hearers; and then you have the distinction between saints and sinners more exclusive and preposterous than Calvinism ever dreamed of.

Convert the congregation into the church as fast as you please; draw them into a consecration to its sublime ends as entire as possible; but the idea that a Christian society must do nothing unless it can enlist every man and woman that comes to meeting, would be to die out through inefficiency and inaction. But all this absurdity is involved in the doctrine that there must be no distinction between church and congregation, — as if there were no outsiders to be won, no sinners to be converted, no men and women devoted to self and the world to be drawn into the self-devotion of a Christian calling. We take it, then, that the question demonstrates itself that if we are to have anything but a chance gathering of people who come together as mere hearers, to be dissolved as such again, we must organize a society within the congregation, and that society must have the functions and do the work of a church of Christ. If the whole end of a church was reached and accomplished merely by keeping up one of its sacraments, then we might merge it in the congregation, for we should only have to display the elements and ask everybody to come

and partake of them. But how false and absurd the notion that we become a church merely by coming together to eat a piece of bread or sip a little wine! That may be a very profitable rite, or it may not. Of this by and by. But that is not what a church is constituted for, any more than it is for singing hymns or reading prayers. Singing hymns, if well done, is a very good thing, but we need not organize a church to do that. Celebrating our Lord's life and death by these memorials may be a good thing, but we need not organize a church for that. A church may dispense with them altogether, if it chooses to do so; and any number of persons who are not a church can use these memorials if they find in them comfort and edification, and who shall hinder them? A church is a body which is organized for doing something; but it cannot do anything with force, efficiency, and method unless it has a covenant, and terms of membership, for what is a covenant but a constitution? There are responsibilities to be borne, votes to be taken, officers to be chosen, moneys to be raised, funds to be held in trust, and disbursements to be made, and how is all this to be done without a covenant and terms of admission and membership? And how clear it is that all this will not be done at all, or only in a very loose and shiftless way, without some compact that brings its members into active co-operation; and that as with the human body, so with the ecclesiastical, when compactly and strongly organized, it wields its forces with skill and energy; when disjointed, loose, and unorganized, it is feeble and inefficient, and tends to dissolution.

But, in order to get a full grasp of this subject, let us inquire what is the work of a Christian church? how is it to be done? and how is it to imbibe life, strength, and inspiration for doing it? In brief, what should be its *duties*, its *officers*, and its *rituals*?

1. First, then, we should say it is the prime duty of a Christian church to diffuse through the parish and through society around it a warm sphere of Christian sympathy and love. Look through our parishes, and especially our country parishes, and see how urgent this duty is; how families are kept

apart in social reserve and isolation, and how our Unitarianism often freezes down into the stiffest and the primest of all the religions of the earth. But under all this cold exterior human life has its secret and tragic ongoings. Hearts there are with yearnings and aspirations which they would breathe into some friendly ear. Families there are without social privilege, isolated in their solitary homes, and hungering for human love. Homes there are which death has passed through, where neighbors never came with Christian comforts and consolations. Men and women are suffering and dying, sometimes where the sorest need is, — not medicines and creature comforts, but some breast on which to lean with trust and confidence, and pour out the hopes and fears and doubts and sorrows of our common humanity, when sinking and breaking. How many instances have we known when, in these trial hours of faith and hope, persons have sent from ours into other communions for some father or mother confessor with whom to unburden their sins and doubts and troubles, and be borne up in their transit to immortality. Often it is true of the hardest and most sinful man, who all his life has shed sermons as an iron-clad sheds musket balls, —

> "On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
> Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
> E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
> E'en in our ashes live her wonted fires."

Strangers, too, come into our parishes and places of worship, pretty sure, however, to drop off and go somewhere else, if they find there no sphere of hospitality, and are only curiously looked at from a distance. Do you say we have only outlined here the sphere of a minister's pastoral walks and duties? His sphere is undoubtedly here, but he will work in it with very little purpose unless there is a Christian church in it too, so warmed and penetrated with the love of Christ and the Holy Spirit that it can melt down the snowdrifts that keep hearts and minds apart from each other, and fold them in an atmosphere of Christian sympathy and fellowship.

Well, how is this to be done? Why, organize for this very

purpose. There is an office still kept up, but becoming obsolete, called the office of deacon. It once had important and active duties, but they have now become narrowed down in most cases to the distribution of the elements on communion days. The office has been filled and honored by some of the worthiest names in New England, and adorned by the most sterling Christian virtues. Within the sphere of our personal knowledge this has almost uniformly been the case. But what is the use of trying to keep it up when its appropriate functions have become nearly obsolete? We would abolish the name and the office as now constituted, but we would revive its ancient and appropriate function, clothe it with all its honors, and breathe into it all possible life and energy. Instead of two, we would have seven the apostolic number, and four of them at least should be women. How many are the instances where, in adaptation and tenderness, and intuitive perception of the sorest needs of human nature, the sympathies of one Christian woman are worth all the men in the parish, the minister included. We might call this board by any name that described its duties: Church Wardens, Standing Committee, or, as one society in this conference has done already, *the Committee on Pastoral Aid.* That seems to us to describe its functions exactly, and one of our churches most efficiently organized has adopted both the measure and the name.

There is another interest which is specially committed to a Christian church, or which ought to be, which the Master himself trusted to it in the beginning, when he charged them, "Feed my lambs." What possible reason is there why this great matter of Christian education should be an accidental and outside business, — an adjunct of the society, and not an interest involved in its most vital and central organism? If a town, in its corporate capacity, commits the secular education of its children to faithful hands, and holds them responsible, what reason is there why a Christian church, as such, should not commit to faithful hands the Christian education of every child in the parish, and cherish and watch over it? Why should it not have its committee on Christian nurture,

who shall see to it that there is no neglected child in the parish or in the town, but who shall seek them out, win them to the school, and keep them there; help the teacher and the superintendent, and be teachers themselves when needed; provide for the amusements of the children, the festivals and the religious reading; raise the funds for it, and make their stated report? That done, teachers and superintendents would no longer be discouraged, and Sunday-schools would no longer languish.

But a Christian church has interests out of and beyond itself. It is an aggressive power in the world, if it is anything. Unless the life and spirit of the Church universal shall throb warmly through it, it will be likely to become a dead member of the body of Christ, to be sundered from it and drop away. In the grand work of human progress, enlightenment, and Christianization, each one will have its duty to perform, however humble; for it is true of a church as an individual, that it receives only as it gives. It should have, therefore, its board of charities, authorized and acting in its name. And then, when a good cause asked for aid which a church could render, individuals would not be subjected to the necessity, sometimes a very painful one, of begging it from door to door in their own name. They would come only to take what the church had taxed itself to give, and then it would be a charity which blessed the giver, because it would be spontaneous and flowing free.

Such, it seems to us, are the duties of a Christian church, indicating to some extent how it should be organized, and what officers it should have. It should have at least three boards of officers: one on pastoral aid, one on Christian education, and one on Christian charities, and they should contain women as well as men. As already intimated, there is one church in the conference efficiently organized, on such a plan as this, and one or two others, we believe, which are making approximations towards it. And a church organized in this way must meet statedly, and meet for practical ends. If in earnest to do its work, it will come together to hear the reports of its committees, reappoint them, and hold them to

their responsibilities. And thus the members will be brought into practical relations with each other and with society about them, and this terrible isolation of our extreme individualism would be done with.

But a most important question remains. A church, as one correspondent says, should be "the home of humanity." It should be drawn towards its Divine Centre in such communion and correspondence that its charities and all its works will have the inspiration of his life and joy. Otherwise they will be dead works, and not the spontaneous forthgoing of the spiritual life. How, then, may a church be brought into such direct and loving relations with Jesus Christ as its mediatorial centre that the divine spirit and life through him may be breathed into it, and inspire all its functions? We come here to a large subject, for all prayer and preaching truly such; all self-application of Christian truth, all the influence of the Holy Spirit by whatever agency, are means of this divine grace to a church and all its members. But, from the nature of our subject, it lies upon us to consider the two ordinances which are regarded as its peculiar sacraments, — the communion service, called the Lord's Supper, and Baptism. As we have already shown, these rituals are not essentials of a Christian church. It may exist without them or with them, and therefore these should by no means be made *obligatory* upon all church-members, or upon any one who cannot use them with pleasure or edification. We apprehend, however, that when they are used so as to unfold all their significance, this matter will take care of itself, and that the question will not be who are willing to come? but who are willing to keep away?

Can it be possible, does it look very likely, that a sacrament like the Lord's Supper, around which Christian devotion for eighteen hundred years has kindled its holiest fires, through which our fathers and mothers went up to heaven as the nearest way, which has been the most cherished rite in that home of humanity which the soul yearns to find at last, — does it look likely that, after all, it is without significance and a failure? And if we have missed of finding the significance, is it more

likely that the fault is in it, or in us, that we have bungled with it, and so missed its resources of wealth and power?

First, unquestionably, is presupposed a very warm and earnest faith in the Christ and his gospel as a most important mediation of the divine atonement and grace. But this faith need not be a very technical or theological one, and what thousands and millions have had blessing and comfort in the communion service who had settled no vexed questions of this sort!

But this faith being presupposed, we think this service ought to be one by itself, one which absorbs the chief interest of the day when it occurs, — never sandwiched in between two other services, and there hurried over. It should have preparation and time and scope for the affections and devotions of the believer to flow into it and linger there. In the exercises which belong to it, it seems to us that the first need is a hymnology which is worthy of the service, — full of the glow and inspiration of the Christ himself. And here we have been sadly lacking. Some of our hymn-books on this head now in use are poor and meagre. With the mind and heart of the church itself attuned and lyrical with the love of Christ, and with hymns and songs which are worthy of the theme, our experience is that there is no form of worship into which the divine influx descends with more searching and subduing power, or melts down the heart into such heavenly tenderness, as the communion service. This, more than any special command, convinces us that it is of divine appointment. Some years ago, at one of the morning conferences of anniversary week, the meeting came to a pause, when a sweet voice broke out in the words, —

> "All hail the power of Jesus' name!
> Let angels prostrate fall!"

in which the whole congregation joined as if struck by a sudden breeze, which quivered through every heart and moistened in every eye, and seemed the very presence of the Lord. Going home and looking up this coronation hymn for communion service, you would find it in one of the singing-books of the choir, where some wise tinker has tried his hand at spoil-

ing it, and perfectly succeeded, — cutting out the word Jesus, and substituting something else; wiser than Saint Paul, whose language furnishes the hymn with its idea, and strikes its key-note; wiser than they are up in heaven, as St. John reports its ritual, who, looking up through the ranks of the four and twenty elders who cast their crowns, and seeking for that which inspired their homage, their harpings and hallelujahs, see *a Lamb as it had been slain.*

It has seemed to us, as to some of the correspondents of the Committee, that our communion service is too apt to take a melancholy tone. Some of the hymns used dwell so exclusively or prominently on the physical sufferings and death of Christ that they seem to bring us to his funeral rather than his coronation. The whole idea of the service is redemption, feeding on Christ and triumph over sin and over the grave; its thought cheerful and joyous, tender but never sad, urging to thorough self-examinations, but at the same time inspiring the notes of conquest and victory.

A richly inspired hymnology to draw from, not once through a service hurried over, but frequently and with the whole church breathing their souls and voices into it, would tend to make the service itself more rich and life-giving than any service which we have; and this some of our correspondents tell us they have found in their own experience.

Then we like exceedingly another suggestion found in one of our letters. A liturgy fixed and ever to be repeated, we should deprecate. But it does seem to us that some of the heavenly utterances of the New Testament, congenial with the occasion, read by the minister and the church in alternation, would draw them both together into its spirit. What liturgy could furnish anything to be used in this way so good as that wonderful discourse of our Saviour uttered immediately after the miracle of the loaves, describing the bread which comes down from heaven, whereof if one eat, he shall never hunger more. Indeed, the grand old prophecies, where Christ is foreshown, joined with the scenes, events, and discourses where they are fulfilled, well selected and arranged and used in this way, would be the best liturgy we could have;

always flexile to the occasion, furnishing forms for the soul to flow into, but never lying upon it as fixed and stale. Something would remain dependent upon the minister; but with his faith in it, and his heart in it, and under such conditions as we have described, the service must be what it has been throughout the Christian centuries, — a form of worship which has been most signally owned and blessed by the Spirit of God, in which the Spirit of the risen Christ has been almost visibly brought nigh.

There is another suggestion found in one of the letters which strikes us with very great force. The communion service should not be made so common as to be a routine. It should be reserved and looked forward to as the most delightful of all festivals. One every month seems to us too frequent. In Germany, says the correspondent referred to, they have it only three times a year, — at the time of Christmas, Easter, and Whitsunday; commemorating those occasions severally, and being filled and inspired with their idea. If we add one more occasion, — All-Saints' day, commemorative of those who may have recently passed on, to keep their memory green, as of the glorified saints and martyrs, and all the dead who one communion make, under Jesus Christ, the chief Martyr and Witness, by whom they are gathered in one great and goodly fellowship, — we should then have four of these festivals annually, distributed not very unequally throughout the year, each of them coming inspired with some great truth of Christianity, and rich with historic associations. And we might fill up the unequal intervals with two others as we pleased, so as to have six in course of the year, which is the usual number now in our liberal churches. In this way we should avoid the baldness and the nakedness of the service as now held, and provide forms for the Holy Spirit to flow into and fill to overflowing and clothe with divine beauty and grace.

And we can see no reason in the world why on some of these occasions — say Christmas, or Easter, or both — the usual communion should not be followed by another communion, where all the members come together in the freedom of

social intercourse, in a love feast such as it was in the beginning and always meant to be, where the tone of the meeting shall be religious but at the same time social and joyous and free; where the prayer shall be breathed and the most inspiring hymns shall be sung, but where heart meets heart, and all meet God and his Christ; where the humblest member, otherwise isolated and deprived of social privilege, shall find it in richer and ampler measure than the world can ever furnish. The church, truly constituted, levels all our artificial distinctions within her enclosure, and makes the lowliest the peer of the highest, because it brings both to a consciousness of a birthright and an inheritance which cast dimness on all our worldly pomps. Outside of it we have all of us our clans and cliques, and the strut and strife of our social ambitions and rivalries, and we suppose must have; but it has ever been the glory of the Church, even when most hierarchical, that these distinctions vanish the moment you get within her pale. Indeed, our sectarian divisions very often are quite as much social as religious, and it is sometimes curious to see how they cleave society almost exactly by a horizontal line, according to affinities of taste and culture, and not the affinities of religious sentiment and belief. In the most ancient communions the religious element is so strong that it overrides and subordinates the social, so far as regards the Church. In some of our communions the religious element is so weak that the social overrides and subordinates it; and hence, with the talk of liberality and comprehension on our lips, we split up into little cliques and divisions; while the ancient Church, with no such profession of liberality, has more comprehension a thousand times, taking all ranks to her bosom like a tender mother, and, as a church, knowing no difference between the king on his throne and the beggar at the foot of it, since all become princely and royal at her hands. It is from the Catholic Church that the song comes to us, claiming the same titles for peasant and lord, —

"Are we not princes? We who stand
As heirs beside the throne?
We who can call the promised land
Our heritage, our own,

And answer to no less command
Than God's, and his alone?

"Are we not kings? Both night and day,
From early until late,
About our bed, about our way,
A guard of angels wait.
And so we watch and work and pray
In more than royal state."

Not till the religious element is strong enough to subordinate the social, so far as the Church is concerned, — not till our ministry to the poor is within our cathedrals, rather than chapels built away off outside, filling up these dreadful gaps and blank spaces in the pews by living humanity, redeemed and made royal by Christ, — not, in fine, till we have a *communion* of souls, shall we become a church liberal and catholic in fact as well as name.

We have left ourselves little time to say anything of the other sacrament retained by the Protestant churches, — that of baptism, — and we must dismiss it with a passing notice. It is not peculiar to Christianity. There is hardly a religion worthy of the name which has not discerned to some extent its spiritual analogies. But under our liberal Christianity it seems to us to be burdened with a peculiar significance. It means regeneration, and that every human being is capable of it, and is to be nurtured for it. It makes human birth to be sacred, recognizing in every child the immortal nature waiting there for the new birth that is to be. It says to the parent, Your babe comes into this world not as an animal comes; but within that fleshly nature white wings are folded up, to expand for a heavenly flight. When kept true to its significance, the rite has a vast educative power, for it keeps a great truth ever preaching anew to the little ones, in language which they can best understand, — the language of natural symbols. It impresses on every child in the congregation the worth and dignity of a spiritual birthright, for it makes them children of the Church, born in it, belonging to it, to be nurtured in it and for it, not to be thrown over the wall and abandoned to the world and the devil. In a sensualizing world, and a materializing age, tending to sink all

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truth into flesh and sense, and swamp it there, no one can tell to what extent this beautiful symbolization has kept alive the idea of the child's spiritual nature and the responsibilities that belong to it. True, the rite is not essential. Neither are our burial rites essential. We might shovel a human being into the grave, as we would an animal, without prayer or ritual, and we confess would as soon give up one extremity of human life as the other to this dreary nakedness and desolation. We would as soon have our exit out of this world as our ingress into made without any recognition of our immortal nature. But the Church has ordained, wisely, we think, that the bow of heavenly hope and promise shall rest on both of our life's extremes, spanning our whole existence from the cradle to the grave, and flinging its richest colors over all the space that lies between. Such is our idea of the Church, its offices, and its rituals.

The evils of which some of our correspondents complain result partly, we think, from the fact that most of the churches in this conference were formerly Puritan, and that they have inherited Puritan forms and methods without Puritan ideas. It is the new cloth upon the old garment. People came into the Puritan churches through some mysterious and miraculous conversion and experience which could be dated from. They were presumed to grow up outside, children of the devil, but wrenched suddenly out of his hands and brought to Christ. So if you ask people now to join the church, people who ought to be up and doing its work, they will say, perhaps, "Oh, we are not good enough; or we are unworthy; or we can be good without; or we have not met with the requisite change; or we dislike a profession of religion." Ministers who try to make the Church a practical force in society have heard all this, we presume, till they are tired. The answer to it is very clear and very short. Here is work to be done, social, educational, and humane, and we know it will not be done unless we organize to do it, or, at least, loosely and poorly done. Perhaps we can all go to heaven without doing it; but there was One who said of neglected opportunity, "Because ye did it not to one of the least of

those, ye did it not to me." It were very much as if the Levite had said, when he passed over on the other side, "Oh, I am not good enough to pick that man up and pour oil and wine into his wounds. I think I can get to heaven without; or I shall be making a profession of goodness, I fear, if I do." And so he passes on. We hope, as the subject unfolds from our point of view, that all this logic appears in its true light and vanishes clean out of the way, and that if ever our Unitarian churches are to be placed on the Rock of ages, it will be when we have done with selfish individualism, and organized them, and consecrated them to ends so Christian and humane that the Christ will come into them and fill them with himself, and go thence for the redemption of the world.

One thought more, which vitally concerns us as a denomination. It becomes plainer every day that our liberal Christianity is to be one of two things: We can stick to our individualism, have our preachings, our hearings, and our conferences, and our literature, and be an *influence*, and a very important one, doubtless, to act upon other denominations, to modify them and liberalize them; and, that done, dissolve in the currents of the age, and be absorbed thence into other churches better organized than we are. If we are to be anything more than this, we must be a church ourselves, where the young generations, as they are coming on, will find a home for their deepest yearnings and their best thoughts, and whence their highest activities may radiate. Our National Conference would have been little else than a council of the larger churches meeting for big talk, unless it had the local conferences for its constituencies and its ground-work. But we are not organized yet. What are the local conferences without churches for their constituencies which are integers of a larger whole, organisms fitted to receive life and give it out again? We cannot begin at the top and organize down We must begin at the foundation and organize up, else we are nothing but a castle in the air. But we have not come to the foundation till we come to the individual churches to be made the living body of Christ himself. For near half a century we have been forming new churches while others have

been dying out, and so Unitarianism has been leaking out at the bottom almost as fast as they pour it in at the top. Let us go home and stop the leak, organize the churches where we belong, every one of us responsible that they shall be live stones in the building. Let this be done in every local conference of the denomination, and then the national conference would have life breathed into it from all the members, and send life back to the remotest extremities. Till then, we are only a heap of fragments which other denominations will pick up and appropriate. But that done, and done in the spirit and love of Christ, we are "whole as the marble, founded as the rock, and broad and general as the casing air." *

We offer the following resolutions for the consideration of the conference: —

Resolved, 1. That a Christian church, organizing the congregation with covenant and terms of membership, is essential to the life, growth, and permanence of a religious society.

2. That a church, truly such, should be organized for Christian work, and that to this end it should have at least three boards of officers, — one on pastoral aid, one on Christian nurture, and one on charities, to report statedly to the church; and that both sexes should be represented thereon.

3. That the church should be kept in living relations with Jesus Christ, as offered in the revelation of the New Testament, and to this end the communion service should be enlarged and set apart, its ritual inspired with the best hymns and by the most active participation of the communicants in the service.

4. That the church is not only a religious but social institution, and as such ought to be the home centre for common sympathies and a common fellowship, and that times and occasions should be had where this idea may be practically and fully realized.

5. That a collection of hymns and songs, especially adapted to the communion service and to all social gatherings of the church, is an urgent necessity, essential to the highest inspiration of the church itself and the sweetest communion of the social hour.

6. That the church is the birthright of the children, and they should be born in it and nurtured for it, and not left outside of it to grow up for conversion, or to be ensnared and corrupted by the world.

EDMUND H. SEARS,
S. B. FLAGG,
ABBY M. MARSHALL,
ELLEN T. EMERSON,
} *Committee.*

* This paragraph was added by the Chairman after the Committee had signed the report.

THE BUD AND THE BLOSSOM.

BY GEO. H. HEPWORTH.

'Twas a new gift from God:
That very morn, within those restless eyes
The playful light first stole, and painted there
The mother's face. But yester eve were clasped
Round angel-necks those dimpled hands; those lips
Farewells to angels spoke; and in the fields
Of heaven it played, a fairer bud than those
It plucked. But when the glad sun woke the flowers
Of earth anew, and dried the tears which night
Had shed, — sad, weary night, who wanders round
The earth, with but a coronet of stars
To light her lonely way, — those little arms
Entwined a mother's neck; that little form
Nestled within a mother's warm embrace;
And she, with joy so deep it seemed like woe,
Could only cry, "Thy gift, O God! is good!"

And, lest the secrets of that world it should
Reveal, from whence it came; or, counting o'er
The never-ceasing, ever-changing joys
Of angel-homes, should weary us with this
Dull life of earth, God sealed its little lips.
Nor will he break the spell until the past
Is all forgot; then will it lisp her name
Who loves it best, and live these years of ours content.

Bright visions of the future filled
With tears that mother's eyes, — such tears as come
When human hearts are crowded full of heaven.
She saw his noble brow crowned with the crown
Of manly strength; his watchful eye fixed on
The eternal right; his iron hand, softer
Than any girl's when touching what was loved,
Grasping the heavy sword, and dealing blows
So hard, that Wrong, all covered o'er with wounds,
Should steal away, and hide his hideous head
Within the shadow of defeat and death.

As fall and rise the tides of inland seas
When Luna, with bewitching grace, reins in
Her panting steeds, and, bending o'er her chariot-side,
Views her own face within the glassy depths,
So heaved that mother's bosom, as, within,
The tidal wave of joy now rose, now fell,
While o'er her life there hung this vision of
The years to come.

But evening came, and changed
It all. The bud had withered on the stem
Ere twice the sun had kissed its ruddy cheeks:
The babe had died upon the mother's breast.
She pressed it hard against her heart; but clay
Cannot be warmed to life, when once the soul
Has fled, e'en by a mother's holy love.

As, in the storm, the wild waves dash their spray
So high, that, from the o'erhanging cliff, it tears
The flowers, and leaves the bare and blackened rock,
So dashed the waves of sudden woe against
That stricken soul, and threw their tearful spray
So high, it tore the vision down, and left
But sullen clouds of dread and doubt. Then God,
Whose wont it is to paint upon the sky
That blackest seems his bow of brightest hope,
Spoke to her heart: "*I give, but never take.*
'Twas thine to-day; 'tis thine for evermore.
Too frail a bud, perchance, it was to bear
The chilling blasts of life; but, christened with
Thy name, it shall be known in heaven, and thee
It never shall forget. As to the rose
The perfume clings, so clings thy angel-child
To thee; and ever and anon, drawn by
Its earthly love, 'twill seek the utmost verge
Of heaven, and, gazing towards thy home and thee,
Will wonder why you wait so long on earth.
Rise from your tears, and see how much your grief
Has blessed your life."

You drink from shallow springs,
When all your years run gayly by. But bend

Upon your knees, scoop out a little grave,
And lay therein some fragile piece of clay,
In love of which you lost yourself, so dear
It was: then will you know that mother you
Are not until you have a child in heaven;
Nor know you all a mother's sacred joy
Until your hand upon your trembling heart
In holy trust you lay, and, looking up
To heaven, you cry, "'Twas here it budded, but
It blossoms there."

HYMN.

God of the ocean, earth, and sky!
In thy bright presence we rejoice;
We feel thee, see thee ever nigh;
We ever hear thy gracious voice.

We feel thee in the sunny beam;
We see thee walk the mountain waves;
We hear thee in the murmuring stream,
And when the midnight tempest raves.

God on the lonely hills we meet;
God in the valley and the grove;
While birds and whispering winds repeat
That God is there, — that God is Love!

We meet thee in the silent hour,
When wearied Nature sinks to rest,
When dies the breeze, and sleeps the flower,
And peace is given to every breast.

We see thee when, at eve, afar
We upward lift our wondering sight, —
We see thee in each glittering star
That beautifies the gloom of night.

But better still, and still more clear,
Thee, in the sacred page we see;
There thy own glorious words we hear,
And learn the way to heaven and thee.

THE TREE AND ITS FRUITS.

BY REV. W. SILSBEE.

CAN we be helped in ascertaining the truth, by observing the lives of those who profess to have attained to the truth? Our Lord seems to have answered this question when he said, "Ye shall know them by their fruits." He declares this to be the test by which to distinguish the false prophet from the true. "Every tree is known by his own fruit." You cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. There is a natural impossibility that a corrupt tree can bring forth good fruit. The true doctrine must be manifested in a good life. Error must have a natural tendency to beget an evil life. From the life, then, we should be able to judge between truth and error. No argument should seem so conclusive as character, in determining which of the various forms of doctrine submitted for our acceptance is the true one.

Have we, then, misunderstood the meaning of our Lord's words? Or why is it that the Christian world has not profited more by this divine lesson? Certainly it would seem as though this test had very seldom been practically applied. How few of the vast multitude that have been engaged in religious controversies have been willing to accept a good life as the criterion of sound doctrine! How little has the cause of charity been advanced by a method which would seem peculiarly adapted to suppress all bigotry and uncharitableness! Men may emulate one another in the pursuit of good works, but they will not *quarrel* for the foremost places; and more than once it has been remarked that all persecution and intolerance would cease, were men as eager to show their Christian discipleship by the test which the Lord gives as they are to appeal to mere intellectual arguments, to prejudice, and to excited passion. "I will show thee my faith by my works" — why does not this settle the question, whose faith is the purest? In theory, at least, it seems a very simple matter. The machine which does the most work and the best work, we pronounce to be most worthy of employment.

The tree which bears the most abundant fruit and of the finest quality is at once preferred before all others. We only ask for the *facts* in such cases, and when they are obtained, we have no further doubt. Why has not this simple method been pursued in the settlement of religious controversies, and why are these controversies still so bitterly and fiercely waged?

It might exceed our present limits to attempt anything like a full answer to the latter of these two questions. But as to the former, we must not forget that men have often professed to employ our Lord's rule; and, since their success was no greater, we must conclude either that they were not quite sincere in their profession, or else that some grave, practical difficulties are encountered in the application of the rule. Before all, however, we must recall with gratitude the many instances where the argument from life to truth has convinced the most prejudiced and obstinate of unbelievers, has broken down the most violent bigotry, has turned hatred into the warmest admiration and love. Who shall tell how many thousands the saints have converted simply by their sanctity? Nay, even the "Lives" of the saints (though not always of the canonized), the mere printed record of their holy deeds, must have led many to inquire whether the faith which animated such men was not in all essential respects from God. When "the books" shall be "opened," it will doubtless appear that the Cross has won its most glorious triumphs through the silent and unconscious influence of those whose lives gave evidence that they "had been with Jesus." Heathen antiquity could not help exclaiming, "See how these Christians love one another!" Even our own "stoic of the woods" could not withhold his admiration of those Christian missionaries whose fortitude was more heroic than he himself could boast, and whose love infinitely surpassed all that he could conceive. In the highest or the lowest culture the question is alike suggested, What is it that makes these men what they are? What is the secret of this patience, constancy, cheerfulness, courage, this unwearied benevolence, this invincible hope, this universal sympathy, this trust in a Divine

Providence? Cannot we learn it too? Is not this the true Christian whose life seems so nearly an "imitation of Christ"?

But that holiest Example is itself by far the highest instance of the rule he gave. The character of Christ has confessedly been of all miracles the most difficult to be explained away. "Truly, this was the Son of God!" No other name suffices to account for his absolutely sinless life. "Since the world began" it was never heard, till he came, that any one in the form of a man was wholly without guile or sin. Those who have believed little else in the Gospels have been constrained to admit the reality and divinity of his life. Only such a reality, it was felt, could account for the existence and power of the Christian religion. And how inevitable the inference, in all unsophisticated minds, from the divinity of the life to the divinity of the doctrine! What but the Spirit of truth could dwell in him who "did always those things that were pleasing to" God? Accordingly, it was with perfect justice he said, "The works that I do bear witness of me that the Father hath sent me;" meaning by "works" not merely those acts called especially miraculous, but every word and deed that proceeded from him during his whole life on earth And nothing in the divine plan of redemption more admirably manifests the infinite wisdom than the dependence of our faith on the *person* of Christ, rather than on any arguments or reasonings drawn from the essential nature of the truth. Around *Him* have gathered from age to age the vast multitude who would be fed by "the bread which came down from heaven." They have simply trusted in and verified his own words: "He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

In other ways, too, men have to some extent endeavored to judge of the doctrine by its fruits. Christian civilization has been often urged as an argument for the Christian religion. The superiority of Protestant countries to Catholic in respect to education, morality, political freedom, progress in the arts and sciences, and religious liberty, seems, to Protestants, an unquestionable proof of the superior purity of their Christian

faith. Within the Protestant Church, also, a similar comparison is sometimes instituted between the various sects or subdivisions of sects. Every sect probably *claims* that its own peculiarities are specially adapted to produce the fruits of righteousness; for though some may lay far more stress than others on "good works" as a requisite for heaven, there is none that would not admit that purity of doctrine should result in purity of life. And at last we come down to individual men and women, whose daily life, it is asserted, bears conclusive testimony to the soundness of the doctrines which they maintain. How can error lead to such admirable heroism, fortitude, humanity, temperance, and justice? If these are not Christians, how can Christianity be worth anything? Are we driven to the conclusion that there is a higher than Christianity?

Now, whatever be the view we take of this principle, "by their fruits ye shall know them," it is clear, when we come to make comparisons of this kind, that there is room for the exercise of the largest charity. Not only the Christian religion, in nearly every form of it, has boasted its saints and martyrs, but other religions, Mahometan and Oriental, as well; and few are found so bigoted as to deny that there are "in every nation" and in every creed those "that fear God and work righteousness." It cannot harm the cause of truth to make this admission in the most unqualified manner. At the same time we cannot but see that the fact here confessed makes it more difficult practically to apply our Lord's rule, and even tempts us to doubt the real influence of truth upon life. Indeed, there seem to be two main reasons why it is so hard to judge a doctrine by its fruits, or rather why more are not convinced by the application of this test. The first is, that men are not agreed in their *estimate* of the "fruits." The second is, that it is not easy always to trace a man's moral and spiritual condition to the doctrines he believes; in other words, we cannot easily tell where the fruits *came from*.

1. The first may be illustrated by the comparison so often made between Catholic and Protestant countries. "See!" exclaims the Protestant, "your religion, wherever it prevails,

encourages superstition and priestcraft, and abject submission of the multitude to spiritual authority. Romanism depresses the arts, frowns upon the sciences, will not allow a free literature, tolerates no independent inquiry in religion. It keeps the people ignorant and poor and debased. You may know a Catholic province as soon as you enter it, by the lack of all improvements, by the slovenly and idle ways of its inhabitants, by the prevalence of superstitious rites and usages, by the multiplication of shrines and temples and ministers of religion, and at the same time by the deplorable absence of whatever can subserve the best interests of man, whether for time or for eternity. Are not these facts perfectly patent and undeniable? How can a religion which bears such fruits be 'the one holy Catholic and apostolic faith'?" "You are utterly incapable of judging," the Catholic may retort, "because you have lost the true standard and measure to judge by. Your Protestant bias has distorted your vision. What you boast as liberty, we call license and unbelief. What you deride as superstition in us, we call reverence. Submission to authority — provided it be that *true* authority which the Catholic Church claims — is wholesome for the soul, and helps to lift it nearer to God. Such authority must be paramount to all earthly government. To win men over to this allegiance, and to keep them in it, is an end infinitely superior to any mere secular considerations; and hence Catholicism seems comparatively indifferent to men's bodies, only because it has supreme regard to their souls. Moreover, in spite of your assertion to the contrary, it does not frown upon true science, but only upon those atheistic sciences which are too prevalent in modern days, or, more properly, on those who have used 'science falsely so called,' to confirm their own unbelief and denial of divine things. That Catholicism rightly appreciates this danger, let the fearful scepticism among scientific men in Protestant countries bear witness." How plain is it that two equally honest men are here kept apart by their different valuation of the fruits of true religion! Whether there be some "word of reconciliation," some higher synthesis, that shall justify them both, we do not undertake to

say. But, at any rate, such a difference strikingly shows how carefully one must proceed in deciding upon the merits of a religious system from its alleged fruits. Another illustration, not less conducing to charitable judgment, might be drawn from the "Orthodox" estimates and criterions of Christian faith, as compared with the "Liberal." It is not proposed, however, in these limits, to discuss this at length. But let the reader only recall the mutual criminations and recriminations between the contending sects: "You despise good works." "You think a man by his good works may merit heaven." "You, like the old hypocrites, 'for a pretence make long prayers.'" "You think prayer is of little consequence, provided a man lives a moral life." "You lay great stress on religious forms and manners and phraseology, as evidences of Christian character." "You are willing to break down *all* distinctions between Christian and Theist, and practically confess that, to you, the gospel is not God's great method of salvation." Here, also, to harmonize these conflicting views, one must be able to see the limitations of each, and to accept what is true in both. A time may come when some such reconciler shall appear. Meanwhile, the Christian should be more than ever careful, in the application of his Master's rule, not to violate that charity which allows for great "diversities of gifts," and for various expressions of the one informing spirit.

2. But it is still more of a practical difficulty to ascertain *where the fruits came from.* Certainly, we must say, in general, that there are few problems offered to human ingenuity which require so much skill to solve as the precise effect of belief upon life. Given, a man whom we suppose ourselves to know thoroughly, — what he is in his secret thoughts, desires, and purposes, as well as in his professions and manners and whole external life, — how to determine *what made* him to be as he is? Who shall venture to recount all the hidden or open influences that have combined to the production of this result? How much was this man indebted to temperament, how much to early impressions, how much to his companions, how much to the circumstances in which he was

brought up, how much to sickness or health, how much to instruction, how much to his faith in God, how much to the unseen ministries by which God may keep his children's feet from falling and their souls from death? Are there not mysteries enough here suggested to shut the mouth of dogmatism and hasty judgment? We may say with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am," but we must be slow to say of ourselves or of others, that we are what we are solely by the influence of our own form of Christian faith, however that may have entered as an essential part into the informing causes of our present character. But while protesting against dogmatism and illiberal judgment, it is no less important to protest against the conclusion of indifference. It *does* "matter what a man believes." Though we cannot know how much or how little opinions have to do with life, we can often discern in ourselves the distinct influence of a real, living faith upon our character, and even upon our conduct. We sometimes hear it openly confessed, "I am a different man since I embraced these views of religion; all things are changed in my conceptions of life and duty. I can work to greater advantage now. What was dark before, is now bright. What used to be a trial and a cross, is now a glorious privilege." To deny the real power of truth over life, would be to deny the reality of conversion, would be to contradict the story of missions in all ages, would be a direct disparagement of the gospel, as the message of grace and truth. He who said, "I am the Truth," said also, "And the life;" and all who accept his authority must see in this language a significant intimation, that *by means of* the truth we receive from him we are to rise into that higher life which he imparts.

"Let him who has the choicest goods of life
Not yearn to add to them the lesser onss!
In large and in the whole God blesses him;
And if the sun makes light for him the day,
Why crave the light of every little torch?"

THE TRUE GOOD OF THE CHILD.

BY REV. A. B. MUZZEY.

THE Chief of Police in Boston, previously to the late Fourth of July, issued a notice to the effect that all children who had lost their way or strayed from their parents or guardians, on that day, would be cared for and returned to their homes, if taken to certain places named in the notice. A striking illustration, I thought, of the protective and parental spirit of our age, and of that beneficent religion which pervades our municipal institutions. All children are taken under its sheltering wing. This great principle seemed to me in harmony with an incident in my own experience.

Walking one day with a friend, we met a little child who had lost his way and was in trouble and tears, and he stirred our hearts at once to pity and help him. "Whose can this child be?" I asked. "I do not know," was the answer; "it is somebody's child," he added, quoting the language of another. That thought should be enough to arouse an interest in every one of these precious beings. Our children — are they truly safe? Are they in that condition for which their Creator intended them? Can we contemplate them with joy, grateful for the past, and hopeful for the future? Is it well with them? What momentous interests are involved in these few words. Not only is religion concerned in the welfare of the young, not only are the institutions of Christianity, public worship, the honor of the Sabbath and the visible Church implicated in their well-being, but from a thousand messengers we are daily receiving the anxious interrogatory, "Is it well with the child?"

Patriotism, alive to the undisclosed destinies of our country, sends to us for tidings of the good or the evil in the germs of her coming rulers, and in the advancing generations of the people. Civil liberty, man's social progress, the great cause of human improvement, the perfection of our race, all these, as if gifted with forms and tongues and with the earnestness of personal solicitude, inquire, Is it well with the child?

And, now, why are these mingled voices? Do they blend as they reach us? Is it the same object which kindles the various beings imagined to address us? I fear it is not. We have much cause to apprehend that some among them mistake what is indeed evil for our children, for good, for a real, substantial, and abiding good to them, and to all who are most deeply affected by their character and fortune.

This leads to the great question, what *is* the true good of a human being?

I ask the parent. How many such reply that it consists in buying and selling and getting gain. One tells us his son is "doing well." And what does he mean by this language? That he is fulfilling the high purpose of his existence? Doing well as a moral, spiritual, and immortal being? Oh, no; but solely that he is accumulating property rapidly; that he is adding to his stocks and bonds, or drawing houses and lands within a prescribed circle, where he can say of them, "This and that are mine." He is choosing his whole heritage among things that perish in the using; for, let him cling to, and increase them as he can, he must sometime die and quit them totally and forever, and this is called "doing well." Another tells us his neighbor is "good;" and what does he mean by that? That he has cultivated and unfolded his noblest powers, and is becoming a thorough and a complete man? No but simply that he can meet his pecuniary engagements. This it is which makes him "good." His commercial character is correct, and his business is a safe one, and why need we require anything more of him?

I ask the man whose highest aspirations are for distinction and power, Is it well with your child? Yes, he replies; the youth has the spirit of ambition. He will strive and struggle, and compete with his rivals, and rise high in office. His name will shine and his honors abound. And that is all that man can desire. As if human applause could satisfy the soul; or as though power over others was the supreme good to man; or as if he who is worshipped by his fellows accomplished, through receiving that incense, the divine purpose for which God endowed him with these noble powers and faculties.

"Is it well with the child?" Indeed, it is so, replies the man of this world. He has all the comforts and luxuries that heart could wish, not a want that is not gratified; he has every means of enjoyment at his command. Who can question that such a life is "well"? None, if it be true that the body was given us to enslave the soul, and if the outward was to master the inward. None will dispute it who believe that man is all matter, that death is the termination of his being, and that God is a creature of the imagination. But if we believe ourselves born to a nobler inheritance, if we listen to the whisper of nature and to the clear voice of revelation, then we shall say, that a youth dedicated to pleasure and indulgence is not well, but ill, present degradation and future woe.

The question is again repeated, and the answer is as before: "What can be better for the child? He is living; he is in health; and his prospect is fair for length of years. What can he possess so valuable as life? Had he departed from this world, we should deem it an irreparable calamity." Yet, precious as life may be, when rightly employed, it is not ev erything to us; and valuable as health is, being the condition of the highest enjoyment and the largest usefulness, there is something still better; and that is, to use our good health right in doing the work God gave us to do.

I wish now to say that it rests largely with their elders to determine whether it shall be well or ill with our children and youth. The influence of the present generation must do very much to decide the character and the destiny of that which is immediately to succeed it. We hold in our hands the mould in which their mind will be fashioned and their heart receive its impress, and out of which consequently will be the issues of their life. According to the views we cherish, the plans we form, and the rules we lay down and execute in regard to their culture, they will be either intelligent, pure, and self-sacrificing, a blessing to their home, friends and helpers of their country, and an honor to their race, or ignorant, impure, disloyal, selfish, and degraded.

All admit the importance of education in general, and on

this topic we are in little danger of exaggeration. We may overestimate some of its means and instrumentalities, but we can never think more highly than we ought of the culture of the young; we can never do too much, if it is done in the right way, for their intellectual elevation, their spiritual development, and their moral training.

The formation of the character of the young is the subject which, of all that can be presented to us as Christians, as patriots, or as philanthropists, should most interest our hearts and occupy our hands. I say the formation of character. We live in an age of reform; and it is a privilege to live in such an age. These are glorious works, and I honor all those who toil wisely for their advancement. God prosper all judicious efforts to restore the erring, reclaim the fallen, and rectify the abuses of the past. But, while we use the pruning-knife on the branches of the tree, let us not forget the trunk. Let us go down to the root; and the root of these and how many other evils to be reformed lies in our mis-education of the young.

Much, therefore, as I regard the work of the reformer, there is one thing I prize still more; I had rather help *form* than undertake to *reform*. I am interested in every plan and every effort that promises to restore those who have wandered from the way of God and duty; but it is better still to keep those who are yet unpolluted in their heavenward course. Preventives are of more value than remedies. Look on the incorrupt child; his mind is yet unprejudiced; now is the time to present to it the clear truth. His heart is not palsied; its moral pulsations are strong; he loves the things which are true and pure; you cannot cheat him with "the sickly forms that err from honest Nature's rule." Who does not long to do something which shall preserve him incorrupt? What folly to wait until he needs to be *re*formed. What guilt to abandon these children, with their simple tastes, to the

> "Social wants that sin against the strength of youth
> The social guile that warps us from the living truth."

Instead of putting our little dams across the mighty river, and thinking thus to drive back the waters of iniquity, let us

seal up the fountain of it all. Our voice should be to the young, as they look toward the path of temptation, "Avoid it; pass not by it; turn from it, and pass away."

There are considerations which render the moral and religious education of the youth in this age of pre-eminent importance. Our mental culture is rapidly increasing. Not only in the college and the private and the professional seminary, but in our common schools, the standard of instruction is constantly rising. A new power is thus awakened in our children; they are made capable of doing far more than their parents have done. And now *what* will they do? Shall it be good, or shall it be evil? If the intellect alone be cultivated, it may prove an engine of destruction. If the moral and spiritual nature of these children does not receive a proportionate culture, then will our schools prove anything but a blessing. Instead of a race of benefactors to humanity, we shall raise up only intellectual prodigies, the bane of their age, because never baptized into Christ and Christian principles.

In this country the young finish their education and com forward early; they leave our day schools sooner than formerly. Hence special care is needed to give them early a full, moral, and religious education. We are as yet egregiously deficient in this respect.

> "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers, and we linger on the shore,
> Till the individual withers, and the world is more and more."

Then, too, the young are with us thrown prematurely into the cares and responsibilities of life. The young woman, tender and inexperienced, is immersed early in new relations and burdened with untried duties. Her literary advantages may have been such as to prepare her, so far forth, for these duties. The moral nature not seldom has received no corresponding culture.

And, for our young men, the age demands a much higher moral training to qualify them for their present advanced position and prospects. Our secular life is earnest; and we need an earnest and firm religious faith to counterpoise its influence on the mind and heart. The boy should be imbued with

such principles and established in such habits, and warmed with such affections as will prove a breakwater against the incoming tide of worldliness and sin.

What is to be done to secure this vital object? First of all things, I would say, do not trust to school education alone. Over every institution for the training of his children God appoints the parent as principal. The influence of father and mother reaches into the life-centre of the child; and it goes on in his presence and out of his presence, like the still and solemn march of the years.

It would almost seem as though Providence intended that parents should conduct the whole education of their children in person. But this they cannot do; time is often wanting; and sometimes experience, culture, and other qualifications are lacking.

Besides, the influences of the school-room, its friendships and sympathies are by no means unimportant. An exclusively domestic education is always attended with some evils. Through it a child may become timid, effeminate, and selfish, if not misanthropic. The combination of foreign and fireside culture seems ordained by nature for the child. And to that alliance we should, in the present constitution of society, give in our cheerful adhesion.

To perform his associated work aright, the parent, like the teacher, must have high aims and broad purposes. If they differ here, the child's character may prove but a discordant instrument, yielding all manner of sounds at the will of the performer, and failing utterly of that spirit-harmony for which it was formed.

Ask yourself, then, father and mother, over and over, Is it well with my children? You feel bound to provide for their outward and bodily wants. The thought of neglecting these you would deem unnatural and inhuman. Take the same view of their inward and spiritual wants. Contemplate them as immortal beings; and give not sleep to your eyes until you have devised and commenced the execution of a plan for their everlasting culture and growth. You are a father, and would prepare this son to obtain a livelihood in this present

world. This duty you never for a moment even desire to escape. Regard their eternal life in this same light, and aid them to establish sound principles and Christian purposes.

Do not rest in the mere correction of their faults. Seek to build up in them a positive character; and so lead them to lay up a permanent treasure in heaven. Regard every school as instituted for the furtherance of this divine plan. Let the mother prepare her child for all schools it may enter in this spirit. Much must be done at home previous to the first lesson there, or it will be seed sown on a rock. Accustom your daughter to gaze early and daily in the face of her Father in heaven; and then his name will always and everywhere sound sweetly in her ear. Imbue this boy with all manly and generous and Christian dispositions, so will every other teacher need only to water what you had already planted.

Throughout the period of their attendance at school, seek a complete and cordial co-operation with their teachers. Let not the child's character bear traces of conflicting influences, but show that all tend to one and the same great point. The pavement may, and indeed must be, of divers colors; yet it should constitute but a single mosaic. The means of effecting this union the wise can choose, but resolve that a union shall exist. Do not consent for a single season that your child learn elsewhere what you do not, what you cannot sanction at home. Never relinquish the parental prerogative, but affix the sign manual to whatever of God and truth he anywhere learns.

And when your children are out of the school, continue your instructions. Why do so many of our pupils fail to carry into life the counsels of the school-room? Much of this sad defect is to be ascribed to the want of continuous and confidential intercourse between parent and child on the great themes of religion. Not a few, as they grow in stature, hear no elevating fireside conversation, receive no divine light, and no fresh impulse toward Heaven at home, but witness only a profound silence and apparent disregard of those topics which were so freely and so affectionately talked about in their earliest years. You still love your child? Do not blush

to manifest your love by holding sweet converse with him on your joint hopes and prospects as fellow-workers in duty and fellow-heirs of glory.

Let these few points be heeded by the parent, and through him a divine knowledge will descend on his children, as the showers of midsummer on the tender grass. Their minds will be active, self-poised, seekers unto death; their conscience will be clear and coercive in its mandates; God will be honored and obeyed; and their sweet affections will open and xpand generously toward the great brotherhood of earth.

"HOPE IN GOD."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF S. A. MAHLMAN.

Hope, my heart, in patience hope,
Thou at last thy flowers shalt gather;
God is full of tender love,
Childlike speak thou to thy Father.
From believing, trusting hearts,
The God of mercy ne'er departs.

Clouds may come, and clouds may go,
Rest upon his goodness always;
To these joyful sunny heights
Lead these rough and gloomy pathways:
Wakes for aye his Eye of Light,
Tremble not in storm and night.

Anchored on the Eternal Rock,
To the heart of God fast clinging,
Tell him all thy deepest woes,
Before him all thy sorrows bringing;
He is kind, and comfort gives
To every sorrowing heart that lives.

Let true faith strong courage give;
Strength the Helper now is sending;
Soon thou'lt understand his ways,
Soon thou'lt find thy sorrows ending.
God! who life and goodness art!
In patience hope in him, my heart. E. L. F.

"THE WORSHIP OF JESUS IN ITS PAST AND PRESENT ASPECTS."

THIS is the title of a little book by Samuel Johnson, minister of the Free Church at Lynn. It is a plea for Religion against what the author regards as the limitations of Christianity, which he describes as "a special *form* of Religion; a special Church built around the person of Jesus of Nazareth; a corporation organized for his worship," the term worship being used because the claim is "that the religious sentiment shall revolve about this historical person as its necessary centre, as in some sense the adequate image or representative of God." In this pamphlet of some ninety small pages the Faith of Christendom in the Christ of God is disposed of in what we are constrained to designate as a very summary manner, considering the importance of the questions moved and handled. We have read the pages with considerable care, and with the utmost respect for the writer's ability, culture, and purpose, and he has wrought a good work upon us, if it be a good work to have deepened and quickened our faith in the Lord, whose service is our perfect freedom and our purest joy. The truth that Mr. Johnson sets forth, and he sets forth a great deal of truth, does not in the least conflict with the persuasion of all Christians that Jesus is the Lord. Let Christianity be judged by "the unfolding religious nature." It can bear the judgment. Let it be judged by an age that "knows God as the living, instant Spirit in every fresh experience of the meaning and power of principles." By all means let us have judgment, but do not let us have *pre*judgment. Do not close up open questions on one side more than on the other; especially in this matter do not assume that what is claimed for Christ by John, or, if you will, by some one else, in the fourth Gospel, *cannot* be true, or that in the other three Gospels we have nothing worthy of the name of history, because *some* able scholars contend that we have not. We cannot see that dogmatism is any more to be allowed in the Theist than in the Christian. "Self-defence against au-

thority in excess" does not require us to understate the claims of the authority protested against. Of course, if "the very Spirit of Truth and Love" forbids us to glorify Christ, we must cease to glorify him; but what if that Spirit does nothing of the kind, but shows him to us as our Master? Mr. Johnson will pardon us if we say that he seems to us to have unconsciously prejudged the whole matter which he supposes himself to be impartially investigating, and that if an advocate of the Truth as it is in Jesus were to bring forward the guesses and shadows in behalf of the Gospel which he brings forward against its claims, he would recognize upon the instant the meagre and unsubstantial character of the apology. And, unwilling as we are to disturb any foundations which Mr. Johnson *does* rest upon, we must for the Truth's sake ask him if the persuasion of the immanence of the Perfect God in our world is not open to difficulties the same in kind with those that must be met by one who believes that God was in Christ after the manner commonly held by Christians. Mr. Johnson has not written the first word which even tends to discredit the conviction that the Infinite Love embodied itself in Jesus of Nazareth, and through him inaugurated an era of Divine Life in humanity. He *has* shown how all that went before and went along with this movement from above, prepared for and aided it. He has not shown that the Word was not made flesh; but he *has* shown that He was the true Light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world.

We are ready to think that upon a reconsideration of a question so great as the claim of Christianity to be not a form of Religion, but Religion itself, a reconsideration which Mr. Johnson can hardly fail to make, he will see that in his estimate of the moral quality of Jesus, even upon the supposition that he is rightly reported in the New Testament, he has fallen short of the charity, not to say the discernment, which are required of the judge. Why ask again, "Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" If Christ was what the Church believe him to have been, what he is represented to have been in other parts of the Gospels, why should he not forgive sins? Why, when it is an "open question" whether many of his

statements concerning a Judgment Day and the destruction of the world are to be taken literally or not, virtually assume that they are to be taken literally? Or, again, who that has ever looked into his heart and examined his life with searching scrutiny, has not found a meaning for what the Lord says about everlasting life and death? That Christ was truly a man, with all the limitations of humanity except that of sin, Christians have always believed, or ought to have believed; and when limitations of one sort and another are hinted at, when the authority of the evangelists, — good for nothing else, — is appealed to for these, we only ask, in the words of Christ, and in his behalf, Which of you convinceth me of sin?

We ask all readers of Mr. Johnson's little book to read over the four Gospels again when they have done with him, and see if Jesus will vanish at his word from history; if we have not stamped upon those pages of evangelists and apostles the image of a living man who gathered the world about him because he was the Son of God with power in the Spirit of Truth and Holiness; if we have not more than a dissolving view of one who was raised to the throne of the worshipping world because the age in which he lived was searching for a divine centre, and found in him a man whose obscurity "secured him from that public criticism which would make his imperfections known," giving him in this the advantage over Apollonius of Tyana, and favoring the operation of "the Law of Religious Idealization," to which the world is indebted for its Religions, — the world, we say, because, as Mr. Johnson does not hesitate to declare, the philosophers in the time of Christ "were *too enlightened* to stop short in the worship of a man," a new version of St. Paul's "whom none of the princes of this world knew, for had they known him, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." Papias, Justin, Irenæus, may or may not have been utterly without historic sense, but we think that this does not affect their testimony as to the estimation in which the Gospels were held by Christians of that day. M. Nicolas may have "shown that there is no proof either that our present Gospels are quoted, or that they were

ever read in the churches, till the close of the second century," or he may only have made a bold statement of his opinion to that effect; nevertheless, there are the stories, there is the life, and when the world believed in Jesus, it was more than a providential illusion, which, having lasted its time, is beginning to vanish. The Age of the Gospel is indeed an Age of the Spirit. When God sent his Son into the world, he made small provision for the letter. The Gospel is not really written until it comes out in living characters. The Spirit of Jesus, moreover, is a Spirit of prophecy, and yet from those divine lips there fell divine words which will never be surpassed, which were providentially recorded, which unfold continually in new meanings and applications from age to age, and amply justify the claims which Jesus is represented to have made for himself as the express image of the Invisible God. We cannot avoid saying that Mr. Johnson does no justice either to the origin or to the contents of our four Gospels. Spite of what he alleges, the Root does bear us, not we the Root. We did not create Christ. He created us. Mr. Johnson says that "neither the character of the records nor the manner of their origination authorize that postulate of perfection through which alone that claim (of worship) could vest in any being;" but, on the other hand, they who were with Christ and received his Spirit were altogether satisfied, and so have been all from that day to this who have entered into their life. Can we say anything more of our Faith in *God?* Is it anything but a Faith? Where are the records that prove him the Perfect One as he is revealed in our hearts? Or what can we satisfactorily say about "the manner of the origination of those records," so obscure, so contradictory, so perplexing? If *persons* are to yield to *principles*, what is to become of the person of the Father? Is *he* revealed save in the Son, in the Son who so clearly, consciously, and authoritatively said Father, Providence, Immortality; said it once in Judea, says it now in the hearts of all who are born again?

If Mr. Johnson is right, Christianity is a superstition, — a very noble one, but a superstition nevertheless, — and indeed every form of religion must be a superstition. God *cannot* so

possess our humanity as to set forth one altogether Divine Man. He *can* withhold his fulness so utterly as to afflict us with the presence in his world of the cannibal or the heartless libertine, but the God in man we cannot have. The next idealization, if we were to have any, would be an advance upon the last, yet likewise destined to be discredited and shown to be only an idealization. But it is the Age of Principles, and Persons shall have power no longer. What if that age began in Christ? What if the Lord was that Spirit? What if the Life out of which Mr. Johnson ventures to criticise him was from him, and will yet approve every deed and word which can be shown to have been his, — even those strong warnings from which Mr. Johnson's humanity starts back? What if Theism, with its sublime faith in a Perfect God, must defend itself like Christianity against the assertion that its God is the creature and not the Creator of the greater soul, — the soul which, when it dares be true, as the Truth is in the Truth, and not in any imagined Divinity, finds much in the works and ways of nature below its noble ideals and grand, everlasting principles, and is compelled to pronounce itself better than the Being who made all things, — some things past our finding out?

In a word, Mr. Johnson's book seems to us a most conclusive argument for the Faith against which he so earnestly protests. Better than he knows does he preach Jesus that he is the Son of God. He will advance the "momentous work of religious emancipation" from the dogmas of an extreme rationalism, and we count his book amongst the evidences of Christianity. R. E.

Poverty, when frankly acknowledged and nobly supported, instead of casting a shade, throws a brighter lustre on sterling worth; and the proud sheaves of the elder sons of fortune bow down before the humble sheaf of the less favored and more deserving brother. C. Follen.

THE WEB.

BY S. D. ROBBINS.

THROUGH the sunshine, through the gloom,
Still she standeth at the loom;
Task appointed never leaveth,
Night and day alike she weaveth.
How the silken web may tend,
How the varied colors blend,
To the Master's will she leaveth, —
Simple, hopeful, only weaveth.
Cheerily the work she plies,
Swift the silver shuttle flies;
She is patient, God believeth,
Earnest, self-forgetful, weaveth.
Silently the hours are sped,
Love at last unwinds the thread;
Liberty she glad receiveth,
Warp and woof no longer weaveth.
So, unconscious at life's loom,
Through the sunlight and the gloom,
Robes of heaven the spirit weaveth,
Ere mortality she leaveth.

THE inward holy garrison, that of faith, which holds by the truth, by sacred facts, and not by appearances, must be strengthened and nourished and upheld, and so enabled to resist the onset of the powers without. A friend's remonstrance may appear an unkindness, a friend's jest an unfeelingness, a friend's visit an intrusion, — nay, to come to higher things, during a mere headache it will appear as if there was no truth in the world, no reality but that of pain anywhere, and nothing to be desired but deliverance from it. But all such impressions caused from without — for, remember, the body and its innermost experiences are only *outside of the man* — have to be met by the inner confidence of the spirit, resting in God, and resisting every impulse to act according to that which *appears to it*, instead of that which *it believes*. GEORGE MACDONALD.

GATHERING IN SUMMER.

BY RUFUS ELLIS.

It has been said and repeated more than once that there never was a soul converted during the summer months; but I think that the case is not quite so bad as that. God made summer and winter, and through all his creations he seeks for souls. There is a summer increase, and, as the text reminds us, they are wise who gather it. Because a few houses of worship in our cities are closed, a few metropolitan preachers out of town, a few choirs disbanded, or because there comes now and then a day when the muscles of mind and body are alike relaxed, and, for the moment, spite of what the hymn teaches, it *is* the whole of life to live, we must not conclude that the Church, with all its great interests, is everywhere adjourned until after the dog-days, and that there can be no earnest and holy living until the mercury falls again. There is a religion for summer also. We need not go into the autumn impoverished and demoralized. If you will look at the trees, even after this lingering, wintry spring, you will see that the force in them has become new wood already; but we may be very sure that God does not delight in the plants as he delights in the souls of his children. A spirit still prepared will gather day by day rich summer fruits, receiving and giving a light fairer than the light of the sun, and a fragrance sweeter than that which enriches the common air. If the passing season seem to any without opportunities, or, it may be, worse than useless so far as the highest knowledge and the purest love are concerned, the poverty and the hindrances are all within.

"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son," — wise enough to be a-gathering still even in days of comparative quietness. "While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept," — the wise as well as the foolish; but the wise alone slumbered to any purpose. There are passive conditions of growth. If thou knewest the gift of God! and how he has made everything beautiful in the summer time, that almost

whilst we dream away the weariness of many hard months we may be led through beauty into truth, and, "deeply drinking in the soul of things, we may be wise perforce." The most earnest and most Christian spirit may well take time to gaze upon the raiment passing the glory of Solomon which the Divine Workmaster fashions for the humblest flowers of the field. As God searches us with his awful Truth, until sometimes, in the terrible brightness, our eyes are well-nigh blinded, so he kindles about us this sweet refulgence, and seems to say to us in our eagerness and our hastes that there is a time for all things, even in this most tragic world; that there is a hunger for beauty as well as a hunger for bread to be satisfied. And as the blessed Providence has ever sowed even the dusty wayside and the hardest plains with the seeds of fair and flowering plants, so man begins at length to see that he can give no better gift out of his abundance to the multitude in our cities than our gardens and parks, with their sweet blossoms, their healing green, their delicious fountains. How the good old word "*Common*" keeps its place amongst the refinements of our modern speech, and summons from the dark and noisome streets its glad household groups! The humblest may gather with the wisest that increase of beauty. There are questions which Nature does not answer; there are sorrows that Nature does not soothe; and yet it is a benediction that calm face, and those outward glories are symbols of realities fairer and more divine than they. If thou knewest the gift of God! that he can give thee in a single summer day, on the humblest spot of earth, a beauty which shall beggar thine utmost bravery, the achievement of a long life of unwearied toil! Be wise to gather in summer this increase of natural beauty, and then it will not be needful to toil so hard for so much that only counterfeits that divine treasure. As God giveth unto his beloved sleep, so he gives to our fevered and overwrought world the quietness of these summer days.

2. "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son;" wise again because he knows how to use the freedoms of the season as not abusing them, and still increaseth himself and others with the increase of God. The city churches are closed,

some of them, but the country churches are open, and the wise son is found in one of them on the Lord's Day, being well aware that it is the same gospel which is preached in the village and in the town, and that the Christianity of a discourse is often in inverse proportion to the splendor of its rhetoric. Sons that are not wise, and whose chief occupation in summer is to scatter and not gather, have, I am sorry to say it, found their way into many of our New England villages, — not any too Christian before, spite of our perpetual boast of New England civilization, — and the result is a greatly demoralized neighborhood. If a house of worship is not at hand, the wise son provides some simple service of prayer and praise, and sets forth some simple gospel word in parlor or school-house, or, as our old congregations worshipped at the first, under some spreading tree, thus striving to make the neighborhood more, not less, Christian. The wise son will resist the temptation to lapse into easy, self-indulgent summer ways, knowing that even in summer, whilst men sleep, an enemy comes and sows tares amongst the wheat, winter wheat to spring from the summer sowing. And there is a positive summer increase to be gathered by parents who scarcely have time during the winter to instruct their children, but must leave all that to the Sunday-school teacher. What fair opportunities are afforded during these blessed afternoons of the summer Sunday, — the church on the hill-side too far to be visited again; the church in the home ever ready for the little group of worshippers gathered to keep alive those dear old sanctities without which our gold becomes dim, and our fine gold dross, and life in the most favored circumstances is wearisome and contemptible. Not jaded, but inspirited, refreshed, edified, the tide of a better life pouring through body and soul alike, should the household return to the city from the summer vacation! Alas for poor mortal flesh and blood, if it must be the winter over again, with no more opportunity to go beneath the surface to the great undercurrents and the rock foundations of our life! God is nearer to us in man than in nature, — nearest in that divine society, the true Church of Christ, — and yet we find him best in man and in

the Church when, like the Divine Man, we go aside into the mountain to pray alone, and are not content until, after the tempest and the earthquake and the fire, there comes the still small voice which sounds not only for prophet or apostle, but for every soul that has found grace to listen. What a blessed increase of the summer were that gentle voice!

3. "He that gathereth in summer is a wise son." Most of us need some weeks of rest, or, at least, a change in our works and in our places. Undoubtedly the necessity is in many cases exaggerated. There is a restlessness which would be best cured by good, hard, useful work. Undoubtedly the labor of the year might be more profitably spread over more days in the year, so that there would be less fatigue to be relieved by long repose. Undoubtedly there are those whose vacations are the hardest and dreariest and least restful portions of the year; but, taking things as we find them, with closed churches, disbanded Sunday-schools, scattered congregations, absentee ministers, Christian earnestness and ingenuity will find an increase to be gathered. The closing and disbanding need not be carried to such great lengths. There are some who are free in summer to do the work which winter engagements hinder their doing. If we have gathered up any Christianity in town with the help of our Suffolk Conferences and Unions for Christian Work and Theatre Preachings and an niversary meetings, there is need enough of it in the country, which is fast becoming the best of missionary ground. The ministers may stop writing sermons, but they ought not to lose any opportunity of preaching what they have already written. Above all, we ought not to forget the multitude of persons to whom the season brings no rest from daily care, no pause from daily toil, no break in the perpetual routine; who look out upon the summer's early dawn as upon the winter's lingering day, from the same attic window or through the same dingy area. They ought not to be out of our minds, even though they may be out of sight. A very little system will put them within freach of riends and counsellors. An occasional visit will be worth more in this season than it can be during that part of the year when the ministers of

Christian charity swarm in our cities, and sometimes almost compete for the opportunity to serve; when philanthropy, in some of its phases, at least, is almost a drug. Surely, we are without excuse if we forget that summer has its wants, its sicknesses, its sorrows, its loneliness, as well as the winter. I have been told that sometimes it is almost impossible to find in the city a clergyman to perform for the dead the last offices of religion, and to administer the consolations of our gospel to those who mourn. Surely, this is as needless as it is wrong, and brings deserved reproach not indeed upon Christianity, but upon those who so little appreciate the privileges of their high calling as the stewards of its manifold mysteries and its sacred trusts. In the hope that there would be an audience, and that worshippers and hearers could be gathered better in a hall than in a church, our famous and historic hall has been opened for Sunday afternoon worship during the summer, and we will trust that, as something has been done within those old walls for the liberty of the citizen of the earthly commonwealth, so of those who shall be gathered to keep holy time, not a few may be set free from the world, the flesh, and the devil to serve Christ, and be fellow-citizens with the saints in the kingdom of truth and goodness. It may take a wise son to gather in summer, amidst its lassitudes and its dispersions and its distractions, but there is a wisdom which is equal even to such harvesting, and the gathering may be as rich and blessed as when believing Ruth gleaned after the reapers.

There is reason to say that the chaff of our summer threshing-floors is over-abundant; swept along by the summer winds, it bears but a sorry testimony to our summer harvest. Some are so lifeless that one might fancy we lived in the torrid zone, and not in temperate New England; and some are so busy in their dissipations that one might fancy our life to be one long holiday, to be passed in driving and in dancing. May God hasten the coming of that day of moral maturity, when to live in pleasure and for pleasure, even during the summer months, shall be simply impossible, as impossible as for the man to return to his nursery and busy himself with the

old playthings. "My Father worketh hitherto," said Jesus, "and I work." There ought to be a grace in us answering to the renewed beauty of the outward world, a spirit glowing as the sun and genial as the soft air. Let us fling open the windows of the soul as we lift the windows of our houses. Let us, as the custom is in warmer climates, come out in the flesh and in the spirit from our dark retreats and the inner chambers of our isolations, and sit upon the door-steps and be friends and brethren unto those who pass by the way. It was when Abraham sat by the door of his tent in the heat of the day that the angels of God met him. The wise son cannot lose three months out of each of his threescore and ten years, because they are the summer months. Life is too short, and the work to be done in it for God is too pressing, that we can be so prodigal of precious time. Rather let us walk in this sweet and pleasant light more truly than ever, children of the light and partakers of the life of God. Then shall be fulfilled in us also the old blessing with which Moses blessed the tribe of Joseph: "For the precious things of heaven, for the dew, and for the deep that croucheth beneath, and for the precious things brought forth by the sun, and for the precious things put forth by the moon, and for the chief things of the ancient mountains, and for the precious things of the lasting hills, and for the precious things of the earth and the fulness thereof, let the blessing come upon the head of Joseph!"

GOD'S REFLECTION IN MAN'S FACE.

"How lovely seems the sun to us, at night,
When his soft light dawns on us from the moon!
'Tis the sun's light and not the moon's, although
She is so near, and he has dropped from sight.
Hast thou done some good deed, and therefore now
A human face smiles on thee through its tears?
Then see there, too, the Godhead's mediate face
Soft-beaming as the *solar-lunar* light!"

SKETCHES OF EGYPTIAN TRAVEL.

BY REV. JAMES D'NORMANDIE.

(Continued.)

WHEN we awoke the first morning in Jerusalem, the sun was shining on the long side of Olivet facing the city, with here and there a circle of shade from a clump of olive trees, or a field of wheat full-headed. The brilliant dome of the mosque of Omar sent its flashes of light all around the city. The platform or terrace by our chamber gave us a view of the general plan of the houses. The lower story, with frequently no other pavement than the baked or hardened earth, was the receptacle of all refuse, a work-shop or a stable. By a stone stairs on the outside, the next floor is reached, and here are the apartments of the house. If there be no other story, the ceiling is formed into a kind of dome, or low, bee-hive roof, and these rounded, oven-shaped roofs rise in all quarters of the city. If, as it was our good fortune, there is still another flight, the view of the city is greatly improved. The only street which, from its width or length, is worthy a name is the Via Dolorosa, or Mournful Way, with an arch called Ecce Homo, by which the French were building a fine convent. The flags of various nations designated the respective consular offices. Always, from all parts of the city noticeable now, as must have been Solomon's Temple, the great mosque of Omar rises from its marble and grassy platform, — to the Mohammedans the third sacred place in the world, to Jews and Christians the first. Across the deep ravine of the Kedron is Mount Olivet, with its historical associations and peace-giving memories.

Our first desire was to gain some general idea of the city and its surroundings. After providing ourselves with canes made of wood from Jericho, through the inclined, dirty, narrow, dark, and roughly-paved ways, under gloomy and dark bazaars, we came to the citadel and tower of David, and then to the walls of Zion, near by the Jaffa gate. Because we

refused to give up our sun-umbrellas to the guard, who seemed to think them some new kind of American fire-arms, he put on his sabre and followed us, closely watching every motion. In some places the walls of Jerusalem rise to a great height where the earth has been washed into the valleys, or the need of defence was greater; in other the earth comes within a few yards of the battlements. In some places the walls were wide and easy to walk upon, in other quite narrow, and with difficulty one would cling to the parapets, while a few steps led to a wider wall. As a protection against any foreign enemy, the fortifications are of no value; against native disturbances, they might avail much. The natural trenches of its valleys are a far greater strength. So we walked about Zion and went round about her; we told the towers thereof; we marked well her bulwarks; we considered her palaces, that we might tell it to the generations following.

Jerusalem, the habitation of peace, but unequalled in its records of war, the sacred city of Hebrews, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans, is compactly built within its walls, and nature has almost settled what its general boundaries must always have been. Its population now is variously estimated from thirteen to thirty thousand souls, but it covers a very small area. Unlike many cities of Europe, where gradually the assurances of civilization have led the inhabitants to creep beyond the city walls, Jerusalem remains with all still enclosed. Palestine is a mass of mountains, and Jerusalem is nearly of the same elevation as the highest land in England, being twenty-two hundred feet above the sea level. The soil beneath the present surface is composed of ruins of houses and aqueducts, thirty or forty feet below the foundations of the houses. As in the country or in passing over the hills one finds everywhere traces of volcanic agency, and the earth has a hollow tread, so everywhere in Jerusalem far down reach the traces of innumerable sieges, the volcanic eruptions of human passions, and as one treads over the ruins they have left, the hollow reverberations sound the lamentations of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities;" and still, as ever, when one thinks of the divine voice which might have hushed the bit-

terness of strife into harmony, we hear that voice, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." Beyond the walls of the city, the land seems rather desolate; rocks everywhere come out above the surface, and over it large stones are thickly strewed. On one side is the deep valley or ravine of Kedron, on the other the valley of Hinnom, which in later times came to be the representation of the world of future punishment. The valley of Kedron is the deeper and darker, and was known as the black valley; the valley of Hinnom was wider and greener, and Milton speaks of the pleasant valley of Hinnom.

Early in the pilgrimage of Palestine we were reminded by its general surface-features of some parts of our New England, and early came the thought to return and be cherished again and again. Why, if Providence gave to the former land so high and pure a religion, might it not be the design of Providence to give to another land of like outline the highest appreciation, development, and living of that religion? There was nothing besides the points already mentioned to attract the eye in the city whose magnificence was at one time the rival, perhaps, of Antiochor Rome; and, as a wise modern traveller observes, Jerusalem seems to have become the capital of a nation for the very contrary reasons which have given eminence to other capitals. Other cities have asked, not for beauty, but for advantageousness of situation, for readiness of approach, or easy communication with other lands, for the benefit of rivers, or lakes, or an ocean harbor. Jerusalem is in the centre of a country most difficult of approach, beautiful for situation, but for that alone. As no city on earth has, since the Christian era, so drawn towards it the gaze of all Christendom, so no city on earth has seen such vicissitudes of government and anarchy, prosperity and decay. In early Scriptures we find it mentioned among the cities of Benjamin, then David comes to make it the capital of his kingdom, then Solomon builds the temple on Mount Moriah, and Jerusalem

becomes the seat and centre of all civil and religious affairs, and Zion, properly only the southernmost part, became in poetry the name of the whole city. Then came the ruin of the city after Solomon, and its restoration under Cyrus. Then all Palestine came under the sway of Egypt in the reign of Ptolemy. Another Egyptian ruler razed the walls of Jerusalem, then Herod rebuilt and adorned it, then the Romans brought all its glory again to the ground, and in its desolateness it seemed almost forgotten. Through all these changes the Jews, with their persistent and religious stubbornness, clung to it, if only they might find a foothold or resting-place among its ruins. When Christianity became popular and powerful, the religion of emperors and states, when prophecies and traditions became literally interpreted, and when it was thought the glory of God could best be promoted by dwarfing instead of developing the life of the soul, pilgrimages to Jerusalem began. Among the most famous of these companies, we find Helena, the mother of Constantine, making the journey at the age of eighty years, and building a cathedral at Bethlehem and on Mount Olivet. Then Constantine follows and removes the heathen temple to Venus, and, supposing he had discovered the site of the Holy Sepulchre, built over the purified spot a magnificent church. The Jews he permitted to return and wail by the stones of their once holy and beautiful temple, and the roads to Zion were all the time thronged by pious and profane pilgrims, with the desire of renewing or commencing their religious life in the presence of the very scenes sanctified by the steps of the Master. Then came the Persians, who stormed the city, murdered the inhabitants, razed the churches, and carried away the *veritable cross of Jesus*. Again the Romans triumphed, and again yielded to the Arabians, when, twelve hundred years ago, the Kaliph Omar built on the site of Solomon's temple the mosque which now bears his name. The Mohammedans demanded such exorbitant tribute from the crowds of pilgrims, and treated them so harshly withal, that Europe was stirred into the most unanimous fury of religious zeal and fanatical, ignorant superstition the world has ever

seen, and the Crusades, a less excusable blot upon the history-page of religion than even the persecutions by Pagans or Romanists, began.

Their strange infatuations, their prodigies of sufferings, their unhallowed, unenlightened zeal were untold, until Godfrey of Bouillon became King of Jerusalem, the Holy Sepulchre was rebuilt, and the mosque became a Christian cathedral. Then came the wild and equally zealous hosts of Mussulmen, headed by Saladin, and captured the city from, to them, the infidel hands, took down the cross, set up the crescent, purified the desecrated places by rose-water from Damascus, turned all the churches and cathedrals into mosques, since when the cry of the muezzin has never ceased from the minarets.

What a world-history of combat and struggle, of victory and peace, of curses and prayers, of charities and robberies, of destruction and of life, of overthrows and renewings, of questionable zeal, of unquestionable and unholy passions, has been written by the strife of Jew, Christian, and Arab, from the prayer of Solomon at the dedication of the temple to the tears of Jesus over the coming destruction of Jerusalem. Never has a city been so besieged and ruined and razed and rebuilt; never has a city been held so sacred by conflicting faiths so ardently held, so bitterly defended; never has a city been so prayed for and prayed against; never has the very name of a city meant so much to childhood or to age; never have such multitudes longed to see before death any other city; never has another city been so connected with this life and the next, with prophecy, miracle, and inspiration, with the holy and unholy, as Jerusalem. Never has any city had its record so widely and piously sung, and if Socrates was fortunate in his biographer, Jerusalem was trebly favored by Prophet, Psalmist, and Saviour.

It has been the great ambition of Christian pilgrims to the Holy Land to establish beyond question the very spot on which every event connected with our faith took place. Tradition, imagination, fraud, probability, are all called upon to give sacredness to the localities. But if the localities could

be assured, how sad to see them everywhere covered up with the votive offerings, the gold and silver lamps, the clouds of incense, the sensual priests, the idolatrous worshippers. Again and again the question is asked, Is the Holy Land disappointing or satisfying? The reply is, that if one have unreasonable or superstitious expectations; if he expects to find the Jerusalem of Solomon, or the New Jerusalem of the Apocalypse, in the dirty town which to-day covers the glorious situation of Zion, he will be disappointed. If he expects to find Palestine what it was in the time of Herod, with gorgeous cities, rich valleys, and terraced hills, vine-clad and olive-crowned, he will be disappointed. If he expects to find the religion of the Saviour in the home of the Saviour, he will be disappointed, — constantly, grievously disappointed. But if, on the other hand, he cares little about this or that particular spot; if he cares not whether the points shown are the veritable ones; if he would prefer Jacob's well-side at Samaria to some gilded chapel and some graven image; if he would prefer the Mount of Olives to some golden altar; the Sea of Galilee to some basin of holy water; the hillsides by Nazareth, with their peaceful memories, to some mumbled liturgy; if he would prefer the clear, soft sky, which arches to-day as graciously as over Jesus, to some cathedral dome; if he would see the flowers and the reeds, the trees and the fields, the sparrows and the flocks, the shepherds and the vineyards, as when they suggested the parables to Jesus; if he would see the long, dark range of the Moab hills round about Jerusalem, as the encircling God is round about his people, — instead of disappointment, there come ever new surprises, ever peaceful memories.

Here are two facts to be borne in mind, as we now visit the so-called sacred places of Jerusalem. 1. There is no incident related in the Scriptures, as occurring in or near Jerusalem, which is not connected with some spot in the city or neighborhood. 2. There is not one of these places which is indisputably certain. But they have been shown with a feeling of satisfaction for many generations, and one, at least, the temple-site, by consenting traditions must be, in general outline,

preserved. In the Via Dolorosa several places are pointed out to the pilgrim. The arch of Ecce Homo, spanning the Mournful Way, is supposed to mark the place where Jesus stood with the thorn-crown and purple robe, when Pilate said, "Behold the man." Near by the arch, which is merely a stone bridge thrown across the narrow street, we are shown the Judgment Hall of Pilate and the scene of the flagellation. Dingy, gloomy, low rooms are covered with the merest daubs of most horrid designs, representing, or rather imagining what occurred at those times; whose solemn recital in the unadorned records touches the heart, — but as seen at Jerusalem to-day, fills with disgust. Before each altar will be a few feeble, flickering tapers, or a few more feeble, flickering priests. There is but one term I can think of which at all expresses the condition of worship at Jerusalem. It impresses you everywhere as barren, given over to rites and formulas, — barren of spirit and of life. At St. John Lateran, the Basilica in Rome, which in sacredness ranks even above St. Peter's, bearing over its door the inscription, "*Omnium urbis et orbis ecclesiarum mater et caput*," we had seen the Scala Santa, or Holy Staircase, up which the penitents were slowly and prayerfully toiling, and here we were at the threshold where it is believed to have stood. Of the places more evidently superstitiously reverenced, as the colonnade to which the decree of Pilate was affixed, or on which the cock crew, or the line on the rocky surface where the girdle of the Virgin dropped to convince the doubting Thomas, it is not worthy to speak. Far more interesting than the past traditions was the present worship, — for, as evening drew on, and we passed the French convent of Ecce Homo, we heard the vesper-hymn of the nuns and children. Attracted by its plaintive devotion, we knocked, and were admitted to the little chapel. A few of those sweet voices, tender and subdued, and those calm and peaceful countenances which one meets more frequently among the Sisters of Charity and the Quakers than among all the other sects in Christendom, were leading the devotions of the convent children. Thus it was that from that upper room the first Christian hymn fell upon the ears of some evening wanderer in the once imperial city.

Another day we went to this convent, and, walking among the arches which support its walls, saw the real condition of this city, now built upon the ruins of innumerable sieges and overthrows and destructions. Traces of cisterns and aqueducts, of walls and buildings, the sound of trickling water, were on all sides. The real Judgment Hall, whose site we were shown, was probably twenty or thirty feet below its present location. From the roof of the convent the view of Jerusalem was complete and interesting, — the roofs flat, or with their oven-shaped domes; the large and stately convents of the different sects; the English chapel; the Holy Sepulchre, with its dark walls; the great, open, green Temple-area with its olive and cypress trees; the magnificent mosques rising from Mount Moriah, its highest ground; the walls giving so secluded and ancient an appearance to the whole city; the dry channel of Kedron; the slope of Mount Olivet, and afar the long range of the Moab hills, beyond the mysterious gulf of the Dead Sea and the rapid flow of the Jordan.

Some of the most interesting memories of Jerusalem cluster around the brow of Mount Zion. A slender, graceful minaret rises above a mosque-dome which is supposed to mark the tomb of David. Within that mosque, and reached by a long flight of stone steps from the outside, is a large, upper, vaulted, gothic chamber, dim, barren, and cheerless, but which is held sacred as being the scene of several scriptural events. It is called the Cœnaculum, as being the room in which the last supper was held; but here also, it is said, was the meeting after the Resurrection, here occurred the miracle of Pentecost; here was the home and death of the Virgin, and here the burial of Stephen. All the Bible incidents which could be attached to no other locality have been gathered into this room of a building which is claimed to be the only one escaping the overthrow and ruin of the city by Titus. More reverenced than for these, it is also worshipped by Jew, Mussulman, and even Christian, as holding beneath it the ashes of David and Solomon, but guarded so strictly by the Arabs that no investigations can be made. Near by the Cœnaculum is the house of Caiaphas, a large, substantial, stone building; and

not far off is an Armenian convent, with a chapel glittering with gold and silver offerings and ornaments, and guarding their part also of the sacred relics, — the stone that closed the Holy Sepulchre, the prison of Christ, the spot where Peter denied his Lord, and the court where the cock crew.

As we passed on to our hotel, after seeing these places, more saddened than uplifted, we came to the quarters of the Lepers. Here, in the world, yet cut off from the world, a society of themselves, lepers for parents, leper friends, leper children born into a doomed life, to give hope for a little while and then fear, and then certain death, was the most heart-rending beggar community we ever saw. With the disease in every stage, they follow, or, where they cannot follow, sit by the wayside, with piercing cries for an alms. No sight in all the Holy Land brings to you so touchingly the Saviour's works of healing and mercy.

Not far distant from the Lepers' quarters we visited a Jewish synagogue. Here were the seats and desks on the floor for the male members, and the galleries for the females. By the east wall, to which all must turn as the prayers are recited, is the Holy Ark, with the enclosed Pentateuch, and opposite it, near the centre, is the platform from which the Pentateuch is read, while the preacher delivers his sermons from another platform close by the "Ark." The Jews in Jerusalem must strike every one as a dilapidated race, but a synagogue on Mount Zion! how it brings to us the departed glory of a dying race! what memories of Solomon and David, of judge and prophet, of priest and psalmist, — nay, even of Jesus entering one of them, as was his wont on the Sabbath-day!

The Holy Sepulchre is the great object of every pilgrimage, but of all places it is the most unsatisfying and unrewarding. First, it is not only questionable, it is more than probable, it is not the exact place which would be sanctified in the memory. Then it is divided among several sects, each watching eagerly to steal the sacred relics from the rest, each ready to destroy the other. Then guides beset and torment and distract you, and priests and beadles cry aloud for charity; and every year at Holy Week, in Jerusalem, the early home of

Christianity, — nay, just where Jesus taught of love and peace, — the Mohammedan soldiers, in long lines, have to be gathered into the Cathedral to keep those who call themselves Christians from tearing each other to pieces.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is a dark mass of buildings, in view from almost every part of the city. After threading the narrow, rough, and difficult streets, one stoops through a low gateway, and is in the open court before the Cathedral. This court-pavement is covered with relics, which are offered to the strangers, — beads and amulets of every kind, from every place sacred to Jew, Christian, or Mohammedan. Near by is a mosque, and all around are stairs and steps and ladders and walls, by which the monks climb into the galleries and chambers which are in all parts of the venerable building. After we enter, the strange and varied character of the place is no less marked. The great mass of walls is divided among the Greek, Latin, Coptic, Syrian, and Armenian churches, each with a chapel, or chapels and altars, gorgeous or barren as their wealth and contributions may be great or small. The Greek Church thinks it has Constantine's Basilica; the Latin Church has its altar over the Holy Tomb itself. In the centre, under the Cathedral dome, is the Chapel of the Sepulchre. This small space is itself divided among the Latins, Greeks, and Armenians, and each has covered over its allotted space with gold and silver offerings, with gildings and marble, and hung every part overhead with gold and silver lamps. Around this chapel is the great excitement at Easter time, and we were shown the little aperture through which the concealed priest sends out the fire which is called holy, and which the pilgrims receive as from heaven.

So intense is the feeling among these sects, so unwilling are they to trust one another, that, as the moment draws near when the fire is to appear, the Mohammedan Governor of Jerusalem has to remove the cloth covering the altar, after the religious ceremonies have been performed, and then the holy fire is diffused by torches, for each pilgrim to light his taper. We were not present during this ceremony, but one who has written the best descriptive work on Palestine says that, with

the confusion and darkness, the wrangling and yells, its most appropriate designation would be "a holiday in hell."

Such is Christian worship in Jerusalem to-day, and amidst it all we hear the voice of Jesus whispering, "God is a Spirit; and they who worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

(To be continued.)

ALL IS BORN OF THOUGHT.

THOUGHT is the very greatest power of all.
The mind of man bears up the heaviest load,
Enormous, gorgeous structures, — built of clouds;
Breath is to man all that he feels, endures.
Praise and opinion are the strongest pillars
Of things, of men, and even of gods themselves.
And things, when once built up, are not torn down,
But thought down, laughed down, and so swept away!
What thou no more believest, *is* no more.
Thought is the very greatest power of all;
And so not meaningless, but full of sense,
Was the old word: The world is but — a thought.

— THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY.

BEAUTY IN HOME MATTERS.

ENGRAVINGS shed their spirit over a household. The calm portraits of the great and worthy dead exercise a great influence over me. I could look on those over my own fireplace until they seem neither absent nor departed, but living yet. Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures. The sense informs the soul. Whatever you have, have beauty. Let beauty be on the paper on your walls. It is as easy to choose a paper suggestive of the lovely in form and color as the uncouth. Why should not every household object be sanctified with this grateful charm? Each chair, each table, each tea or chamber service, and every object for kitchen or parlor, for the home of the poor man, artisan, or mechanic, I would have them all worthy of a home of taste.

— SIDNEY SMITH.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Rev. Prof. Stowe delivered on Sunday afternoons, during the last winter, a course of expository lectures, in the church of Rev. Dr. Kirk, of this city. We find one of them reported in full in a late issue of the Chicago "Advance." It is on the subject of demoniacal possession. He explains it in the usual orthodox manner. He believes that for some inscrutable purpose evil spirits, in the time of Christ, had power to enter and torment human bodies; and he regards it as one of the most striking proofs of the divinity of Christ that he "drove out the devils." We give an extract from the introduction of the lecture, premising that we suppose the word *Caleb* is a misprint for Calef, the person referred to, no doubt, being the bold and strong-minded merchant, Robert Calef, to whom Boston owes a statue. Prof. Stowe says, —

"To assist your minds in investigating this subject, I make this preliminary statement: that we all believe that the Salem witchcraft was a terrible delusion, a mischievous, calamitous delusion. Now, supposing our Saviour had been on earth then, and lived in Eastern Massachusetts, as he lived in Galilee, and supposing he had always sympathized with Cotton Mather and Stoughton, who believed fully in that delusion, and had never said a word in sympathy with Caleb and John Wise, who looked upon it in its true light, we could have had no confidence in him now; we should say that he gave credence to a delusion. Now if, in his time it was a delusion, it was as terrible then as latterly at Salem. Let us see how he met it then. Did he meet it as the Sadducees did, taking for granted that it was all false, or as true Pharisees, that it was true? There cannot be two opinions about this. Otherwise, we must deny the record, or set Jesus aside as a mischievous impostor. Can we deny the record? I think not; it is perfectly well established. The most important of all the narratives respecting demoniacal possession is that of Gedara. It is regarded by the apostles as of great importance, being given three times, — by Matthew, more minutely by Mark, very minutely by Luke. It embraces many difficulties, is most likely to be abused, and susceptible of all manner of unbelieving objections. Let us see how this matter is set forth in the Scriptures, keeping in mind the Salem witchcraft."

Prof. Stowe then enters upon an examination of the accounts in the Gospels of the casting out of devils, and this is followed by these words: —

"Before uneducated Jews, educated Jews, Gentiles, in his most confidential conversations with his disciples, he never gave the slightest hint that this doctrine which they held was not true. Yet it was one great object of his mission on earth to reveal the truth in regard to the spirit world; and we have no means of knowing except through him; we must depend upon him entirely. Oh! what a cruel deceiver, if on that point he has deceived us! Why in his most confidential conversations, at least, did he not tell us that this was not true!"

We have referred to Prof. Stowe's lecture, not for the purpose of controverting his view, still less is it our design to attempt any explanation of one of the most difficult problems of biblical criticism. We cannot but think, however, that the allusion to the Salem witchcraft has a point of unfairness which so candid a writer as Prof. Stowe must have overlooked. He supposes Christ to have lived at the time of Cotton Mather and Robert Calef. To use language in a sense different from what it was then understood, would indeed have looked like deception. But suppose Christ to have lived several hundred years *after* that delusion, and, to use the popular language of the day, knowing that the progress of knowledge during these hundred years would give a right interpretation of his words. For example, did Christ live among us now, and should he speak of "the bewitched," he might well know that our better views of this subject would explain him as meaning those who were accused of witchcraft. Now, the historical fact, we believe, is, that demoniacal possession was not *first* believed in the time of Christ. It is generally held, as we suppose, that the Jews derived their ideas on this subject as far back as the time of the Captivity, — four or five hundred years before the Christian era. Meanwhile, a way of speaking on this subject had become embedded in the popular language which gave a different interpretation to the words from what they had at first. There may have been a time when to speak, without explanation, of "St. Anthony's fire," or "St. Vitus' dance," would have been deception on the part of one disbelieving the agency of those saints in these diseases; but who would say that the use of those expressions implies any de-

ception now? Is it deception for the astronomer to say the sun *rises* or *sets?* Old forms of words are used after the ideas they expressed have passed away. This fact we think Prof. Stowe has overlooked. It takes away, as it seems to us, all the force of his allusion to the Salem witchcraft. His supposition that Christ lived in the time of Cotton Mather is not a parallel case.

— A carefully elaborated and well-expressed article in the last "Radical," on "Art and Religion," suggests many good thoughts, and we select the following: —

"Art is worthy to be placed by the side of religion for its universal hold upon the hearts of men. Even those stern souls who have sought to crush out this, as every other human feeling, from the heart, how have they revelled in the imagery of the Psalms and the majestic symbolism of the Hebrew Scriptures! They overthrew the cathedrals and statues of Rome, but they painted splendid visions of the glory of the New Jerusalem with their lips: and every deed of the old Hebrews became a symbol and a poem. Out of the stern sect of the Baptists has come that wonderful work of art, which Bunyan called a dream, but which is such a living reality that it charms alike childhood and age. Inspired by his thought, the dreamer soars so high above, and so far beyond the limits of his narrow creed, that the liberal thinker of to-day finds the "Pilgrim's Progress" a mirror of his own spiritual life. The devotion which art has inspired is second only to that of religion; it has its martyrs whose lives have been joyfully sacrificed to its pursuit, and men have esteemed wealth and pleasure and all other joys of life as nothing in comparison with it. And as religion fills the highest soul, and yet comforts and blesses the humblest, so is it with art; it has a word and a message for all. The rapt connoisseur delights in the symphonies of Beethoven, which seem as if they would still satisfy the soul when it had passed out of mortal bounds, and the pious Methodist feels her spirit borne upward to heaven on the strains of some simple hymn. What has art not been as the companion of religion to the enslaved negroes of the South? The truths of the gospel were darkened to their intellects by ignorance; its precepts of mercy and equality came strangely distorted from their masters' lips and lives; but the glorious poetry of the Bible kindled their imagination, and while the body writhed under the

lash, and the mind was dwarfed by ignorance, the soul revelled in a glory and grandeur of spiritual insight. The weird music of the spirituals, never rightly sung but by those who had passed through the baptism of great sorrows, was a song of deliverance and victory. One of the most original among these people, known by her well-earned name of Moses, says of all that she has seen since she has come North, nothing has delighted her so much as the statues. Does she not here recognize the kindred spirit which prompted her own heroic deeds, and made the dark nights of waiting in the bush full of light and glory?

"The claim of art to express the divine in relation would be wholly invalidated, did it fail to meet the great question of theology, the origin of evil, the great moral truth of humanity, growth by suffering, good and evil, joy and grief; both human, both divine. Does art find words for both, and speaking them, does it reveal a reconciliation between them? Art gives us no explanation, no argument, yet these are her favorite themes, and she does not shrink from painting them broadly and thoroughly. But art always suggests that which makes evil supportable and grief beneficent. It is the terrible jar and shock which dismay us. Art puts the one fact into relation with the all. Could we look with divine eyes, we should see all that is made in harmony, and know that though in isolation it is evil, in relation it is good. We can look upon the statue of the 'Dying Gladiator' with rapt admiration; we should have shrunk with horror from the actual scene. But does not the artist show us that it is the gladiator dying? It is the man living. Tragedy appeals to us as the grandest of all human expressions, because it does not dwarf and cramp this side of human nature, but expresses it fully and awfully, but always with a latent revelation of infinite, divine power, which can illumine it all. Take Hamlet, for instance. How full of horrors! What wrenching of all human ties! What meanness and desecration of sacred relations, as well as bolder and greater crimes! What doubt and irresolution and questioning and inward distraction in Hamlet's mind! Nothing is softened, no light breaks in at last; good and bad are alike swept away. Intellectual criticism has exhausted itself upon it. But what is the result? Are you not ennobled and strengthened by Hamlet? Does it not charm the multitude in the theatre as much as the scholar in the closet? and have not Hamlet's very questionings awakened in you a consciousness of eternal security and truth?

"Like religion, art does not stand appalled at the great mystery of death. Loving manifestation as it does, seeing in the outward the fitting and inevitable garb of the spirit, regarding the body not as the hindrance, but as the helper of the soul, knowing the inward through the outward, and expressing its divinity by humanity, with what horror might it not see the outward beauty wasted, the temple of the body destroyed. Yes, death is a great fact. My friend lives, but all which related him to me, the touch of the hand — the glance of the eye, the thrilling tone of the voice — is gone. Are not these treasures lost in the present, whatever memory and hope may speak of past and future? Death is a great fact, great as sorrow, great as struggle, great as human life, but still divine. Art has her requiem for the departed, mournful, but yet comforting; she paints the dead Christ, but the beauty of his countenance suggests the risen Saviour. In the form is the life, or rather in the power which makes the form. Nothing has ever seemed to me a more touching illustration of death than the sculptor's process of casting his statue. Over the beautiful clay model, wrought out with so much care, slowly creeps the dull, ugly crust which hides it from sight. A moment more, and that clay so beautiful, so precious, is dug out a shapeless mass and thrown back into the common lump. Another process, and there stands the fair, white statue. It was destroyed that it might be preserved; it died that it might live. Who ever doubts of immortality, standing by the grave of one dearly loved? Art so stands by the grave, so represents death, and so reveals its meaning and its beauty. Art cannot see death without seeing more than death. It sees it in its universal relation, as a new possibility of life; it relates it to the infinite, and this dark shadow is touched by the divine light."

— The next French Revolution is often anticipated. M. de Montalembert has predicted some of its features. We find the following account of his views, with some comment on them, in the "Nation:" —

"He says that the support rendered by the Church to the Imperial *régime* will give the next revolution a character of irreligion which the revolutions of 1830 and 1848 had not. He treats as absurd the supposition that the existing *régime* will not end in revolution, and a revolution, too, compared with which

, the crises of 1830 and 1848 will appear child's play,' and goes on to say 'that the suppression of political life in France has produced in certain strata of French society a development of sensualism, materialism, and even atheism of which the eighteenth century itself offered no example,' and he predicts that one of the first acts of the revolutionists will be the stoppage of the clerical pay from simple detestation of the Church. M. de Montalembert is not a man whose forebodings are to be treated lightly; but he seems to us to fall into an error not unnatural in a man of his opinions and temperament, — an error, too, which a considerable portion of the religious world shares, — of treating the materialism of this age as the same in character with that of the eighteenth century. There is not the least likelihood that we shall ever witness again such an 'explosion of irreligion' as that which accompanied the first revolution, not only because manners are softened, but because the 'irreligionist' of our day feels little of the hatred of the Church which its strength and abuse of power excited in his predecessors of the last century. Moreover, there has been a great change in the manners of the clergy on the Continent, and in the relations of the lower orders of them to their flocks. Those who most contemn their doctrines and office are forced to respect them as philanthropists, and the worst of our modern sensualists has a little of the 'religion of humanity' in him; and, even if he hates the Church, has at least a vague belief in the 'Dieu des bonnes gens.' But it is right to add that many acute observers share M. de Montalembert's forebodings."

— In a late number of the "Independent," Rev. Edward Eggleston gives the following before unpublished incident in the life of President Lincoln. Mr. Eggleston says: —

"A respected townsman and old acquaintance of Mr. Lincoln was the narrator of the story to my informant, and himself a participant. According to that habit of familiarity so prevalent in the West (by means of which a man is made to prolong his boyhood throughout his life), this gentleman is known among old friends by the name of 'Jim,' as Mr. Lincoln was always called 'Abe.' For the sake of my story, I shall have to call Mr. —— 'Jim,' as any one of his fellow-citizens would in telling it.

"This gentleman relates that, soon after Mr. Lincoln's Cooper

Institute speech, he saw a notice in the New York 'Tribune' that Hon. A. Lincoln, of Illinois, had delivered an address to the Sunday-school at the Five Points, which was very well received by both teachers and pupils. Knowing that Mr. Lincoln was not a professor of religion, it struck him that it was a good subject for banter; and so, seizing the paper, he started for 'Old Abe's' office. Bursting into the room impulsively, he was startled to find a stranger in conversation with Mr. Lincoln; and turned to retrace his steps, when the latter called out, —

"'Jim! what do you want?'

"'Nothing.'

"'Yes, you do; come back.'

"After some entreaty, 'Jim' approached Mr. Lincoln, and remarked, with a merry twinkle in his eye, —

"'Well, Abe, I see you've been making a speech to Sunday-school children. What's the matter?'

"'Sit down, Jim, and I'll tell you all about that.'

"And with that he put his feet on the stove, and began: —

"When Sunday morning came, I did not know exactly what to do. Washburne asked me where I was going. I told him I had nowhere to go, and he proposed to take me down to the Five Points Sunday-school, to show me something worth seeing. I was very much interested by what I saw. Presently Mr. Pease came up and spoke to Washburne, who introduced me. Mr. Pease wanted us to speak. Washburne spoke, and then I was urged to speak. I told them I did not know anything about talking to Sunday-schools; but Mr. Pease said that there were many of them friendless and homeless, and that a few words would do them good. Washburne said I must talk. And so I rose to speak; but I tell you, Jim, I didn't know what to say. I couldn't talk about Christ and religion, for I didn't know much of either; but I remembered that Mr. Pease had said that they were homeless and friendless, and I thought of the time when I had been pinched by terrible poverty. And so I told them that I had been poor; that I remembered when my toes stuck out through broken shoes in the winter; when my arms were out at the elbows; when I shivered with the cold. And I told them there was only one rule; that was, *Always do the very best you can.* I told them that I had always tried to do the best I could; and that, if they would follow that rule, they would get along somehow. That was about what I said. And when I got through, Mr. Pease

said it was just the thing they needed. And when the school was dismissed, all the teachers came up and shook hands with me, and thanked me for it, though I did not know that I was saying anything of any account. But the next morning I saw my remarks noticed in the papers.'

"Just here Mr. Lincoln put his hand in his pocket, and remarked that he never heard anything that touched him as had the songs which those children sang. With that he drew forth a little book, remarking that they had given him one of the books from which they sang.

"'Did you ever hear any poetry like this, Jim?'

"And he began to read a piece, with all the earnestness of his great, earnest soul. In the middle of the second verse his friend 'Jim' 'felt a choking in his throat and a tickling in his nose.' At the beginning of the third verse he saw that the stranger from the East was weeping, and his own tears fell fast. Turning toward Lincoln, who was reading straight on, he saw the great blinding tears in his eyes, so that he could not possibly see the page. He was repeating that little song from memory! How often he had read it, or how long its sweet and simple accents continued to reverberate through his soul, no one can know. How much influence may that little child's song have had in bringing him to that trustful attitude toward God which was so characteristic of him during the weary closing years of his life!"

— A correspondent of the "Nation," writing from London, gives the following account of the present state of the Church of England:—

"The most tangible merits of the Church of England in the popular view are its use as a distributor of charity and as the great support of primary education. Nearly everything that has been done in educating the poor in country districts has been done by the clergy. From small incomes they have often built the schools, and are still their chief support. Their position, however, is threatened as the demand for education rises. It is becoming more evident every day that an effectual school system can no longer be trusted to voluntary efforts, and that we must have recourse to some scheme of rating. Of course, the ratepayers will then claim a share in the management of the schools. Now the difficulty is that the clergy have naturally considered

the schools as a means of forcing the catechism upon the children, and their object has been to drill the country population into a proper respect for the squire and the parson, — especially for the parson, — and of course they will be likely to fight any system which threatens to deprive them of this power and to give Dissenters a voice in the management. They will endeavor, in short, to keep up a strictly denominational system, and to insist upon having their own way as they have had hitherto. If so, they will probably be ousted to a considerable extent from the educational system altogether, and with a proportional loss of influence. The object of the essayists is to implore them to lower their tone, and to be content with permission to teach the Bible, lest they should be allowed to teach nothing at all.

"Undoubtedly, a loss of its educational position would weaken the Church amazingly; but this is at best, or at worst, a distant prospect. It is the really strong point of the Establisnment, as Coleridge long ago remarked, that it puts a civilized and educated gentleman in every little country district. The consequence is that whatever laws may be passed, it will long be impossible to dispense with their assistance in the schools in the country districts at least. And the strongest reformers feel that the benefit derived from the Establishment is in this respect so great that it would be dangerous to interfere with it rashly. The Dissenters are for the most a comparatively uncultivated and bigoted generation, divided into petty cliques, and by no means the equals, with all their faults, of the Established clergy. It is rather from within than without that any immediate danger is to be feared. The Church may be said to consist of three parties, — High, Low, and Broad, in ordinary parlance. Now the danger is that these parties are constantly tending to diverge, and, what is more, to pass beyond the limits of the Church. The Low Church party, so far as it is active, has its hold on the lower part of the middle classes; and the most energetic of those classes are apt to be Protestant Dissenters of some school. The Broad Church again consists of the more intellectual clergy; but the class of which they form part is very apt to abandon Church trammels altogether. The thorough-going men of the same type are what Churchmen would call infidels, and, indeed, it is a matter of some wonder how such men as Colenso, or Jowett, or even Dr. Stanley, manage to keep within the necessary limits. It is equally plain that the High Churchmen tend to become Roman

Catholics. The logical position of a man who attributes great authority to the Church, and yet holds that there are half a dozen Churches of authority, is very puzzling to the ordinary mind.

"The consequence of all this is that the real strength of the Church lies in the careless Gallios, the men who prefer to keep things quiet, and prefer compromise to the logical carrying out of their principles. A body which rests upon the *vis inertiæ*, upon the conservative indifference of Englishmen, has certainly a good following, and may be carried on for a considerable time by its own momentum. But the weakness of the position is obvious. All the zealots of every party tend first to drag the Church in different directions, so that it is a matter of great difficulty to retain them in due cohesion, and are very apt to get beyond the sacred bounds altogether, and to be transformed from members into antagonists. It is therefore apparent that the position of the Church daily tends to grow weaker; and, in fact, the essayists, from whom I have been quoting, are obliged to confess that their hopes really depend on bringing about a greater unity of faith as a support to the unity of constitution. Whether this is probable or not, and whether the unity is likely to be obtained by the triumph of their principles, your readers can judge as well as I. To me it seems that the tendency of modern theologians is to converge towards two opposite and radically incompatible camps, between which the Church of England is only too likely to meet with the proverbial fate.

"Meanwhile the Ritualist Commission continues to meet and put forth occasional reports. They discuss such weighty points as whether the clergy are to be allowed to have candles on the altars, and, if so, whether they are to be allowed to light them. Their general tendency is to give some additional power to the congregation to put a stop to ceremonies of which they disapprove. Any such legislation can of course but touch the mere outside of the question, and tends to bring into clearer light the extreme difficulty of reconciling the sacerdotal claims of the Ritualists to the theory of a state church. The party which most regrets the contest is perhaps that which admires beyond everything the liberty of an English clergyman. More than the clergyman of any other church, he can say what he likes and feel himself independent of the petty tyranny of a small congregation. But that merit, great as it is, is perhaps purchased too dearly by the stereotyped and inflexible constitution which is the result of state

management. The scandal of private property and salable property in the appointment to many of the best livings is of itself sufficient to be a danger to the Church in more exciting times. And more exciting times are coming."

— Prof. Hitchcock has expressed the following views on the subject of the "Antiquity of Man." We find them quoted in the New York "Independent." They are in striking contrast with some of the narrow views of other orthodox writers: —

"In no respect has there been a greater progress of scientific thought the past few years than in relation to the antiquity of man. Extravagant estimates have been hastily made upon insufficient data; but, rejecting these, there remains still a strong probability of the existence of races allied to the Laplanders and North American Indians, several thousand years anterior to the accepted epoch of the Adamic creation. Indisputable proofs of the contemporaneity of these races with extinct mammoths, lions, and bears have been found in England, France, Spain, Italy, and other European countries, as well as in Mississippi and California in the New World. This fact, when isolated, is indecisive of great or little antiquity; but when its collateral relations are developed, it is found that this contemporaneity continued through a long unbroken period, reminding one of more ancient ones, and that these earlier races were dispossessed of their domains by the invading Noachic nations, and we are compelled to believe that the highest types of mankind were preceded by the aboriginal tribes, inferior to the Canearians in many respects. They are none the less human, with their distinctive mental and moral endowments, while their tendencies may have been no more progressive than those of their living representatives. Some of our theologians may object to any theory which admits of the presence of men upon the globe ten or twelve thousand years ago. But some of the same profession, who objected once to the great age of the world, have been led to acknowledge the correctness of the scientific view, and its consistency with revelation. The same results will follow existing objections; for, though worthy of respect, the present interpretation of the Bible is not inspired. It is the glory of our sacred writings that their lustre is not impaired by the discovery of new truths, — principles not imagined in the early history of the Church, — and that its central doctrine remains unchanged, while system after system of human philosophy has arisen and sunk into oblivion."

— The "Christian Witness," after alluding to the expansive energies of the Methodist Church, utters itself in the following noble, manly words: —

"In the mean time, what are the measures which, in our own Church, we are taking to ally ourselves with the great and ever-expanding and advancing future of the American people? What are we doing? Discussing matters of petty ecclesiastical police, or pettier ecclesiastical millinery, and canvassing, with ponderous solemnity, the question whether, by altering the Nicene Creed, we cannot lash ourselves, by indissoluble bands to the body of the dead Greek Church, — a church which, of all others, is, by its torpid immobility, the most repugnant to the temper of the American race. Here we stand, on the banks of a great river, turning with sick conservatism from the steamboat and mooring ourselves by the side of the superannuated scow! Here we are, instead of expanding and liberalizing our system, making it still narrower and more restrictive; instead of trying to harmonize, proscribing; instead of trying to liberalize, struggling to make ourselves still more reactionary; instead of trying to ally ourselves with the American future, doing our best to get up an alliance with a system of all other the most stationary, the most intellectually subtle, and the most practically inert, — of all others the most un-American, — that of the Greek. In the mean time, we are permitting our sister Protestant communions to dash ahead and to seize on the future American heart. It is absurd to talk of the decay of 'the denominations,' when the same paper that gives us a sermon declaring this contains a column of statistics showing that 'the denominations' have given thirty dollars to their seminaries where we give one; and that, in their missionary activity and in their popular growth they bear to us the same proportion. And the reason is, that 'the denominations' are fastening themselves to the Occidental future, we to the Oriental past. This is a cruel thing for those who believe that our destiny is that of a National Church, whose mission is to be the ecclesiastical organ of the American people. It is a cruel thing to observe, that while other communions are more and more closely nationalizing and expanding and liberalizing themselves, the objects now proposed to our own national council are, whether we cannot, by striking out the 'filioque' from the creed, get up a permanent alliance with the dead Greek

Church, and, by passing a few more intolerant and onerous canons, drive off that which, with all its faults, is not the least energetic and liberal section of our own. It will be very easy to do this. It will be very easy by at least a tacit toleration of Ritualism, and by the enactment of reactionary laws, to draw to ourselves all the morbid and ultra-conservative elements which have heretofore been clogging and torpifying the various Protestant communions about us. But in doing so we finally put ourselves out of sympathy with the American people; and we put ourselves in a position in which it is impossible that we should be the American National Church. And thus we forfeit a commission the highest a church ever had; and for which no church, in the prime elements of ministry and liturgy, was ever so well fitted."

THE RICHES OF THE POOR IN SPIRIT.

The mind that is wide open, wide awake,
Is poor on earth, yea, poorer than a child;
For all the things it knows and sees and loves,
How will it, can it, cares it to possess!
And, like the sun, it rides serene in heaven,
Surveying all, indeed, but craving naught
Save its own light and heat, and round about
A world to fling a glad reflection back;
And a life's destiny to rule over.
This is the mind called truly *poor in spirit*,
Not poor *of* spirit, love, large luminous vision.
Then tremble not, dear soul! but know thou this:
The more things leave thee, the more heavenly —
In compensation — they appear to thee!
The purelier, therefore, thou becomest man!

—The Layman's Breviary.

Knowledge and power, instead of being a substitute for justice, instead of exalting the oppressor, only deepen his guilt and fill the measure of his sin. C. Follen.

RANDOM READINGS.

"A MAN IN EARNEST."

It is the title of the "Life of A. H. Conant," * by Robert Collyer, and the privilege of telling Conant's story belonged of right to Collyer. It was just the theme for him to handle, and through him the true-hearted man still speaks. We recall Conant very distinctly as he appeared to us at the Divinity School; but, occupied with our scholasticisms, we did him no justice. It is pleasant now to make even a tardy confession of his worth. The book contains nothing more interesting than the Extracts from the good man's Diary. The line between secular and sacred vanishes altogether here; not because the holy has become profane, but because one light, pure and sweet, illumines all that is done. We cannot refrain from transferring a few Entries to our Random Readings: —

"Made a plan of a sermon on the Prodigal Son, a pair of quilting frames, and an argument at the Lyceum against capital punishment.

"Read Neander. Made a chair.

"Worked on a sermon. Drew straw.

"Worked on a sermon. Made a partition for the stable.

"Worked on a sermon and drew wood. Snow two feet deep.

"Commenced a sermon and worked in the woods.

"Read Neander. Horse died.

"Read Neander. Mended a pump.

"Wrote on a sermon. Read Neander and made a wheelbarrow.

"Began a sermon. Planted potatoes.

"Wrote a sermon on Episcopacy. Built an ice house. Read the Methodist Discipline. Helped my wife to wash.

"Finished sermon and haying," etc., etc.

We should often have been glad to drop Neander for the wheelbarrow, and to turn from the sermon to the haying. As to the "washing," we cannot speak so confidently, being very sure that "the right" to do laundry work is clearly amongst the rights

* Horace B. Fuller, 363 Washington Street.

which a laundress ought never to allow herself to be deprived of. We might consent to put out the clothes-line; there we think we should make a stand.

We cannot resist this further extract, so commending the volume very warmly to our readers: —

"21. Went to Elgin with father, to build cupola for the church.
"22. Worked at cupola.
"23. Raised cupola.
"24. Hung the bell.
"25. Preached in the church.
"26. Finished cupola, and went home." E.

AMERICAN MISSIONARIES IN GREECE.

Mrs. Howe has given us a very *pleasant* "record of a pleasant journey."* She writes "plain," we write "pleasant." We extract the following paragraphs, because it is so good to find a person of "liberal" sentiments who is not illiberal towards those who hold to the old views in religion. Of the American Missionaries in Greece, she says: —

"Their merits and demerits I am not here to discuss. How much of polite culture, of sufficient philosophy, goes with their honest purpose, it is not at this time my business to know or to say. Neither is their special theology mine. They believe in a literal atonement, while I believe in the symbolism which makes a pure and blameless sufferer a victim offered in behalf of his enemies. They look for a miraculous, I for a moral, regeneration. [We do not see the antagonism here; are there no *moral* miracles? — Ed.] They make Christ divine of birth. I make him simply divine of life. Their dogmas would reconcile God to man, mine would only reconcile man to God. Finally, they revere as absolute and divine a book which I hold to be a record of surpassing thoughts and actions, but with the short-comings, omissions, and errors of the human historiographer stamped upon them. With all this diversity of opinion between the Church of this communion and that of mine, I still honor beyond all difference the Protestant cause for which they stand in Greece, and consider their representation a just and genuine one. . . . Whenever I have met a scholar of Mrs. Hill, I have seen the traces of a firm, pure, and gentle hand, one to which the wisest and tenderest of us would willingly confide our daughters." E.

* Lee & Shepard.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and a mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is wise and grave of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be; I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air;
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought that fills his mind;
The food for grave, inquiring speech he everywhere doth find.
Strange questions doth he ask of me when we together walk;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk,
Nor cares he much for childish sports, — dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.
He kneels at his dear mother's knee; she teaches him to pray,
And strange and sweet and solemn then are the words which he will say!
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be!
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now!

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his bright blue eye is like his brother's keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been;
But his little heart is a fountain pure of kind and gentle feeling,
And every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk who pass us in the street

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet!
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone!
His presence is like sunshine sent down to gladden earth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant that he may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace, as now for earthly love.
And if beside his grave the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell;
For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.
To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know, for God has told me this, that he is now at rest,
Where other blessèd infants are, on their Saviour's loving breast.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, he must be ours forever.
When we think of what our destiny is, and what we still must be;
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two than have him here again!

— CHILD'S FRIEND.

WOULD we honor the Saviour? Fair and holy deeds are the green branches which we should strew in his way.

C. FOLLEN.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

"I HAVE been forced," said Fletcher, "by many disappointments to look for comfort in nothing but in the comprehensive words, 'Thy will be done.' A few more trials will convince you experimentally of the heavenly balm they contain to sweeten the pains and heal the wounds that crosses and afflictions may cause."

The experience of every Christian who has been afflicted has corresponded to that of Fletcher. To one who is mourning over the loss of his first-born, how far from reaching the case are the topics of consolation often suggested by unskilful friends. All utterly fail till the mourner can say from the heart, "Thy will be done." Then they are not needed. These all-comprehensive words convey all the consolation required.

An aged Christian was deprived of his only son, to whom he had looked for support. A sudden and severe dispensation of Providence took him away, and left the father alone and destitute of the means of support. His case awakened a wide-spread sympathy; for he was a very pious man, and in the days of his strength had labored abundantly in the cause of Christ. Many came to him to express their sympathy, and to suggest topics of consolation. The old man would listen in silence to what they had to say, and would ask his friends to pray with him. One friend attempted to show him that it was for the best that his son should be taken away, and concluded by inquiring, —

"Do you not see it to be so?"

"No," said the old man, "I can't say that I do. All I know is that God has taken him away from me, and if any other being had done it, I never could have been reconciled to it in the world. God has done it, and I think I can say, 'Thy will be done.'"

He had thus placed himself at the fountain-head of consolation, — the spot to which all who are afflicted should repair.

A father lost a most promising and beloved child. Though young in years, there were good grounds to hope that the soul was prepared to dwell with Christ. It was hard to part, however, with the loved one, and it was feared that the sorrow would overpower the strong man. Friends pressed around to offer consolation, rejoicing that they could speak with such confidence respecting the condition of the dear departed one. They told

him how much of sin and sorrow his child had escaped in consequence of her early translation; of the advantages for education in heaven beneath the Saviour's eye. These remarks, though full of weighty truth, made little or no impression upon his mind. "God," said he, "has done it, and I am content." He had come to the same fountain of consolation. His words were but another for the expression, "Thy will be done."

There is no feeling more precious than that of resignation to the Divine Will. "We often improve more by one hour's resignation," said a man of God, "than by a month's reading." As improvement in spiritual life is the great end of our being, we should not fail to make use of this most important means. We can exercise resignation when we can do nothing else. We may not be able to read God's Word, or to sing his praise, or to minister to the saints, or warn sinners to flee from the wrath to come, but we can always exercise resignation. We can always honor God, and draw in abundant consolation by saying from our hearts, "Thy will be done." — EXCHANGE.

THE UNSEEN VISITOR.

I WAS told the other day of an incident which I will relate to my young friends, for it may be to them what it was to me, a hint for the study of an interesting lesson.

A friend upon returning to her home, from which she had been absent some time, was told, that while she was away there came to the house one day a very beautiful and gentle looking lady, who, upon being told that her friend was not at home, and would be absent for a long time, looked very sorrowful, and as if she could not bear to leave the house; she waited some moments at the door, and then asked if she might be allowed to enter, and be shown the chamber which this friend occupied. This request was granted, and she went in. She was shown up-stairs, and into the chamber where this friend passed the greater part of her time. She looked about upon everything in the room; upon the table where her friend sat at her writing; upon the bed where her last waking thoughts gradually changed themselves into visions of the night; upon the pictures, especially upon that one which showed the features of the friend whose home was now in the bright heavens; she then opened the closet-door and looked at the dresses which hung up, took hold of them, and sighed that she who wore them was not present. After she had stayed

long enough to note all the objects which her friend's eyes daily rested upon, she went away. When I was told of this incident, I asked whether we should all like to be so visited. Is the chamber we leave in such order that we should be willing that those we best love should come and remain in it, that they may call to mind the dear friend who is absent? Is the closet, that hidden place, so arranged that a friend may open the door and see in it the marks of their friend, seeming still to speak to them as they did when they saw them in the dress which now hangs before them? Suppose for a moment that upon such a visit as our friend made, she should have witnessed, when she entered this silent chamber, the appearance of disorder, confusion, and want of cleanliness; that the closet in which she had hoped to see hung up some well-known dress had disclosed nothing that was agreeable for the eye to rest upon; would she not at such a scene have felt that her friend was indeed far from her, and could not be easily recalled? Would the love which had prompted her to visit the place where her friend dwelt, be satisfied at such proofs of her manner of living? Would she not have felt disappointed at the story that these silent objects would have told her, and have felt that she had been deceived in her?

I wish my young friends to think of this, and ask themselves whether the places they may occupy are in such order, and in such a state, as to give pleasure to the heart of a friend who should come in their absence to sit themselves down in their room, that they may more vividly call to mind the loved one who is away, by looking upon the objects they had left behind them. And I wish them to carry out the idea still farther, and remember that there is always a dear Friend, who is all loveliness and all beauty, who visits us daily and hourly, whether we are in our accustomed homes or away from them; that he has given us a temple to live in, wherein we are so to live as to be ever ready to receive his visits, and more than willing that he should open the door of our most secret places, where he may see how far we are true to ourselves, how far our thoughts correspond to our words, and our words to our actions.

Let every one, young or old, bear in mind, as they place in order the homes which they occupy, that by this act they do something towards keeping in mind the great truth that we are never alone; that the home of our spirits as well as our earthly home should always be in readiness to receive the angel of love.

S. C. C.

THE LONE FORTY.

AN INCIDENT OF CONSECRATION DAY, MAY 30, 1868.*

'Twas come, — the consecrated day
A grateful land had set apart,
On soldiers' graves fond wreaths to lay,
More touching far than works of art.

In one sequestered, sacred spot,
Two score of soldiers sweetly slept;
The thirty-nine were all forgot,
The other one a widow wept.

Poor soldier boy? but one of three
She freely gave to save the land;
A martyr he to Liberty,
And sleepeth now with this brave band.

In sight of that dear flag and dome
They fiercely fought and nobly fell;
For them left sweethearts, wives, and homes,
And more of love than words can tell.

To this lone spot a mother brave
Bore forty wreaths, the blooms of May;
One for the poor boy's tufty grave,
One on each soldier's lot to lay.

A woman's heart, in largest love,
Embraced and consecrated all;
Scattered her flow'rs the graves above,
And silent tears let gently fall.

Wisdom is here, for well she knew
Where trophies rise and thousands sleep,
There, to their human instincts true,
The multitude would rush to weep.

But she — alone — more deeply moved,
Sought out this sad, forgotten lot,
And thus a halo round it wreathed,
Outshining many a nobler spot. P.

Mt. Pleasant Avenue.

* Forty soldiers fell at Fort Stevens, in defence of Washington, and lie buried seven miles out from the capital.

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A CHANGING MINISTRY.*

BY REV. S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

THE subject to which I ask your attention, brethren, may atone for its familiarity by the personal interest it possesses for us all. It is "A Changing Ministry, or the Brevity of the Pastoral Relation in these Days." To many of us, it may recall hours of trial and of sadness in the removal from a field of duty, yet not unmixed with alleviations, and followed by the bright and hopeful days of entrance on a new scene. To others, the happy few, who in a long course of service,

"Ne'er have changed, nor wished to change, their place,"

my theme will suggest thoughts of calm satisfaction, and gratitude to Him who has guided the even tenor of their way; and the younger among us, as they look forward into the uncertain future, aware that the position in which they now seem firmly established has in other instances partaken largely in the transitoriness of earthly things, may hear not unwillingly the suggestions of a brother, who would aid them, either to avoid taking up the pilgrim's staff, or, if it must be borne, to assume it with dignity and with cheerful hope.

The evils of a changing ministry are deeply felt by those members of our profession who have had most experience of them. Such an one would probably give of them a represen-

* Read before the "Ministerial Union," May 11th, 1868.

tation like the following: "The system," he would say, "has the effect of checking the growth of a home feeling, and of a deep, personal, confiding interest in those among whom we labor. We are here this year, and gone the next. Why should we gather round our homes the attractions of taste, or form close friendships only to have them severed? Our children are natives of as many different States; there is no place on earth which recalls to them the dear associations that ought to cluster round the native spot. If for a time apparent success and the kindness of those around beguile us to think we have found a permanent home, the pain is greater when the delusion vanishes, and the sadness of the broken tie is increased by disappointment and misunderstanding. Thus does life, to us, wear the aspect of a succession of failures, till at length, being found guilty of the unpardonable sin of growing old, the man whose services may seem to have deserved a different fate is left to be a burden to his children, or to receive a scanty support from the compassion of the community."

If this view, alleviated as it may be by opposite considerations, yet seems sad, that of the consequences resulting to parishes from a changing ministry presents evils not less to be regretted. The system tends to cultivate that morbid love of excitement which an apostle well characterizes by the term "itching ears." The people come to undervalue every other quality of ministerial ability or faithfulness in comparison with eloquence, and even eloquence itself compared with novelty. They have no longer that intimate acquaintance with the minister that would enable them to come to him with freedom for advice in doubt, or for comfort in sorrow. Respect for the clerical profession is diminished, as its members are regarded from time to time in the light of candidates for settlement, or as undergoing trial with a view to their dismission; and the profession cannot be undervalued without discredit to the truth it is commissioned to teach. Then, too, that truth is not proclaimed in one consistent manner, but the trumpets that are blown successively in the pulpit have each a different sound, and confusion is the result. The unsettle-

ment of a minister is preceded by discontent, accompanied by strife, and followed by heart-burnings; then a period of months or years elapses before the place is filled, the parish meantime hearing preaching as critics rather than as worshippers, and the department of pastoral duty being left entirely unprovided for, the sick and dying unvisited, the young disciple uncounselled, the mourner uncomforted. At length, when the rapturous moment comes for the settlement of a new minister, with the vain idea that his term of office will be more permanent than his predecessor's, two years of that term at least must pass before he knows his parish, and they know him, well enough for him to be thoroughly their pastor.

I will not deny that all this evil is accompanied by some good. The efforts of ministers may be quickened by a sense of the necessity of exertion. We would not ask to be so secure in office as to be exempted from that responsibleness which is, in other vocations, the means of securing faithful service. We have no desire to make the pulpit a safe harbor for incompetence, or neglect of duty. Then, too, even the conscientious preacher may not have the gift of variety in style and illustration; and the parish which has had his best thoughts, to which his message, so far as he could give it, has been fully delivered, may find a new impulse, and awake to a new life, under the lessons from another's lips. So, too, the preacher, who has gone on in a steady, a commendable and useful, but somewhat monotonous course of thought and action, may find in a change of scene, and in the new persons and new duties that surround him, a source of fresh vitality; the very trial of his removal may bring him nearer to God, and he may feel, more than ever before, the importance of his great vocation, as the closing seal is set to one period of its exercise. The accumulated results of former labors, partly in the best of his written sermons, but more in the treasures of thought he has collected, afford him, in the first years of a new ministry, a degree of leisure for enriching his mind by professional study, and becoming thoroughly acquainted with the people of his new charge. Even disappointment and failure will not have come in vain, if with Christian fortitude he

conducts the task of self-inspection, tracing out the errors of the past, that he may avoid them in the future. Thus the cloud has its silver lining; thus a conscientious spirit may bring good out of evil. But the cloud itself is still dark; the evil yet remains an evil. With all the allowance that may be made for its occasional advantages, a changing ministry is still, on the whole, unfavorable in its effect alike upon the profession and upon the churches.

But it would be idle and unmanly to parade the disadvantages of this system, unless with the hope of doing something for their removal or alleviation. If this can be in any degree accomplished, it must be through a knowledge of the causes from which the present prevailing custom has arisen, and through which it maintains its sway.

The first cause, however, which I shall name as contributing to produce a changing ministry is the perfectly legitimate one of natural and honorable advancement, earned by ability and faithfulness, from a smaller to a larger field of labor. There are some, I know, who will hardly, in any case, admit the propriety of this; but we cannot join in indiscriminate censure of a custom whose proper effect is to put the ablest men in the places where they are most needed, and to supply to all the younger members of the profession, in some moderate degree, that stimulus of hope and emulation which will make their services more valuable where they now are. Only let the advancement come naturally. Let it be obtained, not by electioneering, but by merit. Let the young man who feels within him a capacity for more arduous duty and a wider field determine never to seek for it but in the right way, and remember that the right way is to do the best he can where he is now stationed. If he turns his thoughts from present duty to making interest for vacant parishes, he is less likely to reap a harvest of profit or of fame than one of anxiety, disappointment, and loss of character and influence. Change, though it may bring with it a gain in one direction, always implies loss in another. The school-boy who becomes a Freshman — a promotion more valued than any that after life can bring — yet gives up being the leader of a friendly

band, "the observed of all observers" in the country school, to become an undistinguished member of a class where all are strangers, — gives up the kind master who has taken pride in his progress, for professors who do not know him from a hundred others. So the country minister who accepts a city parish loses as well as gains. His new circle of friends may be as worthy as those he leaves, but it will be years before they are as well known and as deeply attached. But the boy, of course, must enter college when he is prepared; and it may be the voice of duty that calls the village pastor from his quiet sphere. Only, until the right time comes, let each learn patience from remembering that there are some things he now has which he cannot take with him.

One of our brethren has recently well described the great change which has taken place in the ministerial relation, so far as it is connected with the constitution and laws of this Commonwealth. "The Voluntary System," whose history and results he so ably delineated,* has made the tenure of the pastoral office, in our smaller parishes, liable to be interrupted whenever a minority think fit to threaten the withdrawal of their support. Heaven forbid the inference that the safety of that office is to be found in coaxing minorities, or trying to make majorities larger! A parish is not worth keeping that cannot be kept by the simple course of doing one's duty to all, without asking who is friendly or who is not. But the question still remains, What the duty is, which is to be thus impartially performed?

The change in the law, however, is far from being the only cause of the present brevity of the ministerial relation. The law itself would not have been changed but for a change in popular feeling. The deep reverence for the clergy, the unmurmuring patience with which in former times parishioners listened or slept under ministrations however long and dull, has passed away. We would not have it return. Let the respectability and permanence of the clerical office rest, where they ought to rest, on the ability and moral worth of those

* See Christian Examiner, for March, Art. VI.

who hold it. The demand for pulpit eloquence, however, is scarcely reasonable. We are not all Starr Kings nor Beechers, and we cannot be; and it is not quite reasonable that a small country parish should be discontented because their minister does not possess talents which, if he had them, would have placed him in a different sphere. One cause of this unreasonable demand is the failure of many parishes to perceive or appreciate ministerial labor except in the services of the pulpit. I know no other way to meet it than calmly and consistently to do our best. If we cannot be Kings nor Beechers, we may bring to the pulpit well-studied sermons; if our people do not appreciate us in any character but that of pulpit orators, perhaps we may teach them a more excellent way by showing that we can be, in private intercourse, pleasant neighbors, judicious advisers, sympathizing friends, and leaders in the cause of charity and of public spirit.

While the demand of parishes for ability in the pulpit is higher than of old, their means of compensating it have in many instances relatively diminished. I will not dwell at length on the oft-told tale of the division of small towns into numerous parishes, and the diminution in the value of money. Enough that the state of the times is such as to make economy a sacred duty; that we may not dishonor our profession by incurring debts that we cannot pay; and that we may do our part, not only for the support of our families, but for charity, in some of the unnumbered forms in which its claims are now presented to us.

With regard to securing the necessary means of support, care should be taken at the outset to have a proper arrangement and a distinct understanding respecting it. In one case which I have known, a cause of separation between a minister and his parish was said to be that his salary had been fixed too high. The people voted it in the enthusiasm of his settlement, but afterwards there were murmurings at the burden it imposed, and these coming to the minister's ears, he sent in his resignation. In other instances, the case has been very different. A minister, in consideration of the feebleness of a parish, has accepted an inadequate salary at first, in hope

of better times in future. Those better times may have come to the parish, but they never came to the minister. In one such case, the pastor left at length, with health impaired by double labor, which had been necessary for his support. In another instance, the congregation increased, but could not see the propriety of altering the bargain that had once been made, and a separation was the result. To a young brother seeking a settlement, I would say, Ask no more than you ought to have; ask no more, nay, accept no more, than the people in proportion to their strength ought to pay. There may be circumstances that will induce you to take less than a living support. If you cannot work in your Master's cause without also working at tent-making, then work at tent-making, and rejoice that you have a share in the manly exultation of Paul. But count the cost at the outset, and do not expect that the business men with whom you are dealing will view their engagement with you in any but a business light. If you accept a settlement with the expectation of your salary being increased in future, let that expectation and its conditions be clearly understood and assented to by both parties, from the first. Accuracy in business arrangements, and plain English, employed in dealing with a parish committee at the outset, may prevent misunderstanding, unjust treatment, and the dissolution of the pastoral relation in after years.

But how shall the young minister, with a knowledge of books indeed, but not of men, avoid the practical errors that have led to those disappointments of which I have spoken? How shall he avoid practical errors on other subjects, in his intercourse with his people, where he needs the guidance, not only of Christian principle, but of the knowledge of mankind? It is strange and sad that, in our important and difficult profession, the young man who enters it has no practical training. I doubt if there is another occupation among men in which there is no apprenticeship, no gradation of trusts; but the youth who has studied his work in theory alone is at once placed in the highest and most responsible position. We did not, in the late war, take the graduates of West Point and place them immediately in command of regiments

The young lawyer comes into practice gradually; the young physician walks the hospitals, attends clinical lectures, and probably associates himself with some older practitioner; the minister alone steps from the door of the professional school into his important charge, — a charge in which his every action and word are subject to the observation of hundreds, and in which not his own reputation alone, but the honor of the great cause he represents, may suffer from his deficiency in duty, or even from the innocent error of his inexperience. When I think of this, I no longer wonder that we have a changing ministry. My wonder is that the changes are not more frequent; that so many of us, who went into our first parishes thus practically unprepared, succeeded in remaining in them more than a single year. It must be because Divine Providence guards those who trust in it, and because it has given to our parishes, imperfect as they are in some respects, a most gentle consideration for the involuntary mistakes of youth.

The want of practical training of which I speak is a trait of our recent Unitarian Congregationalism. The Congregational system, among the early generations of New England, was not justly chargeable with it. Our customs differ from theirs in two respects. One is, that then the candidate for the ministry was prepared for his office under the roof of some clergyman, whose intercourse with his parishioners and others he had an opportunity of observing; whom he accompanied in his visits to the house of sickness and to that of mourning, and by whose experience his own first attempts were directed. This system came to an end with the establishment of Theological Schools, and, like many excellent things, its value was not discerned but by its being missed. I am happy to find that in the new "Boston School for the Ministry" this deficiency is supplied. The wise judgment which has introduced this feature into the plan of that institution may well be trusted to meet its obvious difficulties, and may even, while bringing into the field those new laborers who are so much wanted, contribute, by setting the example of practical training, to elevate, rather than lower, the standard of preparation for the ministry.

The other point in which the customs of our fathers differed from our own is in the frequency among them of an associate ministry. Sometimes two clergymen were settled together, the one having the title of pastor, the other that of teacher. More frequently, as the clergyman who for years had held the entire charge became advanced in life, a young man was associated with him as colleague, who, having at first the benefit of the elder's experience to guide him, should gradually assume more and more of the labor, while the senior pastor, relieved from burdensome duty, spent the evening of his days in well-earned rest. The relation between the two was in many instances, probably in most, a happy one, the younger rendering to the elder something of filial reverence, while the elder in turn watched his unfolding promise and increasing usefulness with something of paternal love and pride. Undoubtedly there were cases where the feeling was very different. Every relation in life has its trials, and a domineering spirit on the one side, or presumption and obstinacy on the other, would embitter this connection, as it would any. But it would be a libel on the profession to say that while nothing is more common than partnerships among merchants, lawyers, and physicians, two clergymen cannot be associated together without misunderstanding.

It may be thought that it is too late to hope for a return to this good old practice. I rather trust that it is only too early to look for it; that with the increase of population our parishes will no longer feel that the support of a double ministry is beyond their power; and that young men entering the profession will realize the advantage of a gradual introduction to its labors, and of the counsel of experience in their performance. Meantime, and at all times, the young minister, if deficient in knowledge of the world, will find its place best supplied by cherishing a reverent and conscientious, yet cheerful and trustful spirit.

In close connection with that of which I have last spoken, comes the next cause to be named for the frequent dissolution of the pastoral engagement. How often do we witness, within two or three years from the settlement of a young minister

under the happiest auspices, that his cheek loses its bloom, his step its elasticity, and he is obliged to seek relief from the weight of labor under which his strength has given way! There is no profession, no occupation, probably, of whatever kind, in which the burden comes so heavily at first as in ours; and this from the cause already suggested, that there is no period of apprenticeship, no gradual introduction to its duties. The young minister, to whom the composition of sermons has not yet become easy by habit, and with no stock of previously written discourses to afford occasional relief, enters upon his charge, full of zeal, and stimulated to intense exertion by the warm welcome which has greeted him, and the popularity which comes in such fascinating contrast to the seclusion of his previous student-life. Fond of society and of miscellaneous reading, or more nobly anxious to do his duty as a parish minister, he finds many things to interfere with his preparation for the pulpit. Perhaps he makes the discovery that his most successful efforts are those that are struck off at a heat, — the discourse that is written under the spur of necessity having most of the dash and sparkle that give their charm to extemporaneous speaking. And thus he is encouraged to postpone the proper intellectual labor of the week to the week's last hours. Saturday, with the night that follows it, and Sunday before and between the services, are occupied with the intense excitement of hurried composition, and this only gives place to the excitement of preaching what has thus been prepared. Then follows prostration; but the vigor of youth returns sufficiently to undertake, by the end of another week, the same dangerous course, till at length even the strength of youth gives way, and the minister retires from his first field of labor with broken health, which rest may indeed restore, but not without leaving deep marks upon his constitution, of the effects of over-work, imprudence, and want of system.

If these evils may not be obviated with us by a return to the system of our fathers, there at least remains to us the resource of the methodical arrangement of time, the avoidance of procrastination, and the distinct recognition of the truth

that the care of health is a sacred duty. We are not our own. Not more truly, indeed, than those of other professions, but more avowedly, we belong to God and to our race, and when by careless rashness we throw away our health, we defraud our fellow-men and rob God's altar. We may admit that it is better to wear out than to rust out; but the true course of duty is to keep the instrument God has intrusted to us ever busily employed, but ever cautiously handled, bright and keen and strong, until its great Bestower shall demand it at our hands.

Such conscientious care will equally avoid the next cause I have to mention as leading at times to the separation of minister and people, — the want of intellectual growth. One of our great dangers is from the spirit of routine. A man may preach respectable sermons, and a sufficient number of them new, — that is, with new texts and fresh paper and ink, — and yet fail of giving new thoughts or illustrations, and his five hundredth discourse be much the same as his fiftieth. He may make the same prayer year after year, for it is not only the prayers in books that are stereotyped. He may visit the sick, and say the same things at every bedside. What he says, in public and in private, may be good and true, but its constant repetition will be tiresome. I know the precedent of St. John at Ephesus, with his one exhortation, "Little children, love one another." But that sermon was excellent; it was short; the preacher was a great man, an apostle; and yet, with all this, the Ephesians got tired of it. We must seek variety, and that must be attained by growth; and growth must be gained by study; study of books, study of men, and reverent study of our own duty and our Master's will.

Shall I name ministerial faithfulness among the causes of separation? It has its place among them, and the noblest place. "The disciple is not above his Master," and if the words of Christ himself did not find favor, we cannot expect that it will always be granted to ours, though uttered in his spirit. Here, a leading parishioner is offended by the pungent application of some rule of Scripture morality which he is

conscious of violating; there, by the minister's faithfulness to his duty as a member of the school-committee; in another instance, by his independent exercise of the right of voting, or the moderate and proper expression of his opinion on some topic of national interest or of moral reform. It is not always, however, even when causes like these lead to a separation, that the fault is all on one side; and as we are ministers, talking together about ministers' duties, it is of more importance to us to look at our own possible faults than at those of our parishioners. A minister may take the right stand, and yet not maintain it in the right spirit. He may, in bringing his offering to some righteous cause, unconsciously drop a few grains of incense on the altar of passion or of pride. Unpopularity is not, any more than popularity, a sure standard of ministerial fidelity; nor is every man who gives offence to his people necessarily an innocent sufferer, a holy martyr. So, brethren, when we think,— yes, when we *know* that our people are to blame, let us ask ourselves whether some portion of the fault be not on our own side also. If the inquiry should result in the conviction that we ourselves have been partly in error, our candid acknowledgment of that truth will do more than anything else could to rectify the error upon the other side.

And if cases should arise, as undoubtedly they have arisen, of groundless objection, unkind misjudgment, or wilful misrepresentation; if this man, whom we had expected to find a true religious friend, proves to be a selfish worldling; if, in another instance, our devoted kindness meets no return but ingratitude, — still let us not too hastily withdraw from the post where God's providence has placed us. Disappointments such as these there will be; we may count upon them as part of the discipline wherewith God tries his ministering servants. We must meet them bravely and endure them patiently, at least for a time. There is a point beyond which they must not be borne; yet the firm and faithful spirit will not anticipate that point, but reverently wait till Providence shall make it clear.

Some of you remember, brethren, a book which appeared

some fifteen years since, under the title of "The Shady Side." It was a doleful book, but written with not a little power. True to its name, it exhibited but one side, and that the shaded one. There was nothing in it that was not, or might not be, true, of the trials of the minister's lot; the fault of the book was that the pleasures and comforts of that lot were left out. In reading it, however, it is noticeable that the hero of the story owed his long series of failures and disappointments partly to his own weakness, his want of that quality which is best known by the short Saxon name of pluck, — not a virtue, indeed, but almost as indispensable as if it were. He was settled in a position of competence and usefulness. Among his many friends, there was one with whom he became connected in familiar intercourse, refined and hallowed by the memory of the loved and lost. This friend, on some misunderstanding, forsook him and turned against him. The poor minister felt so deeply the unfaithfulness and the ingratitude that the whole place was saddened to him. For that one disappointment he withdrew from his charge, — withdrew to become a wanderer, for no other home ever offered to him the attractions of that which he had left. Let us not yield too quickly to discouragement. It may not be well, indeed, when opposition rages, to stay and *fight* it out; but if we can stay and *bear* it out, overcome hostility by patience, and live down unjust reproach, we may, perchance, not only earn for ourselves a tranquil and honored future, but prevent the parish from being rent to pieces by a fierce contest between our friends and our opponents.

We are encouraged to hope that, for some years to come, difference of political opinion will not be so frequent a cause for the dissolution of the tie between pastor and people as it was during the great excitement of that contest which at length culminated in the war. We are not dissatisfied with our record during that period. The cause of freedom was upheld, and the rights of the pulpit maintained, not without exposure to reproach and loss. Now that the great national emergency has passed by, we turn with a feeling of relief from questions of a political character to the common duties of life, and the eternal realities of faith; while our advocacy

of freedom lays aside the language of controversy, and takes the gentler tone of pleading for the relief of the suffering and the education of the ignorant. Yet, should it again be needed that, for some great cause, we should risk that popularity which we prize as a means of usefulness; should the interests of our country or of humanity demand that we speak truths unwelcome to those in power, or to the people who place them there, may the trial be met with firmness and with dignity. Not for the sake of party, but of truth; not in the spirit of the demagogue, but of the Christian patriot, let us utter our manly word, as did the early occupants of the New England pulpits, the clergy of the Revolutionary time, and, in our own day, the confessor, Pierpoint, and the martyr, Fuller

As the last-named cause of separation has diminished in its influence, another has come into greater prominence than ever before. That difference with regard to the foundations of religious belief, which had been more and more observable among us for thirty years, has extended itself until it has threatened the division of our body; and if that result can yet be avoided, it must be by the exercise of prudence and moderation, in rare but not impossible union with manliness and truth.

In the few words which time permits me to devote to this important branch of my subject, I shall speak as a Conservative Unitarian. But I mean by that expression, not conservative of doctrine alone, but conservative also of those principles which our early leaders held even dearer than the peculiar doctrines of their sect, — the principles of thorough scholarly research, — of freedom in the formation, and truth in the expression, of religious opinions, — and of charity and candor in regard to those who differ from us. I would take that motto, which the only one now surviving of my professional instructors quoted in his great work on the Old Testament, and which he has maintained through all his varied and honored course, as theologian, statesman, and historian: —

> "Before thy sacred altar, heavenly Truth!
> I bow in age, as erst I bowed in youth.
> Still let me bow, till this weak frame decay,
> And my last hour be lighted by thy ray."*

* See Dr. Palfrey's "Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities," Preface to Vol. III., page xx.

To the young man, then, who is preparing for the ministry, or to him who, already engaged in its sacred duties, is harassed with doubt, the chief counsel that I have to give is in these two words, BE TRUE.

Be true to the duty of a thorough, independent, yet reverent and cautious student. The questions now at issue are not to be set aside as unimportant, not to be settled by a languid acquiescence in what those around us happen to think, or by anything so fluctuating as what we call the spirit of the age. If you have doubts that affect alike the doctrines you preach and the duties you owe, do not stifle them, as if doubt were a sin; do not yield to them at once, as if every doubt were a certainty; but meet them manfully, with the patience and impartiality of a true student, and with devout reliance on the guidance of the God of truth.

If, after thorough examination, those doubts remain unconquered or be changed into certainty, then let your own conscience be interrogated to settle the question, whether they extend so far that you ought to enter the Christian ministry, or, having entered, whether you ought to remain in it. No one else can settle that question for you. We have no ecclesiastical court to examine your faith and pronounce if it is sufficient or not. It rests with your own conscience, under the holy guidance of truth and honor. If at their prompting you withdraw from us, you will still be near to us in our respect and kind regard. Honor to our brother, — brother in manly feeling, though no longer brother in the ministry, — who has of late resigned his office, and renounced the Christian name. Dear as we hold that name, our love for it does not forbid us to do justice to the brave and true man, who acts out his conscientious thought, though its utterance may involve reproach and loss.

The churches of the land are Christian churches; their pulpits are Christian pulpits; the Christian Scriptures are read in them, and prayers are offered to the Christians' God. Do you ask me what that word Christian means? I will not undertake to define it for you, nor to judge whether your faith comes up to it. That is for you to do; and you can take for your

guide the etymology of the word, its common usage, the analogy of other religious names, or any other means of decision which appears to you to be right. Only judge conscientiously for yourself what Christianity is; then, if you believe in it, preach it; and if not, withdraw from its ministry.

If seeking a settlement, be true and open. Let there be no doubt as to what you believe or disbelieve; and if on any point your mind is not settled, let that also be stated. I know that this has been done in many instances, worthy of all honor, where the result was disappointment not only to the manly candidate, but to the congregation. Better such disappointment than a union formed without proper knowledge of each other. Such information is best given, not from the pulpit, where it is often not understood, but by free and full conversation with the leading members of the parish.

If the inquirer feels that, though rejecting much that the last generation among us retained, he can still hold with truth the name of a Christian believer and the office of the Christian ministry, he has then a duty of no small difficulty before him. He must be true; there must be no concealment of the results that he has reached; yet he must be cautious that he place no stumbling-block in the way of the weak, nor needlessly wound the feelings of those whose views are different from his own. To instruct, but not to dogmatize, to remove what he thinks erroneous opinions, yet not to touch with irreverent hand the everlasting truth, let this be his effort. The words of Christ himself at once point out and encourage his course of action: "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself."

Thus, brethren, I have surveyed the different causes which have occurred to me, as accounting for the many instances that take place of the separation of minister and people. These causes, so far as they exist on our own part, we should endeavor to obviate, where we can with fidelity to conscience and to God. We should do this for our own interest and comfort, and not for that alone. It is sad to break up old ties, to have no certain resting-place, no fixed home. It is sad, as

it isstra nge and confusing to take up again, late in life, the occupation of a candidate, combining the solemn duty of a religious teacher with the position of a seeker for popular favor; and having the thought intrude into the most sacred services, how they will be approved, not by the God to whom they are offered, but by the congregation who hear them. But there are yet sadder things than these. To bring division into a parish is a sadder thing; to turn off the attention of the people from the great truths of religion, the holy duties of life, the divine work of charity, and let it all be engrossed by strife and party spirit; to leave behind us, not the grateful appreciation of a united flock, but angry opponents and equally angry defenders, while we know that years must pass before the evil passions thus excited shall be allayed, and our successors be in as good a position for usefulness as we lately were. Oh, my friends, this should be sadder to us than any personal reproach or loss. Let us guard, then, against unnecessary removals, against undue impatience, and readiness to receive discouragement or offence. Let us guard against giving, by rashness or neglect, just cause of offence to the people of our charge. It would be base to flatter or fawn upon them, but it is criminal to neglect the duty we owe them, or to place in their way the temptation to do wrong.

And striving thus to do our duty, let us trust in God. Events are in his sacred hands. If it is at his call, let us be willing to give up home and friends, and wander forth as Abraham did of old, "not knowing whither he went." If such be his will, let us take comfort in the thought that our removal cannot undo the good we may have been his instruments to accomplish, nor obliterate the impression which our service, if faithfully rendered, has made on many a heart. And if we cannot have on earth the testimony of a long continued and steadily successful ministry, in the same familiar church and the same peaceful home, yet when we pass to our final account it may be that from many a scene of our former labors kind thoughts shall follow us, and those whom we have led to righteousness shall bear witness for us before the throne of the All-just and the All-merciful.

MY BOOKS.

Companions of those peaceful, quiet hours,
Sacred to holy thought and prayerful rest,
When the faint soul renews her wasted powers,
And seeks communion with the purest, best,

Precious your greeting to my yearning heart,
As from the colder life without it turns
To feel the spirit-warmth your words impart,
And bow where love divine sweet incense burns.

Then, the great struggling world, with all its care,
Its trial deeps, its pathway strewn with thorns,
Is shadowed ; while the world of mind we share,
Before the inner vision brightly dawns.

Your voices whisper of the presence near
Of souls, whose thoughts upon your pages glow,
Unknown in earth-form, yet forever dear,
Most loved of all who bless this life below.

Too brief the moments when such raptures stream
Around me, — foregleams of the joys to come ;
Yet true their memory as the far-off dream,
Whose music lingers round my childhood's home.

Tear-stained and grief-worn though your leaves may be,
No gems or gold can with their worth compare.
Time's changes will not change your ministry,
My friends, my angel-teachers, everywhere.

Mary A. Whitaker.

Chicago, July, 1868.

Greatness is to goodness what gravel is to porphyry : the one is a movable accumulation swept along the surface of the earth ; the other stands fixed and solid and alone after the violence of war and the tempest, above all that is residious in a wasted world. Little men build up great ones, but the snow colossus soon melts ; the good stand under the eye of God, and therefore stand. Landor.

SIX MONTHS IN WASHINGTON.

BY R. P. STEBBINS, D. D.

THE capital of the nation is a dull place enough, except when Congress is in session, and for good reason. There is no manufacturing, or any other business, there to attract population, and awaken interest. The city lives on the Government. The stores are dependent on employees of the Government for their customers, and the owners of real estate depend on them for rents. A few capitalists, who have made their fortunes by Government contracts, have taken up their residence here with the original inhabitants. Were the Government to remove the capital to some other place, Washington would of necessity become another Annapolis. As things now are, some of the best society, and most enterprising men are to be found in the city. It has increased very much since the war, and it was very much improved during the war; but as the number of the population depends upon the amount of Government business, there will be a falling off as the accumulation of accounts caused by the war is cleared away in the various departments of the Government, especially in the war and treasury departments. Clerks are now dismissed by hundreds; and when the clerical force is reduced to its usual number before the war, rents must be much lower in the city, and not a few tenements will stand empty. Now, rents are enormous, especially during the session of Congress, when the city is crowded with claimants and contractors and lobbyists of all kinds, and with office-seekers all the way from Eastport to Astoria and Sitka. A single room of moderate dimensions will rent for forty dollars a month; a suite of rooms — parlor, office, bedroom — on one floor, or flat, for one hundred dollars a month. These rooms are ready furnished and taken care of by the landlord. When Congress is not in session, and the crowd gone, rooms can be obtained at a reasonable rate. Board is not as high, relatively, as rent. Good board can be obtained for from twenty to thirty dollars a month. Four ways of living are adopted here as persons choose.

They may rent rooms and board under the same roof, or they may go out to some boarding-house or hotel, and get their meals, or they may take them at some refectory, or have them sent to their rooms. Either of these ways is entirely respectable. Or, if a man has his family with him, his wife or daughter may prepare breakfast and lunch, and they go out only to dinner. Indeed, one of the excellencies of Washington life is that persons may live as they please. There are no spies looking into your affairs, and no gossips blurting your diet-bill into itching ears all over the city. Unless some most obvious eccentricity signalizes one's way of living, he is free to go on in his chosen method unnoticed.

Boarding-houses and hotels and refectories are of necessity very numerous in the city; and they are of every grade, from Willard's Caravansary, on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the rush and roar of the guests is like that of the sea, to the miserable shanty, half whitewashed, in an obscure lane; from the rickety wooden shed, placarded "Cheap Board and Lodgings," to the palatial freestone front, where greater wealth and greater sinners are entertained and depleted.

With few exceptions, the public buildings are the only ones which attract attention; and of these, the Capitol is the only one whose situation is not worse than a blunder. Possibly the "White House" may be excepted; but covered as that is from sight, as the stranger passes down the avenue, by the half-seen front of the Treasury Building, it can hardly be excepted from the general criticism. The Patent Office, the Post Office, the Treasury Building, are covered up by surrounding city dwellings and stores and hotels, so that one must hunt them up with a good deal of trouble; and when they are found, there is no place in the street where one can get a good view of them. Relatively they are more covered in than the City Hall and Court House of Boston. There seems to have been utter blindness on the part of the original locators of the public buildings; and, having commenced wrong, they have gone on from bad to worse. The Smithsonian is away half a mile or more in one direction, on the island, and the new Agricultural Building half a mile from

that in another part of the island. It is a mile and a half from the steps of the Capitol to those of the White House. Half way between, and a third of a mile from the avenue, are the Post Office and Patent Office, occupying two squares. Near the White House is the Treasury Building, and beyond it the War and Navy Offices. The State Department is a mile in another direction; so that one need to live as long as the antediluvians, and have the power of endurance of a prize-fighter, to do any business with the different departments of the Government. During the war, however, horse-railroads were built; and now there are much greater facilities for reaching different parts of the city. There is no possible way now to remedy this unpardonable blunder in locating the public buildings. The whole of Capitol Hill should have been reserved for them; and there they should have been arranged around a square, or parallelogram of three or four miles in circumference. They would then have made a display second to none in the world. But now they are entirely obscured, save the Capitol. The Treasury is a noble building, but its situation is execrable. It looks as if it had been borne up the valley on the wave of some preadamic flood, and plunged into the hill, from which it had been dug out, — thirty feet of it being now below the level of the surface of the ground, on the upper side. The Capitol is noble for situation as well as for structure. It is worthy the nation. It is nearly fifty rods long and twenty rods wide. The Senate Chamber is in the north end, or "wing," and the Representatives' in the south. These are so connected by the passage-way through the whole length of the Capitol, that the Vice-President, sitting in his chair as presiding officer of the Senate, can see the Speaker of the House, sitting in his chair, a distance of an eighth of a mile. In passing from the House to the Senate, you go through the old hall of the House of Representatives, now devoted to the exhibition of statuary; through the rotunda, under the dome, past the old Senate Chamber, now occupied by the Supreme Court, and through a corridor to the door of the Senate, a long walk, and during the hours of the session, usually thronged. The painted can-

opy, over the rotunda is grand. It is one hundred and eighty feet above you, and sixty feet in diameter. The height of the dome is nearly three hundred feet. Crawford's statue of Liberty, which crowns it, is twenty feet high, and weighs over seven tons. It was a sad mistake, the suggestion, or rather command, of Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, that the liberty cap was exchanged for a part of an eagle perched on the head of Liberty. From many points of view in the city, it looks precisely as if she was carrying a sun-umbrella; from other points it does not look like anything, which is far better; and not one person in a thousand can guess what it is, standing on the ground, and not using a glass. The first thing done by the committee on public buildings should be to take the deformity off from the head of Liberty, and leave her in her native glory, without an umbrella over her head.

Probably no session of Congress held since that of 1860-61 has been more interesting and exciting than the one which has just taken a recess. Besides the "Impeachment Trial," questions of tremendous interest have been before Congress for discussion and decision. The whole city has been boiling with excitement during the whole session, and sometimes all ablaze. One week, unreconstructed secessionists would flood the city from all parts of the South; and the next, the tide would recede, and not one would be seen on the avenue; and the week after would bring hosts of impoverished, persecuted Union men from every seceding State, imploring protection and stringent legislation, as light and darkness come and go while day is struggling through the morning clouds.

I reached the city to be present at the opening of the great debate in the Senate on "Reconstruction," in January, opened by Doolittle of Wisconsin, one of the Republicans who went off in the defection of 1866, with the Philadelphia convention, — the convention of silence. He was followed day after day by such men as Morton of Indiana, — whose speech Reverdy Johnson characterized as worthy of the days of Webster, Calhoun, and Clay, — Trumbull, Hendricks, Nye, Bukalew, Morrill of Maine, Patterson of N. H., Edmunds, Sherman,

Williams, Johnson, and others, all very able men, and some of them eloquent orators. Other senators equally able were silent. It was a great debate, and listened to by full galleries. In the Senate there is no "previous question," and debates run on interminably. It is considered discourteous, unsenatorial, to press a vote if any honorable senator signifies his desire to speak. The House is a much larger body than the Senate; and there is a great deal of confusion, so that a spectator can hardly tell at times what is going on. The members who are interested in the measure before the House huddle together, and are all talking aloud to each other about the course of the business, or how the vote had better be taken, till confusion becomes worse confounded, and with a rap of his gavel, the Speaker orders the members to their seats. They reluctantly scatter, but in five minutes will be in a huddle again, — that is, that part of them who are specially interested in the business in hand. Hence the need of what are called caucuses, in which business can be arranged so that every member will not attempt to press his measure at the same time. Still, there is often a scramble for the floor, and warm efforts to get one's measure in before another's. The Speaker, Mr. Colfax, is prompt to decide all questions, not an instant being lost; and he is of the most imperturable good-nature, even when his decisions are criticised by some of the Democrats, of whom Eldridge of Wisconsin seemed to be chief in that line. An outsider would judge that more order should be preserved in the Hall, less talking and walking permitted. Indeed, if the desks were taken away, and the members were compelled to attend solely to what was going on in the House, much time would be saved, and the business be done more understandingly. Now, members are writing, reading newspapers, talking with each other, or out in the anterooms, so that very often when a vote is to be taken, members rise to ask what it is about, or ask for a reading of the motion or resolution, which has already been read or stated two or three times for the special benefit of these members, and thus prolong business, and make it intensely wearisome to those who do attend to what is passing. Many of the methods of pro-

ceeding have come down from past centuries, and should no more be continued or endured than the ploughs and ships of our ancestors. The "reading of a bill," by the clerk, to men who pay no attention to it, or more likely to empty seats, when every man has a printed copy on his desk, is more than ridiculous. The custom originated when men could not read, and before printing was invented. Then laborious copying was saved, and would have been useless if made. So of many other "rules of the House." They are all moss-covered and musty. Two advantages the House has which the Senate has not, namely, that of the "previous question," and the limitation of a speech to one hour, unless by special permission.

The "Impeachment Trial" was the great event of the session, however, and drew thousands of strangers to the city. The trial failed because it faltered; for no other reason. Time was foolishly given for corruption, and it was used. If the "managers" had not desired to make speeches beyond the original regulations, thus giving the counsel for the President opportunity to speechify also, two weeks would have been saved, and the President convicted. The lawyer's delay was the President's deliverance. Perhaps it was well; we shall see. It was well, certainly, for the hotels and restaurants and boarding-houses and railroads; for people would flock to the city by thousands, though but one thousand could, by any possibility, get into the gallery of the Senate. It was packed most of the time. I saw but one man terribly mad, and that, I am sorry to say, was the Chief Justice, who boiled over at a little clapping in one part of the gallery at the conclusion of Mr. Bingham's address. It was evident enough through the whole trial that the Chief Justice was very much vexed at something. He was ill at ease, and especially so when the managers made a good point, or Mr. Butler got one of the President's satellites in a tight place in cross-examination. He did not like to have the managers address him as "president;" he always spoke of himself, and the President's counsel addressed him, as "Chief Justice." Some of the senators held that the Senate was sitting as a *court;* others

that it was still a senate, and not to be governed by the technical rules of a court of law. Of the former were Fessenden, Trumbull, Grimes, Van Winkle, and others of the Republicans, with whom all the Democrats and the President's counsel and the Chief Justice agreed. The whole thing was decidedly "mixed." It was made clear that the safety of this nation is to be found in the integrity and intelligence of the twenty millions of its patriotic citizens, not elsewhere. It was very interesting to learn that men who had made a law did not agree in their opinion of its meaning, when called to interpret it. Seven lawyers put their legal heads together to draw up articles of impeachment, and had the criticisms of forty others on their work, many of them having been judges of courts, and yet when the test came, it was found that there were gaps of accuracy and definiteness so great that the President walked right through without stooping or tripping; proving that a page cannot be written which does not admit of, at least, two interpretations, perhaps a dozen.

The impeachment over, the next great act in the drama was the nominating conventions. The one in Chicago to confirm the nomination made by the people; the one in New York to see if any nomination could be made. The notable thing about the latter was that the man who *would not* be nominated was nominated by acclamation, and the man who *sacrificed everything to be nominated* would have got but half a vote had not Massachusetts had pity and given him four.

> "Walk backward with averted face,
> And hide the shame!"

Must a confiding people be betrayed forever? Beware, lest they rise in their indignation, and cast their betrayers into the potter's field!

Of the modest, retired, unassuming men, which one may chance to meet in Washington, General Grant is the chief He hates parade, as he hates hypocricy. He loves frankness, as he loves life. He is too indifferent about his ordinary dress and appearance; a little more regard to his attire would be better. In any gathering of a hundred men, he would be the last

who would be selected by a stranger as the favorite of a nation, the great captain of the age. He is easy in his manners, and ready and free in conversation. His voice is very pleasant, and his language good. He indulges in no extravagant or strong expressions. When anything is said complimentary of himself, he is silent — entirely silent; he has not even a "Thank ye," to give in response, which makes one feel rather awkward. Whether he so detests compliments, however discreetly worded and heartily spoken, that he will not respond, or whether his modesty paralyzes his tongue, is not clear. He evidently has no fund of small talk. His conversation, when I saw him in his library at his house, was full of sound sense and free from all exaggeration. It was marked by a freeness of criticism on men and measures which I did not expect from one of whose reticence I had heard so much. Yet there was no bitterness of feeling manifested when he spoke of those who had wronged him most. He even made excuses for the course of one eminent man who has been his most active opponent, and whose friends, with or without his knowledge and approval, had circulated the basest slanders about the General throughout the country. He is evidently a man of sound, practical judgment; not a visionary; not given even to theorizing. He has no theories. It was evident that all his ideas had been tested by practice. I was happily disappointed by my interview with him. I had had my fears respecting his qualification for civil life, though his wise administration of affairs during the year in the seceding States, had compelled me to modify my opinion. I left him with confidence that he would as president eclipse his fame as general. Thousands of stories have been circulated through the country respecting his private habits, which are utterly false. Whatever may have been true at some period of his past life, — of that I know nothing, — his life is now irreproachable. His speech is free from the expletives which so dishonor many of our public men. His inveterate smoking is his only bad habit. It is to be hoped that he will restrain, or abandon utterly, this. But of all the bad habits in which a public or private man may indulge in Washington,

this is the least harmful. No one, after an interview with the general, will have any fear that he will be bought or sold, wheedled or driven. Integrity and good sense are Grant's prime virtues; neither bribery or sophistry can "flank" these. He is a rock which the wave of opposition and the sunshine of favor can neither move nor melt. If he is chosen president, he will honor the chair of State by filling it with integrity, if not with grace.

No one can spend six months in Washington without visiting Mt. Vernon, where the ashes of the Father of his Country repose, and Arlington, where are gathered the ashes of its defenders. The estate at Mt. Vernon is owned by an association of ladies, of which Miss Pamelia Cunningham is president. One hundred thousand dollars, more or less, of the purchase-money was raised by Edward Everett, from his lecture on Washington. The estate was neutral ground during the war, though the rebels never suceeded in getting very near it. It is in a pitiable condition, showing that Miss Cunningham has no ability, or no disposition to take care of it. She resides on the estate, and what is worse, *in the mansion itself!* And fewer rooms are open now to visitors than were open when I visited it twenty-six years ago, in the time of John A. Washington. It is simply an insult to the memory of Washington, and a shame to the nation, that the estate should be so mismanaged, and by rebel spirits, too. Everything is in the most slovenly, tumble-down condition imaginable. Application was made to the Senate for ten thousand dollars to fit up the estate; and after reducing the sum to seven thousand, and ordering it to be expended under the direction of the Superintendent of Public Buildings, the appropriation was passed in the Senate; I do not know that it passed the House. The only lobbying I attempted was that of endeavoring to prevent the passage of that bill. Not one cent ought to be given by Congress to that association under its present management, nor under any management while Miss Cunningham and her retinue occupy the mansion. It is the merest impertinence for her, or any one else, to dwell under that roof. The mansion should be all

open to our countrymen who visit that hallowed ground. One of the adjoining houses is suitable for the keeper, or could be easily made so; and an enterprising man would easily support his family from the estate; and the bonus, now paid for his fare on the steamer by every visitor, of fifty cents, would be amply sufficient, with the sale of flowers, to keep the estate in the best order, and pay the superintendent a good salary. Miss Pamelia Cunningham and household need not be supported on the estate and from it, and occupy three-fourths of the mansion. Even Washington's library-room was closed. It is evident that the people who have the care of the estate do not know what fitness and neatness are. The main path from the front-door to the spring-house in the woods, is all grown over with grass; and the ground before the mansion is no longer a shaven lawn like velvet, but a meadow mown to get hay for the asses and mules! Heaven defend us, if *this* is preserving and making sacred the estate at Mt. Vernon! Shade of Edward Everett!

The estate at Arlington, across the Potomac from Washington, was the property of the rebel general, Lee. It was confiscated, and the mansion and the grounds adjoining it are now consecrated as a cemetery for those who fell in the great Rebellion, defending what Washington and his compeers gained. The mansion is deserted, only the kitchen being occupied by the servants. Sixteen thousand Union soldiers are buried here, and bodies are still being removed here from other places. One large tomb contains the imperfect relics of two thousand one hundred and eleven unknown bodies. One of the most touching parts of the ceremony of scattering flowers on the graves of the soldiers, the 30th day of last May, was the circling march of seventy-five orphan children of soldiers round this tomb, and throwing into its open door each a bunch of flowers, singing, at the same time, a most touching hymn. It is said that Lee's daughters, in disguise, have visited the place, and that, on leaving, they told an old servant they intended to have it again. Could they live amidst those twenty thousand graves? If they could, we have judged rebel hearts all too mercifully. The view from

the portico of the mansion is enchanting. The meadows, the Potomac for twenty miles, Georgetown and Washington, the White House, the Capitol, the hills beyond, make one of the finest panoramas the eye can desire. It is a most worthy resting-place of the patriot dead, guarding in their graves the capital they died in defending.

" When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

* * * * * *

There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there."

The cordon of forts which extended around the city in a circle of thirty miles is dismantled, with but two exceptions where stores have been collected, and are now guarded by troops. Some of these forts were so strongly built that they will not entirely disappear for generations, — memorials of the gigantic civil war into which the nation was plunged by ambitious politicians, and a defiant oligarchy. Nor are the causes of that war yet removed. Bullets and shells could destroy only the bodies of men; their ideas, their habits, their passions all remain, in many instances tenfold inflamed and confirmed by the ravages and ferocities of war. The great victory is yet to be gained, the mightiest conquest is yet to be made, — the victory of ideas, the conquest of intelligence over ignorance, the transformaton of enemies into friends; all this is *yet to be done*. The spelling-book must follow the sword; the golden rule, the line of battle. One generation must pass away before the olive can flourish in the South. Nothing but Christian principle and decision will finish the work which the sword has begun. Time will be one of the most powerful elements in the reconstruction of the South. The prejudice against the North is fearful. The contempt which w.. cherished before the war has changed into the

most concentrated hatred since the war. Pride, in its fall, curdled into revenge. Yet there is an element in the Southern population which will be its redemption. It will at last leaven the whole mass. The worst element at the South, and the one which will be the greatest hindrance to real reconstruction, is the demoralized Northerner. The old families of the South, however their ideas may differ from ours, or from truth, have some noble traits, something which you respect and are attracted by. But a demoralized Northerner, who has sold his principles for pottage, and goes cringing and fawning that he may win a place in society, and who defames the institutions which have made him all he is, and which alone can make man entirely noble anywhere, is the meanest and most despicable of mankind. It is this class of men and women, who have sold themselves to all that is base in Southern institutions and ideas, without accepting any of the really admirable traits which the original inhabitants possess, who are to work, and who are working, infinite mischief in the South. The Southerners despise them while they use them; and a Northerner loathes them when he learns their unfilialness. They must despise themselves, unless all noble aspirations and memories are blotted out forever. Whatever else may befall our beloved country, God forbid that it fall into the hands of demoralized Northerners!

The impending presidential campaign is one of deepest interest. On its issue depends the liberties of the people, else the prophet's prophecy lies, and the signs are falsehoods. As in 1860, war is threatened, and by the same men as then, unless their party prevails. Eight years of blood and desolation have taught them nothing. In the midst of the thunder of cannon and the clash of sabres they have learned nothing. Let every lover of his country, of Christian civilization, lift up his voice, and cast his ballot for righteousness, through which alone peace can come.

"It is not worth while to burden ourselves with the faults and errors of the past, if we are steadily moving away from them." — *Studies in Religion.*

THE WORD OF GOD.

BY REV. W. P. TILDEN.

AT the annual meeting of the Bible Society, during anniversary week, one of the speakers, in an earnest plea for a wider diffusion of the Scriptures, urged the Society to renewed fidelity, by saying that it was called to circulate "*the only word that God had ever spoken, and the only word he ever would speak.*" The remark was evidently made from sincere conviction, with profound reverence for the Bible, and with entire unconsciousness of any irreverence towards God.

It starts the question, what is "the word of God?" Perhaps the ready answer from most persons would be, "It is the Bible." We are so accustomed to hear that precious book spoken of as the "*Word of God*," that the phrase, to most persons, probably suggests that, and only that. But it is plain that the Bible itself presents another and far deeper meaning to the phrase. The common New Testament term for denoting the sacred books is "Scripture," or "Scriptures." "This day is this *Scripture* fulfilled in your ears." "Search the *Scriptures*." "Have ye not read this *Scripture?*" "No Scripture is of private interpretation," etc. There are nearly forty places in the New Testament where the sacred writings are referred to in this way. But the phrase, "word of God," though seeming, in a few instances, to denote the written Scriptures, is used almost uniformly to denote, not any sacred writing, but the source from which all sacred writings and sacred things flow. When the "word of the Lord" came to Isaiah, in vision or in voice, bidding him utter his sublime message of warning against sin, and encouragement to fidelity, it was not, of course any recorded word in the ark of the covenant that came, but a direct communication of the divine mind. "The word of the Lord" was the will of the Lord laid open to his spiritual perceptions. That common prophetic announcement, repeated over and over again, from Isaiah to Malachi, "The word of the Lord came to me, saying," plainly tells, not

of any word that had been spoken and recorded by another, but of a living word freshly spoken to their hearts.

So when the "word of God," as Luke tells, "came to John the son of Zacharias, in the wilderness," and he came to all the country about Jordan, preaching the "baptism of repentance for the remission of sins," it was no parchment roll that came to him, but a word direct from the Highest that sent him forth as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, to prepare the way for one greater than himself, and to herald his coming. And when in fulness of time that Greater One came, we are told that "the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men." In Jesus a new manifestation of the "*word*" was given to the world. Not alone through the utterance of truth, as by sear and prophet, but superadded to the highest utterance of the word, the living illustration of it in a human life, "God manifest in the flesh."

This was the word of God the apostles preached. Not a paragraph of the New Testament is supposed to have been written at that great season of religious refreshing recorded in the fourth chapter of Acts, when they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and spake the "word of God with boldness;" or when the Gentiles first received the "word of God." That word of God which came to them with power, melting their hearts, and making them new creatures in Christ, was no manuscript revelation, Jewish or Christian, but the inflowing of that divine spirit, out of which all revelations are born. It was the breath of God upon their souls, inspiring them with a new sense of the divine presence, and a new longing for a divine life. "So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed." It *grew*. It was a living power. It prevailed over men's hearts as a *present* power of God, a direct communication from the divine mind.

The word of God, then, is something larger than the Bible. The Bible itself forbids our limiting the phrase to any book. The Bible contains a rich portion of the divine word; records its sacred utterances to sears and prophets and holy men of old; tells of Him in whose teaching and life, at one with God, the word was made flesh; but the word itself is above

all records of it, and all manifestations of it, just as God himself is above all the creations of his power and grace.

Jesus spake with deep reverence of the law and the prophets; said he came not to destroy, but to fulfil them; told the people to seach the Scriptures, for they testified of him; but when the hour drew nigh for parting with his disciples, who were to take up the cross he was about to hallow on Calvary, and bear it on as the symbol of the world's redemption, he did not point them back to any old record of God's word, as if past revelations were enough, but forward, and up to the Comforter, the Spirit of Truth, which would be sent of the Father to guide them into all truth.

When, therefore, we hear him pray, "Sanctify them through thy truth; *thy word is truth*," we can understand something of the breadth and depth of meaning he ascribed to "thy word." He meant nothing less than that Word which was in the beginning, which was with God, and was God, the light and life of his own soul. It was to that living word they were to look as the Comforter, Guide, and Sanctifier of their souls.

A clear recognition of this fact in relation to the "word" seems to us important for many reasons.

It is essential to a just appreciation of the Scriptures themselves. At first thought, the view here given may seem to to disparage the Scriptures. But it is Scripture itself that presents this view. It is the Bible itself which forbids our limiting the "word of God" to the recorded words of the Bible. There is no interpreter of that book like the book itself. It is the spirit of the Bible that liberates from all bondage to the mere letter of the Bible. We do not believe the Bible is to be honored by any view of it that is not true. There may be a reverence for the book that is irreverent towards God, calling that his word which is not worthy of that conception of him we have in Christ, or of that image of himself he has drawn with his own hand upon our hearts. Because the Scriptures are sacred above all other books, be cause they contain a record of many of the utterances of that Word of God that is always the life of the world and the life

of individual souls, it does not follow that every word of the record-book, and every word of every recorder who has written in it, is alike divine. The record itself gives no such account of itself; and any attempt to make it the infallible word of God from beginning to end, nothing more and nothing less, seems to us to be "wresting the Scriptures to their own destruction." This exorbitant claim for the Bible is one of the strings on which scepticism is always playing, and always will play, till the string is cut. And there is no irreverence in cutting it, for it is not a Bible string. Indeed, is it not plain that it is only by making the just and scriptural discrimination between the divine word, always pure because divine, and the human record of it, fallible because human, that the real "word of God" can hold that place in our hearts it justly claims? For it is no matter what we say, or what we may try to make ourselves believe, we really do not and cannot reverence, as of God, what the reason and moral sense that God has given rejects as not in harmony with our highest conceptions of the Divine nature.

The Bible was not given to enslave the reason or the conscience, but to set them free and hallow them, making them more receptive of the "Word of God" still speaking to waiting and reverent souls. It does not ask us to come to its pages with reason blindfold and conscience dumb; its stirring appeals are *to* the reason and the conscience as well as to faith. "Come, let us reason together," is the old scriptural call. "Why, even of yourselves, judge ye not what is right?" said Jesus. If there is any book in the world to be read with the eyes wide open, and the whole soul awake in every faculty, it is the Bible. It is when the soul is most inspired by that Spirit which is the life of the Bible, that it most clearly sees the imprint of that Spirit on its pages, and most easily distinguishes between the divine treasure and the human casket that holds it.

> "The Spirit breathes upon the word,
> And brings the truth to light."

We emphasize, then, the fact, that this scriptural meaning

of "the word of God" is highly important to a just appreciation of the Scriptures themselves. These Scriptures have come down to us on the waves of God's great providence, bearing safely, through the storms and floods of centuries on centuries, the richest treasures of moral and spiritual truths. But the *treasures* are one thing, and the ark of gopher wood in which they have been brought to us, another. Well may we reverence sacredly the ark itself, and be delicately jealous of any rude hand that would loosen its timbers by a single irreverent blow. But reverence for God, and for that word of God which is before and after all Scripture, bids us, also, discriminate between the ark, so long in building, and upon which so many workmen of different ages were employed, and the precious freight of moral and spiritual truth and life with which it has replenished the world.

Again, this scriptural view of the word of God as something higher and deeper than Scripture is vastly important to any adequate idea of the infinite nature of that "word." It is singular that the irreverence towards God, of limiting his word to any book, should not be at once apparent to a thoughtful mind. God's word must be as limitless as God. It is a part of himself. He speaks in more tongues than we know. We have scarcely learned the alphabet of his language yet. That word runs through the Scriptures as a river of life, making those Scriptures, spite of all the foreign substance that mingles with the stream, a fountain of healing waters; making the gospels, especially, a Bethesda, in which crippled humanity, in all phases of its moral disease, has found restoration and strength. But surely the Scriptures do not exhaust God's word. Surely John, on his sea-girt isle was not the last of all the sons of men who has heard the divine voice. God's word is God manifesting himself, — speaking in any of his chosen tongues, whether by his works, his providence, his chosen messengers, or his Holy Spirit. It is written on the rocks, and the man of science and spiritual insight, reading it, says, "Here is the thought of God." It is inscribed upon the stars to clearly, that the devout looker-up reads as in a book, "The heavens declare the glory of God." The

listening ear hears it in all human history, in solemn warning against sin, and sweet encouragement to virtue. In the providence that guards each individual life, the voice speaks; in its sorrows and joys, its hopes fulfilled and hopes blasted, in the still small voice whispered to the inward ear, in the unrest of sin, in the shame and sorrow we feel that we do not live on a higher plane, in the stern and unyielding logic of the divine law, showing that sin is death and only holiness life, in the aspirations of our best hours to climb the upward way, however steep and rugged; in the yearnings of the awakened heart for a Father in heaven to love and trust; in all these, and innumerable other ways, of which we may be but dimly conscious, God's word comes home to the soul, bearing its sacred message of redeeming love, calling men up out of the mere animal into the spiritual and eternal life. If the evangelist could say, at the close of his brief narrative of the words and works of Jesus, "If they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written," then, what shall we say of the number of books necessary for a complete and exhaustive record of "the word of God."

But the paramount importance of this scriptural view of the word of God is, that it helps us to a consciousness of the divine presence with us *here* and *now*. We know that no class of Christian believers deny this. Nay, we know that all profess to believe it, do believe it in a certain sense. But that theory of revelation which limits his word to the past, which gives it over to the printers and book-binders, which makes it an article of merchandise, can hardly fail to darken and obscure this grandest truth of the Bible itself, — that God is the *everpresent* as well as the everliving and everloving Father. A God in the distant heavens, looking down upon us, may move our reverence and excite our awe in view of his greatness and power; but he is too distant for us ever to hope to hear his voice till we die, and go to meet him. A God who walked with Adam and Eve when the earth was fresh and new and beautiful as first love, who spake to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, who inspired prophets and holy

men to speak noble words and do noble deeds, who dwelt in Jesus, making his word and work divine, and touched with tongues of flame the first disciples and apostles, may make us feel that he was *there* and *then*, beyond a doubt. But what we all need more than that is to feel that he is *here* and *now* just as truly; that he walks with us, though unseen; speaks to us, though we may not always hear; dwells in us, though we may not perceive his presence; that "his word is nigh us, even in our mouth and in our heart;" that he is in very deed our Father, and we in very deed his children.

All truest and highest life will be found closely linked with a vivid sense of the present God. Indeed, may we not discern just here the difference between genuine religious life, and that which is only moral; between self-culture, so called, and religious growth. Self-culture, from its very nature, has its eye on self. The soul, religiously awakened, has its eye on God. The self-culture may be noble in its aims and purposes, but the life thus developed lacks the unction, warmth, and heavenly flavor of the life that is nourished and inspired by communion with the living God.

All great religious movements, all seasons of spiritual refreshing, are marked by a peculiar consciousness of the divine presence, waiting to enter, and bless every heart whose doors are open. This is the faith that glows in our best hymns. It illumines the writings and lives of the saintliest men and women of all times and all creeds. It is the great bond of union between all devout souls. And the grand and ultimate purpose of the Bible, we conceive to be, not only to tell what God has spoken to the receptive souls of other times, but through this sacred record to bring us also close to God, that we, too, may feel his presence, and know that his last word to his children *has not been spoken*, and never will be while his name is Love.

WHO becomes every day more sagacious in observing his own faults, and the perfections of another, without either envying him, or dispairing of himself, is ready to mount the ladder on which angels ascend and descend. LAVATOR.

MONOPOLY.

THE high price of provisions at the present time — of almost every article that forms a part of the sustenance of man or beast — is a subject of common remark and daily complaint. Exorbitant prices at first were confined to a few things, but now hardly anything which is reckoned among the necessaries of life can be bought at the former reasonable rates. This disagreeable state of things has continued to exist longer than any one anticipated. Month after month, and now, we may say, year after year, the industrious poor have felt oppressed under it, and the hopes of thousands, who have been looking earnestly for a meliorating change, have been disappointed.

In respect to these oppressive prices, various opinions are entertained, — some ascribing the fact to a real scarcity of provisions, others to high duties imposed by Government in consequence of the war; some to the depreciation of the currency of the country, and others, again, to a craving, unprincipled monopoly. It is probable that all these causes combined have operated to bring about and keep up the prices of which we complain.

I. It is the opinion of many sagacious observers, that of all the causes which can be assigned for these high prices, the greatest, the most pernicious, is that of an unprincipled monopoly, carried on upon a large scale. It is to be feared that many are resorting to this unfair, dishonorable method of making their estates larger. Civil war raging in the bosom of the nation, with all the mitigations which can be possibly applied to it, is indeed a dire calamity, quite enough for the people to bear. But how is that calamity aggravated when evidence comes before us that there are men, not a few, who actually desired its continuance, simply because it afforded them an opportunity to enlarge their money-making operations and annual incomes! Monopoly is seized upon by such men as a means by which they may accomplish their low and selfish purpose. The causes and evils of this unworthy system of

merchandize will constitute the two principal heads under which I would express my thoughts on this subject.

1. In speaking of the causes of monopoly, the first that occurs to me is the credit system of this country. When it is easy for one or for a number of individuals to borrow large sums of money on long credit, they are tempted to do so; and they may invest it so extensively in some particular article as to monopolize nearly all trade in it. The credit that is so largely extended affords them a chance to make a monopoly, or to join others in making it. And yet I would say nothing in disparagement of a MODERATE degree of credit. It is by such credit that thousands of young men have been enabled to begin business and become thereby opulent, influential, and useful. Unless they had been able to borrow on credit in the beginning, they never could have arisen to such a condition of affluence and usefulness. It is said that the credit system in the United States has been carried to a greater extent than in any other nation, and in the diffusion and amount of its credits Great Britain stands next; and these two have been the most powerful and prosperous nations in the world. The credit system, therefore, is not to be disparaged, but restrained to proper limits. The men of a hundred thousand dollars should not borrow on credit, even if they can, twice that sum, that they may be able almost to monopolize some branch of trade. Banks should not issue a too large paper currency on a small specie basis, thereby making it but too easy for multitudes to obtain borrowed capital. By such undue extension of credit it becomes an easy matter for men to unite in large numbers, and employ their joint capital as a company in purchasing some great article of daily consumption to such an extent as to create a scarcity of it outside of their own store-houses. When such scarcity is created in this manner by a company, they can control and raise the price as they please. Therefore, I am led to say that the —

2. Second cause of monopoly is the abuse of copartnership. Partnership, or several uniting in one company in trade, is not to be disapproved of, or abandoned as an unfair method of business. It is the way in which many have accumulated wealth, and made it a blessing to the world. In this way the

wealth of a nation has been increased, civilization promoted, Christianity maintained, and literary and benevolent institutions founded. These benefits in some measure, at least, have been derived from that mercantile arrangement by which a company of persons, neither of whom, when acting separately, possesses sufficient means for some important enterprise, unite all their small capitals into one, and thus obtain enough to enter successfully upon the proposed work or object. But when they do this that they may command a vast capital to buy up some essential article, as corn, or coal, or butter, to such extent as to monopolize the trade in it, and charge what they choose for that which every person *must* have, then the principle of partnership is perverted, and shamefully abused. It is made the means of a monopoly unfeeling as it is unrighteous. It is to be feared that partnership, even in the present somewhat distressed condition of the country, has been entered into for this wicked purpose; that combinations of large wholesale dealers, putting their capitals together, have been enabled to store away the most essential of the life-sustaining articles to such an extent as to produce a monopoly and increase the prices to gratify their thirst for rapid accumulation.

This, indeed, is an evil into which all corporations are liable to fall. When several individuals are associated in trade or in any great enterprise, they are always tempted, as they have the power, to monopolize some branch of business, or to take to themselves advantages which are denied to individuals. Even railroad companies have been known to buy up the woodland in the whole section of country through which their roads pass, to such great extent as to gain a monopoly in that article, making every purchaser pay for it more than he ever did before. The same is true of those who deal largely in the products of the dairy. They have in times past sent their agents abroad throughout the rural districts to gather up all the butter they can find; and, having done this, they are able to make it so dear that none but the richer classes can afford to purchase it. It is said, on the best authority, that three large, powerful coal companies, at one time, obtained almost entire

control of the coal trade, obliging us to pay more than double we did before these companies were consolidated; that companies, too, no less large, have packed away corn into their capacious granaries to such vast amount that they are able, by preconcerted action, to decide what the public shall pay for it. The consequence is, the price has advanced more and more until it has become oppressively dear. All this shows that partnership may be abused, perverted to the creation in business of a profligate monopoly.

3. The third cause of monopoly, which I would assign, is, an indulged aspiration for gain. This, indeed, is the chief cause of all unfair ways of acquiring a fortune. The means are not scrupulously regarded if the end is achieved. Many cherish the idea that they may acquire a fortune in five or ten years, and then have nothing to do but to sit down and enjoy themselves during the whole remaining portion of their lives. Filled and fascinated with delusive anticipations of such a condition of ease and luxury, men have often plunged into wild speculation; have sought in all ways to become rich; have had a heart to make wealth out of the war, and, finally have found out a way to monopolize the trade in the most important articles of subsistence, and thus treasure up at once enormous profits.

In defence of this, it may be said that it is only a mode of speculation, and that ALL business partakes more or less of this character. This, no doubt, is true. Everything that a fair and honorable merchant buys, — whether corn, sugar, flour, or grain, — he purchases with an expectation of selling it for more than he gave. The money for which it is sold, over and above its first cost, is only a fair compensation to the merchant for the time, trouble, and expense required in presenting it to the buyer. The fair merchant seeks for this compensation. He calculates to have it. It is right that he should have it. The spirit of speculation, when kept within proper limits, is not bad, but beneficial. But the time for it to be most active is, *not* when war has brought discouraging burdens upon the country, but when goods seem plenty, and are selling at too low price, — causing the people to waste

more and consume more than is needed. Let the speculator at such a time go forward, if he please, and buy and stow away large quantities of such goods as are low and plenty. In this way he may gradually raise the prices, and keep the people from wasting or consuming more than is needful, and prevent a distressing scarcity or famine by making the people more economical. In this way an intelligent and sagacious speculator, instead of an odious character, may become a public benefactor. It was so in respect to Joseph of old. Joseph was the first great speculator of whom we have any knowledge. He made himself a benefactor to his country by speculating in corn in Egypt at the right time, — that is, when the article was plenty, and people using it too profusely. During the years of plenty in Egypt he garnered up corn to a vast amount, and in this way, under the Divine direction, he supplied the wants of the country during the succeeding years of famine. In this enterprise it was not a mercenary motive that moved Joseph, but one which looked to the general good. This, therefore, is very different from that rage for speculation in modern times; from that passionate eagerness for sudden and stupendous accumulation which drives men into a monopoly without regard to its results. This proceeds on principles entirely different from those of a regular, painstaking business. It is not looking to a fair reward, but to a mammoth fortune, made at once, — made at the expense of thousands who are toiling for bread. This is the spirit of monopoly, and the great, the only spirit that breathes in it is a thirst for gain.

II. I have now glanced at some of the causes of monopoly, — the extension of credit, the abuse of partnership, the thirst for gain, prompting to a profligate speculation. Having considered these causes, let us turn a few moments to our second general topic, — the consideration of its evils.

1. The first that occurs to me is, that it stimulates and strengthens the selfish sentiment. This is indicated by the very meaning of the word. The word is of Greek derivation, compounded of *monos*, signifying *alone*, and *poleo*, to sell or buy, which two words, put together, signify trading alone in

any article to the exclusion of all others. To heap up into one's own hands the *whole* of any commodity which every one wants to use; to obtain such control of it that no one can trade in it but one's own self, and place the profits of it in his own coffer, — this, it seems to me, is at once the offspring and the essence of selfishness. Selfishness is the king of evils, the source of sin, the fountain from which issue a thousand streams of moral corruption, — the grave in which all the soul's better powers are liable to be buried. Whatever strengthens this selfishness must be deemed one of the ministers of moral death. Nothing does this more effectually, nothing stimulates the selfishness of the heart more than to engage in a system of monopoly, and this it is chiefly which makes it a fearful evil.

2. Another of the obvious evils of monopoly seems to be stated in the language of Scripture, — "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." To incur the bitter disapprobation of a whole community, to be pointed at and spoken of with scorn and contempt, to be denounced and reproached as a person who has no true love for anything but gain, as one who has no principle of justice, or mercy, or honor, or humanity; to be bereft of the respect and friendship of the great mass of the community, — this, it seems to me, is an evil of the gravest character; hardly a greater can befall one. To such an one, certainly, the world must be a dismal abode. Far preferable would it be to lead the hermit's life, to retire into the wilderness, to have no intercourse with the world, than to live there and have nothing but its hate and its scorn. Man is the creature of society; he was designed for it; it is the element in which he is to live. But if society has lost its respect for him, looks upon his conduct with unmingled indignation, and this fact is known to him, I see not how he can find in it any peace or enjoyment. Now, if there is any one who brings upon himself the odium of the public, the detestation of mankind, that individual is he who engages in a monopoly, on a large scale, of some article which the mass of the people have been long accustomed to use as one of the necessaries of life. The oppression and suffering which an

extensive monopoly of life-supporting articles must always produce among the poor is so marked an evil of it that it deserves to be considered under a —

3. Third separate head. The ways in which it bears heavily upon this class are twofold. It places the means of living beyond their reach, and diminishes the disposition and ability of the richer to assist them. When the prices of provisions are moderate, it is with great toil and difficulty that they obtain a livelihood. What, then, shall they do when these prices are doubled? Already their powers, perhaps, are tasked to the utmost. If fresh burdens are laid, and kept weighing upon them by long-continued exorbitant prices in the market, there is no resort for them but stealing, or starvation, or the almshouse. Who shall be counted responsible for this unhappy state of things? If it is produced by a gang of monopolists, for the paltry purpose of adding to their yearly gains, does not the responsibility lie at their door?

The method they have adopted to obtain wealth at once bears heavily upon the poor on another account. It renders the richer less disposed and less able to assist them. The larger outlay of means demanded by their increased expenses under this system is vexatious and irritating, and dampens the ardor of their benevolent sentiments. They are made to feel, in view of the vast increase of their expenses, that their own funds may fail, and this feeling leads them to give less to the poor.

Men of more moderate means, who ordinarily gain a good support, find it difficult now to maintain their usual style of living, and of course have but little to spare for the poorer classes. Thus these classes are reduced to a condition of want and distress, which, under the grinding oppression of a large monopoly, admits of no mitigation.

4. A system of monopoly, carried on upon a large scale, is not only an evil alike to the poor and the rich and the intermediate classes, but, in the fourth place, inflicts a lasting moral injury upon those who pursue it. It is a hard-hearted business, and no one can follow it without doing violence and injury to his best affections. If a man of naturally tender

feelings engages in it, he must do one of two things: If he continues in it, he must either quench the better feelings of his nature, or he must immediately relinquish his business. This is the only alternative. And can any rational being doubt for a moment which it is better to choose? If it can be carried forward successfully, what does it do for those who participate in it? It enriches them, — perhaps gives them enormous wealth. Grant that it does do this, there is not much real gain in it; for this leaves them at the grave. As to wealth, it is certain, — to use the words of the apostle, — that, as we brought nothing into this world, we can carry nothing out of it. But one thing there is which we shall carry out of it, and that is, the characters we form in our use of the means by which property is gained. This character is the residuum, the only thing left to us after death, — all that we can take along with us into eternity, to make us happy or wretched according as its qualities are good or bad. If the means by which it is formed be low, grovelling, unfair, and vicious, so also will be the character. What means of gaining property can be more likely to impair and eat out from the soul the principles of rectitude, and make the whole character corrupt, than joining and actively co-operating with a company who seek to monopolize the means by which man and beast subsist, that they may raise the price, and hoard enormous profits at the expense of the poor, the industrious, and laboring classes. Such a business must destroy or petrify all the tender feelings of humanity. It stifles the voice of conscience which at first is raised against it, but, after repeated violations, ceases to whisper its admonitions.

If monopoly, then, or any business in which one is engaged, inflicts injury upon the soul, the affections, and the conscience, should it not be relinquished? No matter how lucrative it is, how much it yields of perishable gold, if it is decidedly detrimental to the interests of one's higher nature, it is to be given up without hesitation and without delay. Nothing on earth must he prefer to the purity and integrity of his soul. If he chooses to continue in a business that injures that, and prefers the profit of it to elevated affections and a pure conscience,

then I tell you it is certain that he sacrifices "the greater good to the lesser," — the eternal happiness of moral worth to the lesser good which he finds in a world that perishes. He foolishly cheats himself out of a good far more precious than any advantage which he may gain over his neighbors by holding on to a stupendous monopoly.

But, on the other hand, if the evil business be given up voluntarily, and a man thereby sacrifices an opportunity to gain a grand fortune, and should even bring himself to the verge of poverty on account of his allegiance to principle and duty, how satisfactory, animating, and glorious must be his account at last! Let it be that one part of it says that he was unsuccessful in business, and failed to gain wealth; let i be that through lack of shrewdness and sharpness he lost his property, and died a poor man; yet how overwhelmingly joyous is the final sentence of his account, that he carried along with him into the other world an upright character, and, possessing that, commenced life there with a splendid fortune.

T. P. D

FAITH.

A SWALLOW in the spring
Came to our granary, and 'neath the eaves
Essayed to make her nest, and there did bring
Wet earth and leaves.

Day after day she toiled,
With patient art; but, ere her work was crowned,
Some sad mishap the tiny fabric spoiled,
And dashed it to the ground.

She found the ruin wrought:
Yet not cast down, forth from her place she flew,
And with her mate, fresh earth and grasses brought,
And built her nest anew.

THE beau ideal of duty is not given by what has been done or attained; not behind, but before us. C. FOLLEN.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDE.

We have spoken of the Holy Sepulchre, of the appearance it presents, so cut up among the different sects, so overloaded with traditions, so revolting by reason of its idolatrous rites. We were not in Jerusalem at the Easter services, and if we had been, we could not have consented to witness a service called religious, unless curiosity mastered devotion; but here is a description, by the present Dean of Westminster, of the annual orgies which are celebrated there.

"The chapel of the Sepulchre rises from a dense mass of pilgrims, who sit or stand wedged around it; whilst round them, and between another equally dense mass, which goes round the walls of the church itself, a lane is formed by two lines, or, rather, two circles of Turkish soldiers, stationed to keep order. It is about noon that this circular lane is suddenly broken through by a tangled group rushing violently round, till they are caught by one of the Turkish soldiers. It seems to be the belief of the Arab Greeks, that, unless they run round the Sepulchre a certain number of times, the fire will not come. A succession of gambols takes place, which an Englishman can only compare to a mixture of prisoner's base, foot-ball, and leap-frog, round and round the Holy Sepulchre. Of their wild howls, the burden is, "This is the tomb of Jesus Christ! God save the Sultan!" Then a long procession with embroidered banners begins to defile round the Sepulchre. From this moment the excitement becomes universal. All join in a wild succession of yells, through which are caught, from time to time, the solemn chant of the church of Basil and Chrysostom, mingled with the yells of savages. The crisis of the day is now approaching. In one small but compact band, the Bishop of Petra (the Bishop of the Fire) is hurried to the chapel of the Sepulchre, and the door is closed behind him. The whole

church is now one heaving sea of heads resounding with an uproar which can be compared to nothing less than that of the Guildhall of London at a nomination for the city. In earlier and bolder times, the expectation of the Divine Presence was at this junctrue raised to a still higher pitch by the appearance of a dove hovering above the cupola of the chapel, to indicate the visible descent of the Holy Ghost. At last the moment comes. A bright fire, as of burning wood, appears inside of the hole; the light, as every educated Greek knows and acknowledges, kindled by the bishop within; the light, as every pilgrim believes, of the descent of God himself upon the holy tomb. Gradually the fire spreads from hand to hand from taper to taper, through that vast multitude, till, at last, the whole edifice, from gallery to gallery, and through the area below, is one wide blaze of thousands of burning candles. It is now that, according to some accounts, the bishop or patriarch is carried out of the chapel in triumph on the shoulders of the people, in a fainting state, "to give the impression that he is overcome by the glory of the Almighty, from whose immediate presence he is believed to come." It is now that a mounted horseman, stationed at the gates of the church, gallops off with a lighted taper to communicate the sacred fire to the lamps of the Greek Church in the convent at Bethlehem. For a short time the pilgrims run to and fro, rubbing their faces and breasts against the fires to attest its supposed harmlessness. But the wild enthusiasm terminates from the moment the fire is communicated."

When Madame Roland was being led to the scaffold, she exclaimed, "O Liberty, what things are done in thy name!" When we think of these Easter ceremonies of these so-called Christian churches, must we not exclaim, "O religion, what things are done in thy name!" Somehow or other, superstition and idolatry at St. Albans, in London, or New York, offensive as they must always be to one of Christian tastes or spirit, do not strike you with the same or equal repulsiveness as at Jerusalem or Bethlehem or Nazareth, where the sacred associations of eighteen centuries have clustered around the origins of a religion of truth and of spirit.

Although we did not witness these services, called worship, Dean Stanley thus describes, we saw something approaching it, in spirit at least, during one of the festivals of the Romish Church in Florence. The citizens of Florence think they have some of the holy fire as well as the citizens of Jerusalem, because one of the Crusaders from Florence is said to have first scaled the walls of Jerusalem, and for his bravery received some pieces cut from the Holy Sepulchre, which, when brought to Florence, kindled there the holy fire; and, in the middle ages the fire was taken from house to house, as it is now done at Jerusalem. On Saturday in Passion Week an imminent crowd gathers in the "*Piazza del Duomo*," to witness the ceremonies. A chariot, drawn by white oxen, and covered all over outside with fireworks so arranged as to discharge a number of mortars within, is brought into the square, and opposite the great entrance to the cathedral. When, in the course of the religious services in the cathedral, the choir begins the "Gloria in Excelsis," a dove, representing the Holy Ghost, and forced along by powder, rushes from the altar along a rope which connects with the chariot, and ignites the fireworks on the chariot; these fire the mortars, and the crowd is deafened by the thunders. The bells of the city, which have been silent for a week, now begin to ring; and the chariot is drawn to another square, where the process of firing of the mortars by the holy fire is continued.

The Jews wailing Place is one of strangest interest; and on Friday afternoon, the 22d of Feb., we went to witness their weeping service. It was partly sad, partly ludicrous. Through all the changes and overthrows to which Jerusalem has been subjected, the Jews have clung to the past grandeur, and trusted to the future glory of Zion, when under their rule, it should again become the joy of the whole earth; and whenever they could approach the city of their faith, have felt it bliss enough to dwell there, even in the greatest poverty, or to wander shelterless among the ruins of its many sieges. Such was the bitter feeling of the early Christians, against the Jews, that it was from the distant hilltops only,

Constantine would permit them to see their sacred Temple Area. But at length they began to purchase permission of the Roman soldiers to enter once a year, and bemoan the Temple's devastation. As the prejudice against them gradually declined, or the revenue gradually increased, this permission came to be a religious service as regular and sacred as in the synagogue; and this religious service we saw. A walk over the worst part of Jerusalem, through narrow streets of whose filth no conception can be formed, and nowhere wide enough for any vehicles, over pavements dangerously rough and very uneven, with here and there a wall of clay or stones on either side, and here and there one of the small one-storied, one-chambered houses, with roofs of mortar laid over poles and brush, the earth for a floor, and a part of it a raised platform of rock, on which some sticks were laid for a fire, or some Arabs or Jews idly sitting or sleeping, with fowls, dogs, and donkeys, brought us to an open space, with a floor of stones, mortar, and sand, on the southern slope of Mount Moriah, while directly in front before us a long, high wall of immense blocks of granite and marble, marks what is believed to be the veritable site of Solomon's Temple, and these some of the identical stones, now covered with weeds, or occasionally bright with flowers, which were employed in its building. Hither came the Jews to wail. We were early; and, like tardy worshippers, one by one they came. As they slowly walked backwards and forwards, along the great stones, they repeated, or read, portions of the Psalms which contain curses against the enemies of Jerusalem, and by wagging the head, or an affected flow of tears, tried to lash themselves into a sentimental emotion, and to create an imaginary bitterness against an imaginary enemy. The women seemed more in earnest, and the wails and tears seemed at times to have the sound of a real distress, as if the glory of David and Solomon was just departing, or of an expiring fear lest the returning glory should not appear in their day; and the great stones of granite were worn smooth by their kisses and sobs, through all these centuries of ceaseless oppression, of unbroken hope. But what food for meditation, as the reli-

gious condition of the various sects here presses itself upon one. By the greatest charity, as the Mussulman would say, the Jews are permitted to enter the city at all; and the proud, insolent, and powerful Arab despises this remnant of a race, as he comes stealthily to his devotions. Then when the Jew comes, in what does his devotion consist? In uttering, as prayers, the fiercest denunciations and bitterest curses against the Turk. On the platform above, the same spirit is shown by different parties. The Turk grants the Christian permission to visit the sacred mosque, and utters curses as he passes in; while a few steps beyond Moriah, the Christians call in the Turkish soldiers to keep the peace among themselves.

I have had occasion to speak of the Mosque of Omar, occupying, or supposed to occupy, the site of Solomon's Temple. As one approaches, or wanders about, or departs from Jerusalem, everywhere, its vast, graceful, and glittering dome appears. I had peculiar advantages of seeing the difficulties which beset the effort to determine accurately the old Temple limits. On our way to the Holy Land we met, and became acquainted with, an English engineer, who, with assistants, was going out in the interests of some society, to make what investigations he could, and help settle this perplexed and perplexing question, of more interest to one's love of antiquity than to his faith. He had a firman, or passport, granted by the Sultan, to facilitate his work, and one day, while we were roaming around the outer walls of the city, asked us to go and witness his operations.

Through a small opening, and by means of a rope ladder, we descended among the ruins of ancient Jerusalem. Here in utter darkness, here led by some faint rays falling through the crevices in the rocks, and here by a lantern or matches; now slipping down inclined planes, with masses of sand following; now toiling up others, the footing yielding and uncertain; sometimes creeping, and drawing ourselves along with the greatest difficulty, through narrow openings, or more narrow paths; sometimes walking through stately archways or spacious excavations with Cyclopean blocks on either side. One direction we found leading us through what

had been an ancient aqueduct to an immense cistern, another under and up into the mosque. If at any future day the researches and excavations of this gentleman shall have aided to establish the temple limits, it will be pleasant to remember being with him in his work; and, whether rich or fruitless in results, the occasion was not without its interest. Above these ruins is the Mosque of Omar.

Imagine near the foot of the slope of Mount Moriah an immense wall built up, and the space filled in, making a large platform slightly inclined north south, and east, and you have the area of the mosque, or, as is believed, of Solomon's Temple. The green lawn is broken by fountains and reservoirs for the ablutions of the worshippers, and interspersed with the dark cyprus-trees. From a great marble pavement rises the stately, circular, elaborately-finished edifice, with its mosaics, alabaster, pearls, and inscriptions from the Koran, surmounted by the graceful dome which adds dignity to the whole city. When we reached the entrance to the mosque we were obliged, as at all the mosques to put on light slippers, lest we should soil the sacred precincts. Within, there was the customary grand simplicity of all the great mosques, — the circles of oil-lamps, the texts from the Koran, and the mosaic work surrounding, surmounting, and overhanging the great stone. This great stone, from the time of David and Solomon, has been regarded as the most sacred spot in Jerusalem. It is supposed to be the natural surface of Mount Moriah. In it there is an excavated chamber; and upon striking the floor, a hollow sound shows there is a spring or well, or at least an opening or excavation below. This well, cistern, or reservoir was not only for the services of the Temple, but in times of sieges, has supplied the city with water. It was the suggestion of Milton's —

> "Brook that flowed
> Hard by the oracle of God;"

and of the Psalmist's, "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacle of the Most High;" and of the Saviour's cry, when from the courts of the Temple in that last great day of the feast he

stood and said, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water."

The rock itself was regarded by the Christians as the Holy of Holies of the Jews; and such was the opposition and contrast of the Christians to the Jews, that for the first five centuries they used every effort to defile it. Then came the Mohammedans, and said it was the rock which formed Jacob's pillar at Bethel, and has on its top the foot-marks of Mohammed as he mounted Borak for his heavenly journey. After the Crusaders retook it, they said it was the scene of the apparition of the angel to Zacharias, and the footmarks of Mohammed (with that same easy effort by which pagan temples become Christian churches, and pagan divinities Christian idols, with no change in the spirit of religion) were said to be the traces Jesus left when he went out of the Temple.

The familiarity and reverence we all have for the Scriptures from childhood, interwoven as they are with all our worship and faith, give a peculiar emotion to antiquity in Palestine, not felt in Egypt. Here was the place where David prepared to build a house for the Lord "of fame and glory throughout all countries;" and here Solomon, the man of rest, finished what his father began. Hither came the conquering nations of the East, and carried away the Temple treasures; and here Ezra restored its glories when the people rebuilt the walls with arms in their girdles while they labored; and here Herod raised the Temple to which Jesus came; and here for seventeen times the envious hosts have gathered to besiege and capture the holy city. The Temple of Herod was present and plain to us, more than the Mosque of Omar; we seemed to see the porticoes and gateways of such splendor, and the long lines of colonnades, forming the outer court, and the vine of gold covering the front of the Holy Place, and the roof of glittering gold too dazzling to look upon in the morning sun.

Instinctively we found ourselves asking the questions of our Sunday-school days. Where was the Fountain gate, through which the priest went down to the spring of Siloam, and declared as he came back with the golden ewer, he had

drawn from the wells of salvation? Where was the marble screen beyond which no Gentile could pass? Where was the court of the women? Where was the place for the money-changers? and where stood the treasury-chest, so placed that when the worshipper threw in his gift, the left hand would not know what the right hand did? Where was the altar for burnt-offerings, and the morning and the evening sacrifice? Where were the places for the scribes, and where was the Holy of Holies into which only the High Priest entered?

We seemed to see the little household of Nazareth making its annual pilgrimage to the holy city, and the wondrous curiosity of the child as he ran among the quiet courts of the solemn Temple, and heard the rabbis tell the story of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and David and Solomon; we seemed to see the just and devout Simeon coming into that Temple, led as every man ought to be by the Spirit of God, and his aged eyes rekindling, with the promised salvation, and his heart filled with divinest peace, as he held the infant in his arms and dedicated him to almighty God; we seemed to see the child to manhood grown, teaching daily his simple truth, while the priests profaned the day and the temple; we seemed to see the blind and the lame thronging to him, and he healed them and the children singing to him hosannas. We seemed to see the self-sufficient pharisee and the humble publican coming up the long-pillared avenue to their prayers, and to hear Jesus saying, "In this place is one greater than the Temple."

When one goes without the walls of Jerusalem, on all sides but the north, rocky or sandy, barren, and somewhat precipitous descents lead into the surrounding valleys. On this northern side, wandering over the desolate and stony fields, with here and there an olive grove, over the great heaps of refuse from the city, over the ruins of ancient walls, over the hollow-sounding surface, around and among extensive excavations, we come to the Grotto of Jeremiah, and farther still to the Tombs of the Kings, and the Tomb of Helena. In these tombs there is nothing of any interest; but history fills up the dreariness with life, and the silence with martial sounds; for

it was in this immediate vicinity, that the Roman legions under Titus must have been encamped, save one which was on the slope of Mount Olivet. Here their tents must have covered and their Cohorts' tread shaken the hollow earth, while over them came the smoke of the burning city, the sound of falling palaces, and the pillars of the great Temple.

If we go out of the city by the western or Bethlehem gate, we are at once in the Valley of Gihon, where Solomon was annointed king, and where are still found the upper and lower pools. Following this valley, we find it leading us into the Valley of Hinnom, — a name sometimes given to both; while the latter, running around the south part of the city, in an eastern direction, meets the Valley of Jehoshaphat formed by the Brook Kedron; and both — thereafter one — lead down to the Dead Sea.

The Valley of Hinnom is deep and narrow, with Mount Zion on the north, and the Hill of Evil Counsel on the south. In this valley is an oblong plot, watered from the Pool of Siloam, called Tophet, a grove or garden, with its shade and music and beauty for the resort of the king, as Versailles for Napoleon, or the garden at Shoobra, of which we have spoken as the resort of the King of Egypt. Here, too, when Solomon changed his religious opinions, was the place where the idols and shrines were set up, where sacrifices were made to Baal, and children thrown to the fires of Moloch. As heathen or Hebrew worship prevailed, the place became a grove of beauty, or a grave of malefactors. Josiah made the spot unclean by a religious ceremony; and from his time it became the cesspool and laystall of Jerusalem. The royal music grove of Solomon, whence floated upward to the city the sounds of his sweet singers; the idol-grove of Baal, whence rose the smoke of costly sacrifice, and where Jezebel came to witness the grandest ceremonials paid to the greatest of pagan gods; the "high place" of Moloch, from whose altar the wail of children passing through the fires was the parent's music; and latest, the place where the dead bodies and filth and garbage of Jerusalem were thrown, with a fire to slowly consume them. When devoted to this purpose, the Jews called

it Gehenna; and as the most offensive place known to them, became thence, over all the world, the local representation of a place of future punishment; and so we have explained the couplet of Milton, —

> "The pleasant Valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence,
> And black Gehenna, called the type of hell."

Passing the debouche of this valley, we come to a well more than an hundred feet deep, which one may call the Well of Job, or Nehemiah, or of any scriptural character he most admires. Proceeding up the Valley of Jehoshaphat, along the dry channel of the Brook Kedron, on the left hand is the Pool of Siloam. Rude but solid masonary forms an oblong bason, at one end of which is a rough arch overhung with tufts of weeds, grass, and flowers, and below which is a great subterranean passage, from which issues a small stream of water into the basin. It was along this passage the priest from the temple came, with the golden pitcher, on the "last and great day of the feast of the tabernacles, and carried back water for the sacrifice. Across the dry and stony bed lies the filthy village of Siloam, without its tower, and still farther up are several tombs cut out of the solid rock, and, with the architecture by no means rude, they are not an unworthy ornament on the bare slope of Olivet. Among these are the tombs of Jehoshaphat, Zacharias, St. James, and Absalom. On the opposite slope of Mount Moriah, from the wall of the city, along whose base runs a walk, some distance adown the dry, sandy, dusty hillside, is a Mussulman cemetery, and not far from the east gate of the city is also a Jewish cemetery. When one thinks of the many sieges and overthrows of Jerusalem, of the various nations which have possessed it, of Persians, Assyrians, Jews, Greeks, Romans, Moslems, Crusaders, and pilgrims from every Christian country, here finding a last resting-place and burial, it is not strange that in this valley all traditions fix the seat of the last judgment.

Jutting out from the temple and city wall, in this place become one, where the height of the wall and the declivity of the hill are greatest, we noticed what appeared to be a piece of a round column. Bestriding this, is the Mussulmen's

belief, that their prophet Mahomet will sit, overlooking the resurrection in the valley below, the final Judge of all, while Jesus, the Christian prophet, performs some subordinate duty in the judgment scene.

But of all places very near Jerusalem, the chief interest rests upon the slope and summit of Olivet; and from the uncertainty, idolatry, and offensive uncleanness of the so-called sacred spots within the walls, we turn with a sense of great relief to the barren hillsides, or the fields of waving grain, or the lily and anemone arrayed with more than imperial glory, or the shade of the olive-trees, as of old *He* turned thither from the noisy streets and the bitter persecutions and the worldly heart, and the temple traffic, to calm his agony by the peace of solitary prayer.

In earlier times, when Olivet was more thickly shaded with the trees from which it takes its name, and when a dense vegetable growth filled up the valley between Olivet and Moriah, water flowed in the channel of the Kedron, where now all is rough and dry. A short walk beyond the eastern gate of Jerusalem, over stones, and through cemeteries with the aloe-tree rudely painted on the tombstones which are crowned with stone turbans, brings one down the slope on one side, across the narrow channel of Kedron, and to the rough and winding ascent of Olivet.

Here we reach a high, white wall enclosing a small space to which is given the sacred name of Gethsemane. But not yet have we gone far enough beyond the fetid atmosphere of the warring sects in Jerusalem, to enjoy the air of the Holy Land; for if the Greeks have a Gethsemane of course a little further up the slope the Latins must also have one; but this has not yet been opened to the devout and credulous pilgrim, because the olive-trees are not large enough to cast a favorable shade. But how does Gethsemane appear? you would all know. Into the enclosure, you enter through a low, square door, carefully guarded, and are met by the Greek priests with their long, black gowns, and round, high, flat-crowned hats, who show you around the grounds. Their efforts have been to give them as much as possible the ap-

pearance of an English garden, with regularly laid out flower beds and gravel walks, and even European flowers; whereas the "garden" of the Scripture time more probably meant a space planted with trees. In the garden are a few old and gnarled olive-trees, from which the priests cut liberal portions for each pilgrim to carry away, as of the trees which shaded Jesus. Is this the veritable garden? every one must ask; for if so, here would every tried and heavy heart ofttimes resort, and lay down the burden of its sorrow, to take up the evening retrospect of duty, and amidst the confusing toils and betraying friendships of earth to find the peace and companionship of God.

Whether this be the veritable spot or not matters little; somewhere near here it must have been, for, when the olive-groves covered the hillside, here must have always been an easy and secluded retreat, far enough from the city's press, and yet hardly beyond its noise. Here the very trees seem to whisper forth that divine prayer in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel; and here one need hardly listen to hear the promise of divinest peace, wrung from the bitterest struggle, or amidst the bitter sects the petition for Christ-like unity, — "That they all may be one, as thou Father art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us." Here, in his accustomed resort, when the evening darkness surrounded him, Jesus could see on the opposite slope the persecuting band, led by Judas, issue from the east gate of the city. Step by step he must have seen the long line with lanterns and torches and weapons follow the stony and winding path down the steep hillside. Slowly they wound among the tombs, slowly crossed the Kedron, slowly they came up Olivet, until they met one asking, "Whom seek ye?" and they said, "Jesus of Nazareth."

Farther up the hillside we sat down under an old olive-tree, and there had the best view of Jerusalem. Almost every building of any importance could be readily distinguished; and whatever disappointments one may have from seeing it first from other standpoints, here, every one must confess, the praises of the Psalmist are not too much: "Beautiful for situation is Mt. Zion, the joy of the whole earth."

On the summit is the Church of the Ascension, with its divisions into five altars for the Greek, Latin, Armenian, Syrian, and Coptic Christians; and within the chapel is a rock bearing, as is said, the imprints of the Saviour's foot just before ascending. Thus do fraud and superstition beset and weary and disgust in the very places where one would learn the deepest spiritual truth. Moreover, the spot pointed out to commemorate the Ascension is in direct contradiction to the words of Luke, and in every way wholly inappropriate and wholly untenable.

But from the tower on the top of Olivet the open skies looked kindly down upon us, and below lay the fields of waving grain, with here and there the darker shadow of an olive-tree; across the valley were the glittering city, the green lawn of the Temple area, whence floated the call of the Muezzin to prayers, and later the music from the Turkish soldiers guarding the Mosque of Omar; while in the distance was the calm, blue surface of the sea, which from afar told no story of bitter waters; and beyond the darker blue range of Moab Mounts always bounding the view from Jerusalem, from whose summits Moses overlooked the promised land, where Orpah returned as to a near country, where Naomi was reminded of her sorrows, where David found a refuge for his parents when Bethlehem was no longer safe.

Here is a prayer written on Olivet's slope: —

O Holy Father, Lord of heaven and earth, who art always near unto thy children, and as near to us now as thou wast to Jesus, who here drew very near to thee, and with a heart of entire submission to thy will breathed forth the divine question, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" give unto us, we pray, more light to see thy way in everything, and more strength to follow it meekly and trustingly. When our souls are exceeding sorrowful because death has come into our circle, when temptations are very pressing around us, and there is great need to watch and pray, when the flesh would be stronger than the spirit, spare us from the bitterness of the reproach that we have slept in the moment of duty and in the hour when Infinite Love of-

fers its richest companionship. Gird us with a sense of thine own presence and help; make us calm in the hour of agony; strong in the hour of temptation; sympathetic in the presence of sorrow; humble in the day of success; trusting in the day of trial, and always ready to say, with Jesus, "Not what I will, but what Thou wilt."

(To be continued.)

WHO ARE THE RICH?

They are the rich whose treasures lie
In hearts, not hands, — in heaven, not here;
Whose ways are marked by pity's sigh,
And mercy's tear.

No borrowed wealth, no failing store;
These treasures of the soul remain
Its own; and when to live is o'er,
To die is gain.

Who are the poor? — the humble race
Who dwell where luxury never shone, —
Perchance without one friendly face,
Save God's alone?

No! for the meek and lowly mind,
Still following where its Saviour trod,
Though poor in all, may richly find
The peace of God.

They are the poor who, rich in gold,
Confiding in that faithless store,
Or tremble for the wealth they hold,
Or thirst for more, —

Whose hands are fettered by its touch,
Whose lips no generous duty plead;
Go, mourn their poverty, for such
Are poor indeed!

— London Inquirer.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Some of the best journals of the leading sects are discussing the question, What is to be the religion of the future in America? We quote two or three short articles bearing on this subject. The first is from the "New York Methodist," and is as follows:

"A late article in the 'Galaxy,' written with considerable ability, discusses this question, 'What is the religion of the future here in America to be?' The writer employs himself mainly in conjectures as to what the future Church of America will be? As if there will be a Church which will supersede all other churches, — an idea preposterous in the highest degree, as we think; nevertheless, the inquiry is suggestive, and the article valuable. He seems to imagine that the contest will be between the Roman Catholics and the Methodists, chiefly because they are now the most numerous and wealthy. The writer gives proof of catholicity of spirit, since he is not a Methodist, and is not writing in a Methodist organ, to flatter Methodist people. Of the Romish Church, the first-named candidate so far as the purposes of this article are concerned, we need say nothing. Let us follow his hint for our own admonition, and consider a little the probabilities of our future. Doubting not that a number of churches will then exist and flourish even as now, let us consider what are own prospects and dangers.

As to the first element of decay, we think we are safe in asserting that it is provided against as far as human sagacity will permit. We have a compact, well-defined organization, both as to doctrine and polity. Law or rule is all-pervasive, and no points are left to disorder or carelessness. That the entire system was wisely devised, and met real wants, and met them well, whatever of defects were in it, is in proof, from the fact that it has been, and is yet, the most efficient and successful churchly agent in our land. It has made good its claim to be a Church of Christ, by most efficiently promulgating his doctrines, and setting up his kingdom. It has been the Church for this time. Will it be the Church for the coming time? Or by being the Church for the present, must it fail of answering the demands of the future? We have no hesitancy in saying that, without important modifications, the Church of the past or of to-day cannot be the Church of to-morrow. Fortunately for Methodism,

she has been wise enough to perceive this great fact, and so is not guilty of the folly of undertaking to perpetuate either usages or forms that become useless and harmful. She has made change sufficiently difficult to require deliberation and time; has thrown around every point conservative guards, so that the hasty and disorderly action of mere whim or caprice is prevented, but has introduced a central governing agent whose sure office is quadrennially to slough off the obsolete, and add whatever the altered circumstances demand, bringing every possible modification within the operation of a normal method."

—As refering to the subject above noticed, we cut a brief paragraph from the Boston "Watchman and Reflector," the well-known, admirably conducted Baptist paper. In case the union it alludes to should take place, it is evident there would thus be formed a church which would at once take the lead of all other Protestant sects. "The Watchman and Reflector" says, —

"The era of good feeling, increasingly manifest between the evangelical Episcopalians and the Methodists, is evidently more than a superficial current on the surface of religious thought and action. It plainly points towards a union of the two denominations, and those most active in the subject on the Episcopal side of the question argue that such a union would put an effectual stop to ritualism and High-church ecclesiastical frivolities. The Methodists will make a prime condition of any closer bonds of Christian fellowship than now exist, that every taint of Romanism shall be removed. Among the arguments used in favor of the project is the fact, that the faith of the two bodies is essentially the same; that the Methodists had their origin in the Episcopal Church, and would never have left it if "the church" had used a little more common sense. Whether anything shall result from the discussion or not, the very fact that the idea has been broached by prominent men is a significant index of the sensitive state of our religious atmosphere."

— The "New York Independent," has lately had a noticeable article on *church standards* from which we quote a short extract to show how that paper responds to the wide-spread tendency towards freedom and unity. It says, —

"All efforts to put the human mind into a strait-jacket, by the mere force or authority of creeds, are simply absurd. Men will think,

and they have an inalienable right to think; and, if a creed, however venerable, contravenes the results of their individual thinking, they will and must reject it. The creed itself is but the product of human thought; and, if so, we see no sin in reviewing it, and, if need be, in correcting it, and making it better. It is certainly amenable to the test of God's word; and it is the right and duty of every man to study this word for himself, accept its statements of truth, immaterial what may be the doctrine set forth in human creeds.

Sometimes church standards are so glorified, and almost worshipped in their distinctive and peculiar shibboleths, as to generate an illiberal, partisan, bigoted, and dogmatic antagonism to the catholic principles of Christianity. This perversion — such we regard it — overlooks the fact that in some things all Christians are agreed, and the further fact that the points of their agreement are infinitely more important than those of their disagreement. It sets up terms and tests of communion, and criteria of Christian character, which the Bible does not authorize. It divides men, sometimes, into hostile and conflicting parties, who ought to be united together. As, we doubt not, it frequently unchurches those whom God accepts. It leads to the *war of sects*, and often arouses passions neither creditable to religion nor useful to the subject. Many of the controversies in the Christian Church are due to this single cause. It is a duty enjoined in the Scriptures to contend earnestly for the *faith;* yet the faith here referred to is quite often not the thing involved in at least many of the ecclesiastical and theological lawsuits which men have waged against each other. As we think, full one-half, and perhaps three-quarters, of the doctrinal strifes among Christians relate to things which, though they may be of some importance, are not of sufficient importance to pay the expenses of the strife, or compensate for its incidental evils. Why should the Calvinist and the Armenian severally litigate their differences, when both, as each admits, hold the essential truths of the gospel? What occasion is there for a war of words, and especially of partisan bigotry, among those who are so much alike in fundamental respects? Let them walk together in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace. This is Christian, as it is good common sense."

— As bearing upon the same subject of a greater Christian union, we take the following from the Chicago "Advance," premising that it is a reply to a complaint made in the Boston "Congregationalist" that members of the Congregational churches do not take sufficient

interest in the secular success of their fellow-worshippers. It says, —

"It is evident that our tendency not to carry our denominationalism into business relations has its sensible and even its noble side. That a Congregationalist should feel conscientiously bound to support his own church in religious matters, rather than go into a Baptist, an Episcopal, a Methodist, or a Presbyterian organization, is obvious; for that is a question pertaining to the very reason why he is a Congregationalist. But the connection is not quite so clear between his religious creed and the question where he shall buy his groceries, who shall make his shoes, or what physician he shall employ. Are trades and professions carried on differently according to the sect to which the man belongs? Are there Calvinistic shoes and Armenian boots? Are we to inquire for High Church hats and Low Church caps? Must we have Romish coats, Presbyterian vests, Congregational pantaloons, Universalist shirts, and Unitarian collars? If a man be ill, must he perforce resort to the water-cure method of restoration to health, by calling in a Baptist practitioner? Is there a 'heroic practice' of powerful remedies characteristic of Methodist doctors? Do Episcopal physicians incline to the homœopathic system, and give weak and diluted medicines? Upon what principle (to take the case as stated by the 'Congregationalist') is a Christian to choose his family physician on the ground of mere ecclesiastical connection? Here is a family in a Congregational church into which comes a young physician. Must they take him simply on that account? They prefer one of greater age and experience. They desire one who lives nearer to their residence. They have now a family physician whom they have employed for years, and whom they see no occasion to dismiss. They have a relative or intimate friend who is of the medical fraternity, and feel bound to aid him rather than an entire stranger. Or they believe in the homœopathic system, and this young Congregational doctor is of the old school. Who does not see that in thousands of instances, such a point cannot be decided upon denominational grounds?

"Moreover, we confess to a dislike to sectarian clannishness; to social lines, business lines, and political lines run according to ecclesiastical fellowships rather than the merits of the subject matter involved. We do not admire the alleged Masonic principle, of giving patronage to Masons above all others in business and at political elections. It does not appear any more beautiful in our eyes when changed into a sectarian form, so that Baptists shall trade only with

Baptists, or Methodists with Methodists. The effect is narrowing. It changes a church into a clan. It restricts a natural and noble fellowship. It keeps asunder those who are now too much separated. It intensifies the sectarian spirit. Close communion is bad enough in religion, and we have no desire to see it extended to secular affairs, and to have the denominational brand upon every barrel of flour, every pair of boots, and every physician's prescription. So far, therefore, as Congregationalists have avoided this clannish spirit, which has sometimes (and according to the complainants, generally) marked other denominations, they have been the broadest-minded men, and the best Christians."

— A writer in the London "Christian World" doubtless supposes that Unitarians, as such, will have but little share in the Church of the future, for he makes the following criticism upon their character, to which he appends a confession of Rev. James Martineau. He says, —

"A Unitarian could no more conceal his sect than a Quaker Generally he wore spectacles; his hair was always arranged so as to do justice to his phrenolgical development; on his mouth there always played a smile, half sarcastic and half self-complacent. Nor was such an expression much to be wondered at, when you remembered that, according to his own idea, and certainly to his own satisfaction, he had solved all religious doubts, cleared up all religious mysteries, and annihiliated, as regards himself, human infirmities, ignorance, and superstition. It is easy to comprehend how a congregation of such would be eminently respectable and calm and self-possessed, — indeed, so much so, that you felt inclined to ask why it should have condescended to come into existence at all. Mrs. Jarley's waxworks, as described by that lady herself, may be taken as a very fair description of an average Unitarian congregation at no very remote date. Little Nell says, 'I never saw any waxworks ma'am; is it funnier than Punch?' 'Funnier,' said Mrs. Jarley, in a shrill voice, 'it is not funny at all.' 'Oh,' said Nell, with all possible humility. 'It is not funny at all,' repeated Mrs. Jarley; 'it is calm, and what's that word again —critical? No, classical — that's it; it's calm and classical. No low beatings and knockings about; no jokings and squeakings like your precious Punch's, but always the same, with a constantly unchanging air of coldness and gentility.' Now it was upon this coldness and gentility that the Unitarians took their stand; they eliminated

enthusiasm, they ignored the passions, and they failed to get the people, who preferred, instead, the preaching of the most illiterate ranter whose heart was in the work.

"The Rev. James Martineau, a man universally honored in all sections of the universal Church, confesses, 'I am constrained to say that neither my intellectual preference nor my moral admiration goes heartily with the Unitarian heroes, sects, or productions of any age. Ebionites, Arians, Socinians, all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers out of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from my early text-books and the authors in chief favor with them. In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crell and Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine Tauler and Pascal; and in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or Keble, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold.'"

— We have seen several accounts of the inauguration at Worms of the Statue of Martin Luther. The following description is taken from the foreign correspondence of the "Watchman and Reflector." The writer says, —

"We entered the public square, containing about an acre of ground where stood the veiled monument. On three sides of the square strong stagings were built, where seats and standing-places could be purchased. These were already packed. An hour passed, and the large gate was opened, and the people thronged in, filling the entire space, except a carriage-way, which was kept clear to an elevated tribune. This was tastefully carpeted, and furnished with fine plush chairs, while a beautiful canopy of blue and white was stretched over it. It was prepared for the King of Prussia and the dukes of his confederacy. We heard the huzzas without which told of the king's approach. He entered the gate in a plain, substantial carriage and in a military dress. The people cheered, and swung their hats with a will. Accompanied by several dukes he ascended the tribune, modestly bowed to the vociferating multitude, and took his seat. We took off our hats, not because he as a *man* is better than any of

his subjects, but because he is God's chosen ruler of a great nation, and that nation *Protestant.*

"Now followed a history of the monument and a short eulogy of Luther, by the Dean of Worms. Then the canvas fell, and the object of universal interest stood out before the eyes of the assembled people. Cheer after cheer was given by the vast throng. When the tumult had sufficiently died away, a choir of several hundred, joined by the multitude, sang with great spirit to the tune of Old Hundred, Luther's favorite hymn, 'Our God is a strong tower.' At the close of each strain a cannon in an adjacent field was fired. Time was thus kept by cannon to the close of the hymn. It was a curious mixture of praise and gunpowder, but quite in keeping with the union of Church and State.

"After the singing, the monument was inspected by the king and dukes. It was then formally given over to the citizens of Worms by the prelate of Hesse. The mayor of the city who received it is a Catholic, yet he spoke eulogistically of Luther, and said that the Reformer was now a citizen of Worms. Yet when the movers in this enterprise offered a large sum for the ground on which the renowned Diet of 1521 sat, in order that Luther's monument might stand where he stood at that trying hour of his history, it was refused, the present owner of the ground being a Catholic. Hence there may have been a little of the Jesuit in the mayor's speech.

"It will be quite impossible for me to give any adequate idea of the monument. It is not a single statue, but many. Luther and his coadjutors, both in State and Church, are represented. He occupies the central position, elevated above the rest. He is in pulpit dress. He holds in his left hand the Bible, to which he points with the fore finger of his right, while his eyes are raised to heaven, indicating the source of the Scriptures, and imploring illumination from the same source to understand and unfold them. He looks the very impersonation of boldness. On the front of the pedestal are written his celebrated words, 'Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise. So help me, God! Amen!' At the base and corners of the pedestal sit his coadjutors and heralds in reform, — Peter Waldo, John Wickliffe, John Huss, and Jerome Savonarola. These figures, all of bronze, are of life size, and most admirable in design and execution. The foundation on which this central group stands is about twenty feet square, three sides of which are enclosed with dark polished marble. On this massive marble wall stand statues of Melancthon, Zwingle, Reuchlin, the Elector of Saxony, the Landgrave of Hesse,

and female statues representing the cities of Augsburg, Speyres, and Magdeburg, which are so intimately connected with the Reformation. The whole is worthy of the highest praise, and is a fitting tribute to those grand men who wrought and suffered, some of them even unto death, for the truth and Christ.

"I will not attempt to describe the dinner which followed the unveiling, where twenty-five hundred sat down to feast, among whom was our worthy ambassador, Hon. George Bancroft; but I must give you one fact which indicates the present spiritual condition of Germany. Rev. G. P. Davies, an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, who resides at Frankfort on the Main, sent two German Bible-readers to the Dean of Worms, asking the privilege of placing a stand for the sale of Bibles near the gate that opened into the square on which the monument stands. He thought that his request to sell Luther's Bible to the people, considering the occasion that called them together, would be received with special favor; but it was peremptorily refused. The good dean was unwilling to irritate his Catholic friends by permitting the sale of God's word. Whereupon Mr. Davis made his application to the civil authorities and they granted his request. The people crowded around his book-stand all day, and he sold hundreds of Bibles and New Testaments. Among the purchasers was an old peasant, who said, referring to the monument within the adjacent enclosure, 'That is very fine in there; but I wish to buy Luther's New Testament; for, after all, this Bible is Luther's real monument.' Who will deny that this obscure farmer pronounced a better eulogy on the Reformer than did the doughty dean."

— The Chicago "Advance" comments as follows upon the Pope's summons for a General Council, to be held in Rome at the close of the next year: —

"In calling the council, the Pope sets forth, in part, the reasons which impel him to such a step in the words following: —

"It is already known and manifest to all how horrible a tempest now agitates the Church, and what grievous ills afflict civil society. The Catholic Church, her salutary doctrine, her venerated power, and the supreme authority of this Apostolic See, are opposed and set at naught by the bitter enemies of God and man. All sacred things are contemned, ecclesiastical property is plundered, bishops and honored men attached to the divine ministry, and men distinguished for their catholic sentiments, are troubled in every way, and religious

families suppressed. Impious books of every kind, pestilent journals, and multitudinous and pernicious sects are spread abroad on all sides. The education of the unhappy young is *nearly everywhere withdrawn from the clergy, and, what is worse,* is in many places confided to masters of impiety and error."

It is not to be supposed that plain people will understand what all these dolorous words mean, it being the habit of Romish writers so to describe events unfavorable to their hierarchical pretentions that those most familiar with the world's history would fail to recognize them. Translated, therefore, out of ecclesiastical phrase, the language of the Pope means that the strongholds of the Papacy are failing it; that the nations heretofore counted Roman Catholic are opening their gates to Protestantism; that Italy has proclaimed religious liberty, so that the Bible can be everywhere circulated, and Protestant worship held, as in fact it now is, in a multitude of places; that the so-called States of the Church have been largely curtailed; the demand for the political unity of Italy, and for Rome as its capital, calls for the abolition of the temporal power of the Pope, and Rome itself is held only by a military force enlisted abroad; that Austria has rejected the Pope's advice and warning, entered upon a new career, made all religious sects equal before the law, established civil marriage, and, taking the control of education from the priests, are treating it as a national concern. While every friend of liberty, literature, education, and pure religion rejoices, Pius IX feels called to mourn, and to assemble his advisers, the world over, in solemn conclave.

What will the council do? Is there hope of reform? When Austria changes its policy, and even the Hapsburgs learn wisdom, is it impossible for Rome to recognize the difference between the ninth and the nineteenth centuries? There is a party of progress in that church favorable to the surrender of the temporal power, and to a practical recognition of modern ideas. They can urge strong argument, and point to telling facts. They can plead an evident necessity on the one hand, and the more hopeful condition and prospects of their faith in free England and America on the other. They can predict a new opportunity of world empire, if a new policy be adopted, if the burden and dishonor of the temporal sovereignty, be dropped, and the Pope be seen to stand at the head of a purely spiritual organization. But the party is small, timid, fettered by the whole history and spirit of their church, and opposed by a resolute and apparently overwhelming majority, backed by law and

custom, pride and prejudice, fear and the plea of infallibility. The prospect of change does not seem hopeful, unless potent, political influences shall be found to compel it. Indeed, it is thought by many that the idea of the council is to make a bold and united stand before the world in behalf of the temporal power of the Pope, and to take an advanced step in favor of papal claims of infallibility. As yet there has been no authoritative doctrine as to the question whether infallibility be in the Pope, or in the General Council, or in the two united. But now it is to be decided, so some affirm, that the Pope in his official acts is always infallible! The Bourbons could not improve. They were thorough incapables. They are branded with the reproach that "they never learned anything, and never forgot anything." The Roman Catholic Church is ecclesiastical Bourbonism. "*Non possumus*" is its reply to every proposed reform. Whether God can make use of it except as a historic warning, remains to be seen. Pius IX. certainly has made a poor specimen of a reforming Pope. There are those who hope for its reconstruction on a basis allowing it to become a power for good; but in opposition stand the invariable tendency in the contrary direction, the recent encyclical, and the logical connection of the involved errors. If retrogression commence, where shall it end? How abate one of the lofty and exclusive pretentions, without endangering the entire system? The growth of evil dogma and practice has been vast and portentous, yet self-consistent. Like an enormous upas-tree, it has developed according to its own law of life, and may be doomed only to the axe and the fire."

— The following is taken from the "New York Observer," in which paper it appears under the head of *Successful Churches:* —

"Professor Phelps of Andover, Mass., in a letter to a Christian layman who sought his advice on the subject, makes some very just and wise strictures on the prevalent notion of what constitutes a successful church. He says, 'Without professing to be wise above my brethren in such matters, I cannot but regard our present system of joint stock in churches as a most perilous one in its practical operation. It is alienating us from the masses in our cities and large towns. They are abandoning us, because we are abandoning them, except in methods of activity, which would hold them at arm's length from us, and treat them as inferiors. It is not good sense, to say nothing of the Christianity of it, to expect to convert the masses upon any such principle. Apostles could not do it, and they would be too wise to try.

"'I welcome, therefore, anything that seems to be an attempt in good faith to make church organization work among the masses rather than upon them.

"'Blending of social ranks in worship must take the place of our whole system of seclusion. We are making a mistake, which will be suicidal unless soon corrected, in aiming disproportionately at the upper tier of culture, and training our churches to consider themselves not successful unless they become representatives of that tier. This is practically training nine-tenths of a community to the conviction that our churches are no place for them. A church all poor or all ignorant may be a providential necessity; but a church all rich or all cultivated is, in the present state of the world, a monstrosity. Yet a heavy preponderance of wealth and of culture in a church is at present our idea of success. Our houses of worship, our tastes in church music, our indulgence of social affinities, and our whole system of churchly management, are under that conception of success a necessity. To us, in our own churches, success is that or nothing.'"

A LITTLE WORD.

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear,
Has often healed the heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thought you bring,
The heart may heal or break.

LET us learn to relish the sweetness with which the gospel cherishes every latent beauty of the soul. C. FOLLEN.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE PEACE OF JESUS.

"THE peace of Jesus. It was indeed his peace. The world knew not of it. It came not from any outward source. It did not spring from ample possessions, if indeed these things can ever give peace, — these things which cost so much anxiety to get, and to keep, and which at the longest can be kept but a little while. It was not the peace which man's favor bestows, which can be secured only by a painful submission to the popular caprice of the hour, by a padlock on the lips, and a shroud upon the heart, stifling its most sacred instincts. It was not the peace of worldly ease, delicately clothed, and faring sumptuously every day. It is no form or likeness of what men call pleasure, that evanescent, boisterous joy that deserves not the sweet name of peace. But the peace of Jesus was the sacred calm of the soul's depths, which the visible storms of life, however violent, never reach; the profound repose of a heart at rest on the bosom of the infinite God, a heart in which divine truth sat and reigned as on a throne, a heart profoundly conscious of being one with Eternal Wisdom and Perfect Goodness. This peace, — it filled all his soul at baptism, when he consecrated himself to the service of truth; and so new and deep and full was it, consequent as it was upon that great act of self-consecration, that it seemed to him as if heaven opened over his head, to let its peace descend upon him like a dove. Then all bars and screens between him and the Eternal Father vanished, and the divine favor rung through his being. In the simplest words possible, his was the peace of one who did not merely fancy or believe, but who *knew*, that he was in the right, whose convictions of truth and duty were fine and complete, without a shade of doubt or hesitation.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

"It is interesting to mark how naturally the peace of Jesus was communicated to his friends. It was by no mystical influence that he exercised over them. His peace passed from him to them by means of the most common sympathies of our nature.

His affection for them, his tenderness and generosity, the uniform sweetness and spotless dignity of his life, his heart throbbing with the divinest humanity, touched their hearts, inspired them with like affection, and so his peace flowed into their bosoms. In loving him they found peace, because in loving him they loved truth. He was Truth itself; his words were true, his whole soul was true. He was a revelation in his large humanity of the absolute love of God, and the love of God is the life and the power of God. Thus the Highest became their supreme object. In thus indulging and exercising their strongest affections, they found peace. Peace! How faintly does the word express the blessedness to which they attained in the sacred consciousness of being in the right. Here, I repeat, is the profoundest satisfaction of which man is capable. The friends of Jesus loved ardently that object which alone can inspire the highest love. It was no mere word or abstraction. It was identified with the character of Jesus and their simple human affections, to which his acts, his words, his tones, his eye, all appealed, united to foster and deepen their devotion to the good and true. And so they found peace, the peace of an entire and spontaneous burst of delighted affection.

"Indeed when once the peace of Jesus is ours, we posess the secret whereby, as by a magical charm, all opposition is converted into an auxiliary, all contradiction into agreement, and every obstacle into an advantage. Thus Jesus himself turned the hostility which assailed him into the dark back ground that sets forth the heavenly brightness of his life; and the worthless crown of thorns, twined round his head in mockery, is changed into a graceful and resplendent diadem; and the cross, that instrument of a shameful and bitter death, has become more significant of a kingly majesty than any sceptre. It is, in fact, in the midst of the world's ridicule and violence that the peace of Jesus, in the heart that suffers for the right, bears the most triumphant witness to itself. How is the loyal and devoted servant of truth raised to a conciousness of peace and power above the bribes and menaces of ignorant and evil-minded men? The fiery arrows of persecution are changed into the living rays of his glory, and though clouds and storms gather around, he sits calm and exultant like the angel in the sun, and hears all discords melting into an unearthly harmony." FURNESS.

DEATH A CHANGE.

"I THINK if we will duly ponder it, we cannot fail to be deeply impressed with the fact that, up to the moment of our own disappearance from this visible state, our existence is a series of states or changes very different from one another.

It is an obvious arrangement and law of our nature, that, preserving, and, doubtless, in order to preserve, our conscious being, we should be continually passing from one condition of existence to another. Before man is born, how different is his state from this in which he finds himself after birth! Only because we are familiar with the fact of birth we overlook the inscrutable miracle. Death, considered as a birth, a birth into another life, as much higher than this earthly life, as this life is than that which we had before we were born, is not one whit more strange or incredible than birth. Then again, there is that other and perpetual miracle of growth, by which we are continually putting off one body and assuming another. This change also is familiar, and because we are familiar with it, and because it is gradual, so far from its tasking our faith, it does not even excite our wonder. How growth consists with the continuance of the personal life is as inscrutable as death. At different periods before we die, we occupy different bodies, different in appearance. very different in bulk. These changes, as we well know from universal experience, not only do not interfere with the preservation of our life, they are evidently indispensible to it. They do not interrupt, they promote it. How they have this effect, no mortal eye can discern. Were we not assured of the fact that they are needful to life itself, we could not believe it. We could not imagine it. We should shrink from them just as we now shrink from death. If we had eyes of enormous microscopic power, so that we could see with our eyes the physical changes which we are ceaselessly undergoing, see the whirl, the ebb and flow of material particles, forever going on in our bodies, our physical frames continually passing away and replaced, we should be filled with amazement, and no words could express our wonder, how, amidst such uninterrupted revolution, our conscious life remains unimpaired.

In view of these changes, is it not in a high degree probable that death, differing as it does from all that precedes it, is only another of the many changes ordained in the nature of things, through which we are to pass. It is more rapid and observable indeed, but

still a natural event, as necessary to the continuance of life as birth and growth. The greater the change that it is, only the higher the life into which it ushers us." FURNESS.

THE WIFE.

ONLY let a woman be sure that she is precious to her husband, — not useful, not valuable, not convenient simply, but lovely and beloved; let her be the recipient of his polite and hearty attention; let her feel that her care and love are noticed, and appreciated and returned; let her opinion be asked, her approval sought, and her judgment respected in matters of which she is cognizant; in short, let her only be loved, honored, cherished, in fulfilment of the marriage vow, — and she will be to her husband, her children, and society, a wellspring of pleasure. She will bear pain, and toil, and anxiety; for her husband's love is to her a tower and fortress. Shielded and sheltered therein, adversity will have lost its sting. She may suffer, but sympathy will dull the edge of sorrow. A house with love in it — and by love I mean love expressed in words and looks and deeds (for I have not one spark of faith in love that never crops out) — is to a house without love, as a person to a machine: one is life; the other is a mechanism. The unloved woman may have bread just as light, a house just as tidy as the other; but the latter has a spring of beauty about her, a joyousness, an aggressive, penetrating, and pervading brightness to which the former is a stranger. The deep happiness in her heart shines out in her face. It gleams over it. It is fair and graceful, and warm and welcoming with her presence. She is full of devices and plots and sweet surprises for her husband and family. She has never done with the romance and poetry of life. She herself is a lyric poem, setting herself to all pure and gracious melodies. Humble household ways and duties have for her a golden significance. The prize makes her calling high, and the end sanctifies the means. "Love is heaven, and heaven is love." — *The Mother's Journal.*

THE FIRST UNHAPPINESS.

"I WISH, grandpapa, you would tell me something about yourself when you were a little boy, as you promised me you would, when you had the leisure."

"I will very willingly do so, my little son, and let you know of some of the feelings and trials I had when I was about five years old; younger than you are now. Though it is so long since, I remember them as plainly as if it were but yesterday.

"I was a very happy little boy, I believe, up to this time: I was full of joy and spirits; but the time came when I was not happy, and well do I remember it, for it was my first unhappiness. It was in the summer season, when everything about me was joyous and beautiful; when I had the kindest father and mother in the world, and a dear little sister, who was as playful as a kitten. We had a pretty garden, and in it were flowers and fruit-trees; and there do I remember frolicking about in the walks, playing with little sister and the dog and cat, and now and then gathering for my mother a bouquet of flowers. How well do I recollect one day carrying her up a bunch of roses when she was lying upon her bed in a sick room!"

"But, grandpapa, how came you to be unhappy? Did your mother die?"

"No; my mother did not die, nor my father, nor little sister."

"Then perhaps you were ill, and could not go out to play in the garden."

"No, I could go out in the garden to play; but listen patiently, and I will tell you. You know we had in this pretty garden some fruit-trees. When the fruit was ripe, I was delighted at the taste of it, and my father and mother told me that they should give me as much of it as would be good for me; but, that I must not pick up any to eat without first asking leave of them. This rule I obeyed for some time; but one day when I was playing under a peach-tree, a beautiful peach fell to the ground just at my feet, and before I thought much about it I picked it up, and ate it; and for some days I ate the fruit without asking. At length I was asked by my mother whether I had eaten any fruit without leave; and I, like a coward, said, No. That dreadful No was a lie, and was like poison to me. After I had been so wicked as to tell a lie I felt like a different boy. I did not take as much pleasure in sitting on my father's knee, or in telling over to my mother all I had done through the day, as I used to do. When I went to bed I would tell her everything that had happened; but I did not tell her what had happened to me in that place which no one can look into, my own mind. There was my lie, and I never told her of it; and so I went on for a long time, determining I never would tell another

lie, but not mustering sufficient courage to confess to her how naughty I had been. I felt all the time as if I was cheating my mother, and this made me discontented and disagreeable, and so I became fretful and cross; and this made my mother and father unhappy, and I was very unhappy myself at times. I hardly knew what was the matter; nothing seemed to go right with me. At last one day when I was walking with my mother, she said something to me, I forget now what it was, but it made me determine that I would say out everything to her; and though it was more than a year afterwards, I told her all that was in my heart, confessed to her about the fruit and some other little things I had done which were not perfectly true actions. After I had told all it seemed as if a bright sun shone within me, and that its beams sent away that dark, naughty lie which had so changed me. And now all was beginning to go right with me again. I felt brave and happy and free; now I felt as if I could bear any pain and trouble, for I had got that naughty lie out of me. I then told my mother that as long as I lived with her, never would I hide any naughty thing I had done from her again. And that promise I was able to keep. Never did I deceive her, though it often gave me great pain to tell her of some of my actions which I knew were wrong. Never since that time have I been so mean as to tell a lie. This, my dear son, was my first unhappiness; but my determination at last to tell all to my mother is one reason why you have now such a happy grandpapa."

S. C. C.

Letter from Rev. John Eliot, first minister of the First Religious Society in Roxbury, Mass.: —

ROXBURY, Aug. 29, 1686,
third month of our overthrow.

Right Honorable, unwearable, and nursing Father, Robert Boyle,— I have nothing new to write but lamentations, and I am loath to grieve your loving and noble soul.

Our Indian work yet liveth, praised be God! The Bible is came forth; many hundreds bound up, and dispersed among the Indians, whose thoughtfulness I imitate, and testify to your honor. The "Practice of Piety" is also finished, and beginneth to be bound up; and my humble request to your honor is that we may again impose the Primer and Catechism; for though the last impression be not quite spent, yet quickly they will; and I old and ready to be gone,

and desire to leave as many books as I can. I know not what to add in this distressing day of our overthrow; so I commit your honor to the Lord, and rest

Your honor's to serve in Jesus Christ,

JOHN ELIOT.

WHAT IS DEATH?

The following are said to have been the last lines ever penned by the lamented William Leggett: —

WHY, what is Death but Life
In other forms of being? Life without
The coarser attributes of men, the dull
And momently decaying frame which holds
The etherial spirit in, and binds it down
To brotherhood with brutes! There's no
Such thing as Death: what's so called is but
The beginning of a new existence, a fresh
Segment of that eternal round of change.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Economy of the Animal Kingdom, considered anatomically, physically, and philosophically. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the Latin by the REV. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M. A. Boston: T. H. Carter & Sons.

These two volumes, in print, paper, and external appearance, are exceedingly inviting. The translator, too, has done his part admirably well. Mr. Clissold is not only a fine scholar, but has a command of perspicuous, vigorous, and flowing English. The treatise itself is the most important of Swedenborg's scientific works. It is a most subtle investigation into the nature and composition of the blood from which the whole animal organism is built up, and for this the author wields his vast stores of learning, gathered from a wide range of reading and experiment. From the composition of the blood he goes on to the formation of the arteries and veins, to the rudiments and developments of life in the egg and in the fœtus, the structure of the heart and its

motions, the substance of the brain and its motions and the coincidence of its animation with the respiration of the lungs. Having explored the house by a most subtle analysis, he ascends yet higher to its tenant. He makes a transition from physiology to psychology, and pushes his investigation into the nature of the soul itself, which makes the consummation of his great work. It contains more solid matter than is ordinarily found in a whole circulating library, and stands a noble monument of genius and erudition among the froth of current literature. It was written before the opening of Swedenborg's spiritual senses, but evidently the studies whose results are here displayed prepared the man of science to become the seer, and to see spiritual things from a tower of observation whose foundations were laid in the solid masonry of things natural. S.

The Earthly Paradise, by WILLIAM MORRIS, published by Roberts Brothers, which has received the highest praise from both English and American critics, we are reading as we go to press, and promise a more full report of it when we emerge from the entrancing dreamlight in which it involves us at present. It is charming to get into a book in which not a line nor a word is written for the sake of some studied effect upon the reader, but flows from the wealth of the author's mind spontaneously and perpetually as the brook from the spring. Such is the simplicity and easy flow of the poem, monotonous in tone, but sweet and lulling as waters purling through green fields.

Upside Down, by ROSA ABBOTT, is the story of a brave-hearted girl called Becky Down. Her father died, and the family was left without any efficient help except Becky, who was only twelve years old. The mother and three brothers were without thrift and energy. Becky took hold, and by her "will and work" managed the farm, and infused energy into the rest. It is a capital story, especially for girls sighing for health and occupation. Lee & Shepard. S.

Dottie Dimple, by SOPHIE MAY, belongs to the series of Dottie Dimple Stories, and is a nice little book for younger children, and of good moral tone and purpose. Lee & Shepard.

The Prodigal Son. By REV. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, M. A., with a preface to the American edition by REV. GILBERT HAVEN. Rob-

erts Brothers. Four very fervent Christian sermons, founded on the parable of the prodigal, prefaced by an interesting sketch of the eloquent preacher. With the exception of Spurgeon, he is regarded as the most popular preacher, and without exception the most popular lecturer in Great Britain; and the design of this book (in paper covers) is to introduce him to the American reader.

Farm Talk, by GEO. E. BRACKETT, Belfast, Me., is a treatise on farming in familiar and colloquial style, containing much practical good sense, which will be valuable to those who would farm profitably. Lee & Shepard.

On Nurses and Nursing, is a little work in paper covers, written by Dr. H. R. STORER. It has special reference to the management of sick women. The author's name, the subject, and the treatment of it, recommend the work to all who have charge of the sick room, or are liable to have. Lee & Shepard.

The Cruise of the Dashaway; or, Kate Putnam's Voyage, by MAY MANNERING, belongs to the "Helping-hand Series," and describes a sea voyage to California and its incidents in a popular style, enlisting the interest of young folks, telling them many things about the ship and the crew and the countries visited In style and matter it is amusing and instructive for young readers. Lee & Shepard. S.

Good Stories, Part IV., contains "From Hand to Mouth," by Fitz James O'Brien; "Count Ernest's Home," by Paul Heyse; "Little Peg O'Shaughnessy and A Shabby Genteel Story," by W. M. Thackeray. The illustrations are by S. Eytinge, Jr., C. Parsons, and W. J. Hennessy, and the publishers are Messrs. Ticknor & Fields.

The Nation — we mean the weekly newspaper of that name, published in New York City, address Box 6732. There can be no better missionary tract for this people at this time, to help make them honest, to lift them above mere partizanship, to promote in every way a healthy political, social, personal spirit. No better use can be made of five dollars than to secure the "Nation" for a year. Subscribe for others, lend it to others; by all means get it read. E.

THE

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RISE OF MODERN SCEPTICISM.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

THE Christian religion has been, for eighteen hundred years, regarded by its adherents as of supernatural origin, — a revelation from God, communicated by peculiar inspiration, and attested by miracles. Those who denied to it this character have seldom professed to be its followers or its friends. At present the case is different. Christianity as a supernatural revelation is the object of attack, — frequent, bold, and ably conducted, — on the part of persons who claim the Christian name, and exercise the office of Christian ministers.

About forty years ago, controversy in New England had scarcely even touched the authority of revelation. The community at large entertained no doubt of the divine mission and the miraculous credentials of Jesus Christ, however they might be divided respecting his rank in the universe, or the influence of his death. The theological student might indeed meet such doubt; it came before him in the regular course of his studies; he looked over, with little interest, a few of the old English Deists, and with more attention examined the arguments of Hume; but the standard replies removed his fears lest the foundations of his faith should be unsound; and so the subject was dismissed, and the mind turned willingly to themes that were occupying public atten-

tion. Very different is the state of opinion and feeling now. The topics that were then chiefly discussed excite but little interest; not because they are unimportant in themselves, but because the arguments on both sides have been so often and so fully presented. The doubts of the present day relate to the authority of Christianity itself.

To many, however, these doubts appear of small importance. Religion, they say, has its true place in the heart, not in the understanding. Those among us who deny the especial divine mission of Jesus Christ yet own him to be the best of teachers, and ascribe to him an inspiration, superior in degree, though similar in kind, to that which has been shared by all great minds, by Moses and Socrates, by Homer and Shakspeare. Truth cannot be more true because it comes from the lips of Jesus; and if we receive the truth with love and obedience, it will matter little whether we admit all the claims that are made for him who brings it. By such arguments as these, many who reverence the Saviour are deluded into thinking that there is really no important difference between belief in him and rejection of his claims. They do not consider that there may be truths which are not self-evident, but revealed from heaven by an authoritative messenger, and that the veracity and the whole moral character of the Saviour are implicated in the correctness of his assertions respecting his own commission.

We would be far from denying the moral excellence of many who reject supernatural Christianity. None can doubt their sincerity and their courage. They often exhibit in their conduct the influence of the religion whose holy lessons they learned in childhood. But the dangerous influence of the opinions they hold, though thus neutralized in them, will show itself, we fear, in another generation, educated in a Christianity which has been deprived of its authority. Already we find, as might be expected, among those who hold these views, an indifference to public worship and disuse of Christian ordinances. It is intimated, too, that, however great the benefits conferred on the world by Jesus, the honor now paid to him interferes with the freedom of the mind and

the progress of truth; and that it were well that his name, like the names of other great teachers of the past, should cease to be prominently brought forward. But in our own view it is the person of Christ, the manifestation of divine holiness and love in his character, and especially the exhibition of them in his death, which has, more than aught else, subjected to his religion the hearts of mankind. A cold system of philosophy can never move the world. To do this, requires an object that can engage our affections. Such an object — a Mediator, an image of the Father's moral perfection — is more than ever necessary to us now, under the tendency of modern science to substitute the conception of the laws of nature for the idea of a personal God. We will not enlarge, however, on the serious consequences to public morals which may be anticipated from the prevalence of the opinions to which we refer. If those opinions are true, our fears are vain; let the truth prevail, and it will vindicate itself. We object not to the zeal with which such views are advanced by those who sincerely believe them; but we who regard them as untrue cannot but consider them as also morally dangerous. If God has indeed given us a revelation, it must have been because a revelation was needed; and the treasure which we thus possess we feel bound to defend, by whatever arguments we can fairly employ, and thus to do our part for its transmission unimpaired to those who shall come after us.

It may not be without interest to take a brief view of the causes which have led to the change already spoken of, in the subjects of religious controversy in New England and elsewhere. To do this, we must glance at the history of philosophy and theology beyond the Atlantic.

The country which, for a century past, has taken the lead in these high themes of investigation is Germany. Her learned men, patient and laborious, examine deeply whatever subject engages their attention. The peculiar constitution of the country has produced a singular combination of freedom in opinion with restraint in regard to form. Germany is so tolerant of new opinions that it has little occasion to be tol-

erant of new sects. A man born a Lutheran remains a Lutheran, in regard to the outward forms of the Church. But so long as he observes these forms, or at least sets up no other in opposition to them, he may believe, preach, and write what he pleases, from the highest Calvinism to the lowest Naturalism. As the whole country is divided into numerous states, each governed by its own prince, if a scholar of eminence is out of favor at one court or university, he may very probably find employment and honor at another. Hence arises a great variety of opinions, and the utmost boldness in expressing them, with only this restriction, that, whatever the doctrine is that is declared, it must not be *avowedly* in opposition to the faith of that branch of the Christian Church of which the writer is legally recognized as a member.

The sceptical spirit with regard to the authority of Christianity, which had manifested itself in the English Deists and the French Encyclopedists, made its first marked impression in Germany through the writings of Hermann Samuel Reimarus, Professor of Philosophy in Hamburg. In 1754, three years after the commencement of the "Encyclopédie" in France, Reimarus published a work on "The Principal Truths of Natural Religion." This was followed by the remarkable Essays, known as the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments." They were written by Reimarus, and circulated in manuscript among his friends; but coming into the hands of the famous Lessing, at that time Librarian at Wolfenbüttel, he gave them to the world as "Fragments of an Anonymous Writer" (Fragmente eines Ungenannten), pretending that he had found them in the library under his charge. The theory of these Fragments was, that the plan of Jesus was political in its nature, and was defeated by the Jewish authorities; that his disciples invented the story of his resurrection, and modified his system as circumstances required. The publication of these Fragments, commenced in 1773, created a strong sensation. Among the theologians of Germany who rallied in defence of their religion, two classes soon became marked. The majority adhered to all which they had been accustomed to receive and teach as truth. Others, however, believed that,

in order to defend the essential truth of religion, it was necessary to distinguish it, by a careful and independent criticism, from all which was justly liable to the attacks of the new infidelity. Hence came the movement to which the name of Rationalism is most distinctively given. It was an attempt to apply the principles of reason to the interpretation of Scripture, — a worthy purpose, for true reason and a true revelation can never contradict each other. If, in the prosecution of that purpose, many were led to abandon important truth, this result should not render us insensible to the aid which biblical criticism has derived from the labors of those eminent theologians by whom it was undertaken.

Prominent among these were Semler, Michaelis, and Eichhorn. By the last especially the attempt was made to explain the Old Testament and some portions of the New on the principle of mythical interpretation. This is nothing else than the idea, to some extent correct, that the narratives which we meet are to be understood, not as literally true, but as expressing what was believed at the time when they were written. A myth, or mythic story, is a narrative, either conveying truth in the form of fable, or, more usually, conveying some portion of original truth adorned and magnified by the additions it has received from the successive persons who have related it, one to another, until it reached the historian who committed it to writing. The earliest part of the Bible, especially, was with reason supposed to possess this character. The account of Adam and Eve, in their temptation, fall, and expulsion from the Garden of Eden, was easily discerned to be a mythic or figurative account of the process by which man — whether it be the individual or the race — loses the happiness of innocence. The account of the building of the Tower of Babel, and the consequent dispersion of mankind, may perhaps be a myth of different description, the narrative of a real event, but magnified and adorned with supernatural incidents, from the imagination of successive relaters of the story.

This mythic system of interpretation was by many writers used in a reverent spirit, and without a denial of the especial

divine commission and miraculous works of the Saviour. The sceptical tendency, however, which was first indicated and encouraged by the writings of Reimarus, continued to develop itself, and employed against Christianity a method of criticism which was but a bolder application of that which had been used in its explanation and defence. The disposition to undervalue and ultimately to reject the miracles derived strength also from the rise of a system of philosophy which sought for the evidence of truth only within the soul.

This system, the Transcendental, introduced by Immanuel Kant, presents a subject too vast for more than a superficial view. We can best describe it to the general reader by saying that it teaches us to look to the instincts of our nature. Bacon and Locke had taught the world to seek truth by looking around; Kant and his followers sought it by looking within. The disciples of the former busied themselves in collecting evidence, comparing known facts, and reasoning out truth from these; the latter watched the utterance of the individual consciousness, and deduced thence his philosophy. Innate ideas, intuitive knowledge, these were the basis of the new system. Kant compared his method to that of Copernicus, who, dissatisfied with the attempts of his predecessors to explain the motions of the heavenly bodies, sought instead to understand his own, and, in learning that he moved round the sun, found the key to the explanation of all other motion. Thus from the study of the human mind itself did Kant derive the knowledge of the universe. A beautiful instance of this is found in his second great work, the "Investigation of the Practical Reason" (Kritik der praktischen Vernunft), where, from man's consciousness of a moral law, he proves first the freedom of the will; then the existence of a moral world, a perfection unattainable in time, and therefore implying and proving eternal life; and lastly, the existence of the perfect Ruler of this perfect world, the Moral Governor and God of all. Kant's own character was pure and noble, his life of eighty years was rich in works of benevolence, and his death marked by fortitude and submission. "I do not fear death," he said, "for I know how to die. I assure you that it

I knew this night was to be my last, I would raise my hands and say, 'God be praised!' The case would be far different if I had ever caused the misery of any of his creatures."

The system introduced by this great philosopher drew attention to a class of truths which had not received sufficient regard from previous modern writers. We recognize something noble, true, and divine in the thought that the seemingly spontaneous utterance of man's heart is from the source of all truth, — that every human being is in some degree inspired. Yet we cannot but perceive that these conceptions, if taken too unrestrictedly, are capable of leading to false and dangerous inferences. It is a possible thing to mistake the dictate of passion which ought to be restrained, for that pure impulse which ought to be obeyed; and he who makes it his rule to "act up to his nature," and look within him for his only guide, may find himself obeying that evil "law of his members" which wars against the "law of his spirit." But the tendency of the Transcendental philosophy with which we have now chiefly to do is that which relates to a miraculous revelation. Many, indeed, who hold that philosophy are believers, not only in historical Christianity, but in what is called its Orthodox form; but with many others the influence of this system has produced a different result. To such it has suggested thoughts like these: If truth be innate in the soul, what need is there of a revelation to communicate it? If truth be discernible at first sight, what need of miracles to prove it? It was the obvious tendency of Transcendentalism to disparage and treat as unimportant all outward evidence. Many of the writers of that school did not so much deny the truth of the Christian miracles as their value for purposes of proof, declaring that the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the religion were proof enough for them, and that miracles could add nothing to the strength of their belief.

The great thoughts of Kant became the inspiration for a host of writers. The poet Schiller compared him to a single rich man feeding numerous beggars, — to a king whose buildings give employment to an army of laborers. Yet among the successors of Kant were men whose ability and whose

fame appear second only to his. Such were Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, in the last of whom philosophy seemed to many to reach its greatest height of sublimity, to others its lowest depth of absurdity. The views of Hegel tended towards Pantheism, which confuses the Divine Being with the universe which he created. According to this writer, the Divine Being is everywhere present in nature, but comes to consciousness of himself only in man. To us this statement seems incompatible with the infinity of God, and even with his personal existence as distinct from his works. Many of the disciples of this philosopher, however, understood it differently. Some of them were zealous defenders of the orthodox system, and in the idea of God's coming to self-consciousness in man they recognized the Church doctrine of the Divine Incarnation in Christ. Hegel himself regarded his system as reconciling philosophy with the Christian religion and its established institutions; and one of his later public addresses was a eulogy on the principles of the Lutheran Church, as embodied in the Augsburg Confession. Very different was the course of Schopenhauer, another disciple of Kant, whose philosophic wanderings found their close in the dreary regions of Atheism and Pessimism.

Contemporaneous with Hegel was the celebrated and excellent Schleiermacher, who was born in 1768, and died in 1834. In 1799 he published his "Discourses on Religion, addressed to the Cultivated among its Contemners." With this work commenced a better day for the religious life of Germany. Schleiermacher recognizes, as essential to a true religious philosophy, a personal experience of the need and value of religion. The soul then realizes a consciousness of its own immortal nature, and of its dependence upon God. Then from the same Christian consciousness are developed the great doctrines of the Christian faith, the soul coming into vital union with the Saviour, who, while one with God, is at the same time the ideal of humanity. Thus by the path of the Transcendental Philosophy does this great teacher arrive at the same reverent and loving recognition of the Son of God which thousands of obscure disciples have attained by the simpler testimony of the written word.

The process by which Schleiermacher deduces the truth of Christianity from human consciousness is thus condensed by Strauss ("Life of Jesus," English translation, § 148): "As a member of the Christian Church, I am conscious of the removal of my sinfulness, and the impartation of absolute perfection; in other words, in communion with the Church, I feel operating upon me the influence of a sinless and perfect principle. This influence cannot proceed from the Christian community as an effect of the reciprocal action of its members on each other; for, to every one of these, sin and imperfection are inherent, and the co-operation of impure beings can never produce anything pure as its result. It must be the influence of one who possessed that sinlessness and perfection as personal qualities, and who, moreover, stands in such a relation to the Christian community that he can impart these qualities to its members; that is, since the Christian Church could not exist prior to this impartation, it must be the influence of its founder. As Christians, we find something operated within us; hence, as from every effect we argue to its cause, we infer the influence of Christ, and from this again the nature of his person, which must have had the powers necessary to the exertion of this influence."

While we must view with respect the learning, ability, and piety of Schleiermacher, we discern even in him the tendency of his philosophical system to weaken the regard of its disciples for the outward, and especially for the supernatural, evidence of the gospel. Schleiermacher, indeed, did not reject the miraculous. He admitted the necessity of one miracle, "since the originating of the person of Christ can only be conceived as the result of a special divine act of creation." (Strauss, section quoted above.) But from his ground, this miracle, and all others that may be conceded, appear not as proofs of Christianity, but as encumbrances to it. The German theologians yielded to the tendency to undervalue outward proof, because they possessed a substitute which they regarded as more valuable. It is unjust, therefore, to denounce Transcendentalism as the denial of Christianity; it is enough to say that it depreciates that species of evidence

on which in preceding ages its defenders had chiefly been accustomed to rest its claims.

The Transcendental system, however, as modified by Hegel, involved consequences, not admitted indeed by that philosopher, but which, in the fearless logic of Feuerbach, appeared not only as the denial of Christianity, but as avowed Atheism. Others, as Bruno Bauer, denouncing even Feuerbach as inconsistent, found in the depth of Atheism a lower deep. To use the words of a writer, himself widely removed from belief in supernatural Christianity, "These writers made it their express employment to daub with abuse, to stamp as bywords, to banish from the actual world as spectres, not religion alone, no! all ideal powers, whatever names they might bear, all moral ordinances of the State as of society, all love and inspiration, which raises itself above the miserable first person singular." (Schwarz, "Zur Geschichte der neuesten Theologie." Page 228.)

While writers of this class, to follow the expression of the writer just quoted, were placing the gravestone of a great philosophic movement in Berlin, where Kant had made its commencement, and while the more moderate school of Schleiermacher still reverenced Christianity on the evidence of their own hearts, not denying its miraculous character, but not depending upon it, there were others who entirely rejected the supernatural element, yet continued to bear the Christian name. There were strong inducements to prevent them from laying it aside.

They derived their support from the Christian institutions of their country, holding places of emolument as pastors and professors of Divinity. And apart from any such personal interest, they might from higher motives seek some middle way between the old belief which they had abandoned and an attitude of hostility to that religion which they saw was the main support of private morals and public order. The problem, then, to be worked out was how to reconcile a rejection of all that is miraculous in Christianity with the retention of the Christian name.

Various were the methods adopted to achieve this difficult

undertaking. Dr. Paulus, in his "Commentary on the New Testament," and his "Life of Jesus," the latter work published in 1828, attempted to explain every miracle in such a manner as at once to preserve the veracity of the Gospels, and do away with everything supernatural. Thus, in Matthew xvii. 27, he represents that Peter was directed to catch a fish and sell it, as the means of procuring the needed money. Other writers brought to the common cause the suggestion that Jesus had some coadjutors, unknown to the apostles and evangelists, and by whose aid he performed these apparent miracles. Others more prudently attempted no explanation, contenting themselves with preaching on the moral lessons of the gospel, and passing over in silence, or treating as allegory whatever they did not recognize as fact. At length the mythic theory was brought to its perfection through the labors chiefly of Dr. David Frederick Strauss.

As the views of this writer have been often discussed, we will not enlarge upon them here, except to notice the very curious examination, in the concluding sections of Strauss' "Life of Jesus," already referred to, of the problem recently spoken of, how to reconcile the rejection of the miraculous with the retention of the Christian name. It is there pointed out that the gospel story, however false in itself, has a true meaning. If it be not true that God was incarnate in the man Jesus, it is true that the Infinite enters into, and manifests itself in the finite. The true Christ, the true Son of God, is not a single man, but all mankind. "Humanity is the union of the two natures, — it is the child of the visible Mother and the invisible Father, Nature and Spirit; it is the worker of miracles, in so far as in the course of human history the spirit more completely subjugates nature," and so on. ("Life of Jesus," § 151.) "It is an evidence of an uncultivated mind to denounce as a hypocrite a theologian who preaches, for example, on the resurrection of Christ, since, though he may not believe in the reality of that event as a single sensible fact, he may, nevertheless, hold to be true the representation of the process of spiritual life, which the resurrection of Christ affords." (§ 152.) Strauss, indeed, answers in

part this sophistry, which, with all his errors, he was too brave and true to take as his own guide; but his production of it, and the lengthened account he gives of the devices by which an unbeliever may reconcile it to his conscience to retain his place as a Christian minister, with his cautious avoidance of a decision on the subject, sufficiently indicate that the instances were neither few nor obscure in which such unworthy conduct had been pursued.

Since the production of his first great work, the "Life of Jesus," the views of Dr. Strauss became modified to some extent by those of another eminent scholar, who had formerly been Strauss' instructor, Dr. Ferdinand Christian Baur, Professor at Tübingen, — views which have been ably supported not only by him, but by many younger writers, who with himself are known as "The Tübingen School." It is the boast of this school to apply to scriptural criticism not the facts alone, but the philosophy, of history. To those who differ from them, they appear sometimes rather to reconstruct history from imagination. The theory of the Tübingen school may be characterized as that of "Tendency." The books of the New Testament were mostly written, they conceive, not by simple-minded men, keeping in view their professed object, but by authors who had each his especial purpose to serve, his *tendency*, to the promotion of which he consciously or unconsciously made his narrative to conform. None can deny to Dr. Baur the praise of vast learning and great acuteness; but his reasoning sometimes reminds the reader of a pyramid standing on its point. The foundation bears no fair proportion to the structure built upon it. Long and circumstantial narratives of the sacred writers are discredited, on account of inferences acutely drawn from a few texts. Thus the statement, given in Galatians ii. 11, of a difference between Peter and Paul in a single instance is made the chief proof of a total disagreement between those two apostles; and on such ground the Book of Acts is pronounced to be, not authentic history, but a falsified account, which owed its origin to a "reconciling tendency." Two texts in the Apocalypse establish the conclusion that the writer was bitterly

opposed to the teaching of Paul; and Dr. Baur, reversing the decision of antiquity, considers the Apocalypse as having a higher claim to be recognized as the work of John than the Gospel which bears his name. The inference is readily drawn that the original apostles — Peter, John, and their companions — believed as their Master had taught them; and the religion, as they received it from him, and communicated it to others, was a mere form of Judaism, not a system for all mankind. It was Paul, we are told, who, deriving his commission, not from Jesus nor his earlier followers, but from his own fervid genius, whose inspiration he took for the voice of Heaven, received this imperfect and narrow system, freed it from its Jewish restrictions, and made it a religion such as all nations could receive. But having no acquaintance with the real Jesus, who was simply a Jewish teacher of morality, he substituted for him a fiction of his own, a divine being whose chief object in coming into the world was to die as a sacrifice for its sins. Thus, according to Dr. Baur, grew Christianity. Strange that he should have continued to rank himself among its teachers!

Among recent European writers who have followed in the path of Rationalism, we have occasion only to mention Renan and Schenkel. While agreeing with their predecessors in utterly discrediting the miraculous element in Christianity, these writers exhibit a decided reaction in their warmer appreciation of the character of the Saviour, and in their recognition of the delineation of that character in the fourth Gospel. Renan was disposed to regard that Gospel as written by John. Schenkel, while assenting to the teaching of Baur, of its later origin and unhistorical character, still maintains, with singular inconsistency, that its author, an unknown writer of the second century, entered more fully into the spirit of Jesus than the disciples who had sat at his feet, and communicated to the world what they had heard from him. These modifications of the former destructive criticism are significant.

It must not be supposed that the assailants of supernatural Christianity in Germany have been left in undisputed posses-

sion of the field. The ancient faith of the Church has been illustrated by such names as Tholuck, Neander, Ewald, Dorner, Tischendorf, with many less celebrated; and the balance of opinion at present is said to incline in favor of the recognition of the Christian Scriptures as authentic, and of Jesus Christ as the divinely commissioned Saviour of mankind.

The Transcendental Philosophy first attracted public attention in this country about 1830. The rich treasures of German literature had then become better known than before, and were in this neighborhood received with the more interest from the enthusiasm excited by the personal character and romantic history of Dr. Follen, an exile from Germany for his liberal opinions on political subjects, and the freedom with which he had expressed them. Dr. Channing said of him, "Some think that on the whole he was the best man whom it has been their privilege to know;"* and his death, by the burning of the steamer "Lexington," was commemorated by Whittier in lines worthy of their subject. One who gratefully remembers Dr. Follen's kindness as instructor and friend adds here his humble tribute to his memory. Shortly after the date given above, the republication here of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" gave to the public the quaint but interesting picture of a German student, of great learning, but far removed from the habits of common life, first losing himself in a wilderness of universal doubt, then restored to peace and self-content by fixing his mental eye upon the light within. A controversy soon arose. Mr. George Ripley, then one of the Unitarian ministers of Boston, and Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who had recently resigned a similar position on conscientious grounds, were the chief advocates of the Transcendental opinions; while Professors Andrews Norton, and Henry Ware, Jr., stood forth in defence of the traditional faith of the Christian Church. The new doctrines attracted the belief and awoke the enthusiasm of a wide circle of the

* Discourse occasioned by the death of the Rev. Dr. Follen. Channing's Works Vol. V., page 250.

young and ardent, while the novelty of the views presented, and the strangeness of the expressions employed, moved the surprised community sometimes to grave displeasure, and oftener to mirth. Even those who shared the excitement of that time now look back upon it with a smile at the memory of its extravagances; yet that excitement had its advantages, and expressed its portion of truth. It deserved respect, as does every serious movement of thoughtful minds; and it contributed to ripen, and prepare for their present usefulness, some of those to whom our community now looks as its ablest and safest guides.

In May, 1841, Theodore Parker, then minister of the church at West Roxbury, preached his celebrated sermon on "The Transient and Permanent in Christianity," which brought distinctly before the public the question of the supernatural and authoritative claims of our religion. It is not our purpose here to enter into the controversy that followed, further than to say that the deserved fame of Mr. Parker as a scholar and reformer has won for his views in theology a currency to which in themselves, in our opinion, they have little claim. Among writers now living, we will speak only of the honored pastor of the First Unitarian Church in Philadelphia. The views of Dr. Furness do not imply a rejection of miracles, but a theory respecting them which owns their reality as facts, and insists strongly on the holiness of the Great Teacher who wrought them, and in some sense on his authority. The theory of Dr. Furness, in all its details, will probably be accepted by few; but the richness of thought and feeling with which it is developed will make for his works a permanent place among the literary treasures of Liberal Christianity.

More recently than Transcendentalism, another system has arisen, whose point of view is directly opposite. The Positive Philosophy appears to be the culmination of a method of thought, to which the researches of modern science had for years been habituating those who engaged in them. Those researches had established more and more the idea of an irreversible order in nature, the supremacy of law, and the

infrequency of exceptions to it. Those phenomena which former ages had ascribed to the immediate action of the Deity — the thunder, the earthquake, the comet — were shown to be the results of causes no more divine than the rest of nature, and subject to laws as definite and as unchanging as any that are recognized in the most ordinary events. A soulless ball of fire had taken the place of Apollo's chariot,* and the magician who could rule the storm was superseded by the almanac. Hence came a disposition to disown all that could not be seen, weighed, and measured, — all, at least, that did not affect the electrometer; and this disposition, while exerting in thousands its materializing, unspiritual influence, rose in some to the pretensions of a philosophical system. While Transcendentalism looks to the phenomena of consciousness alone as the source of knowledge, the Positivism of Auguste Comte looks to all observed phenomena except those of consciousness. It regards as the only proper objects of science those which are cognizable by the senses. Even Herbert Spencer, who enlarges its domain to take in the spiritual, does this only by subjecting the spiritual to the conditions of "Space, Time, Matter, Motion, and Force." The system as presented by Comte was Atheism; for he recognized no God distinct from the generalization of man. Some, however, who are called Positivists, claim to stand on Christian ground, and expand the system of Comte, to its great improvement, but to the loss of its distinguishing characteristics.

It would seem to need no proof that a Transcendentalism which disowns the Positive, and a Positivism which disowns the Transcendental and the spiritual, must be alike partial and deficient. And yet we find advocates of either system, not only rejecting that view which is the complement of their own, but deriving from their aversion to this an objection to the religion of the gospel. The Transcendentalist cannot ap-

* "Wo jetzt nur, wie unsre Weisen sagen,
Seelenlos ein Feuerball sich dreht,
Lenkte damals seinen goldnen Wagen
Helios in stiller Majestät."
— SCHILLER, "DIE GOTTER GRIECHENLANDS."

preciate favorably the external evidence for Christianity. To him miracles cannot prove, nor testimony support, a system which, to his mind, must stand or fall on its own merits. On the other hand, the Positivist disowns as unscientific all teaching that declares the regular order of nature to have suffered interruption; nor do his habits of thought aid him to appreciate ideas connected with such unsubstantial things as faith and holiness and heaven. Would that the advocates of both systems would judge more fairly. Each might look at the evidence most congenial to his own mode of thought; the material philosopher might recognize the positive evidence of outward facts, and the testimony of martyrs and historians; and the more spiritual, if he felt that such proof was to him unimportant, might still be willing to accept it as true, connected as it is with a system which harmonizes with his innate sense of truth, and responds to his highest aspirations, That Christianity derives its proof alike from the visible and the invisible worlds, should commend it to both schools of philosophy, instead of drawing upon it the opposition of either.

In order, indeed, to command our full assent, the proof of our religion must be thus complex. The evidence of miracle is insufficient, unless it be given in behalf of a system which in its own aspect is worthy of God; and though this testimony of its intrinsic worth is the most valuable, yet to a large class of minds the evidence of miracle is also necessary to confirm it as a revelation from above.

Thus have we traced the scepticism with regard to the claims of Christianity which has of late appeared among us, to its origin in the speculations of two foreign schools of philosophy, the Transcendental and the Positive, which, opposed to each other in all else, have alike led many of their followers not only to the rejection of Christianity, but to the denial of all religion, and the subversion of the principles of morality. The view we have taken exhibits to us alike the presumption of the human intellect and its weakness. Philosophers have tried to measure the Infinite, and have thought to dethrone the Almighty; and yet their minds have been too

narrow to take in the just claims of the system which was the complement of their own. Thanks to God, we can turn from these fallible yet presumptuous guides to Him whom the evidence of history and that of consciousness alike proclaim to us as the wisest and holiest of teachers, the most patient of sufferers, the human image of divine perfection.

LIVE A WAKEFUL, NOT A DREAMY LIFE.

THE fancy has its own peculiar woes,
From which reality protects us not.
When in our dreams we walk on piercing thorns,
It helps us nothing that we sleep in shoes!
And when thou walk'st on roses in thy dreams,
Thou heedest not the snake approaching thee.
Only the waking ones can God release
From the night-horror of old, heavy dreams;
How mankind wrestles to be wide awake!
The genuine day is worth thy living in;
Truth is the most divine of poems, full
Of magic, depth, pomp, beauty, as none else.
Be always wakeful, then! Let neither woe
Oppress, nor joy beguile thee into sleep!
For the pure sense of the true, great, whole life
More precious is than even thy greatest luck.

— THE LAYMAN'S BREVIARY.

IF we truly believed in the immortality of our souls, the fear of death would not thwart and mar the best exertions and enjoyments of our life; nor should we fear any of those evils, the worst and last of which is death. — C. FOLLEN.

THE best friends are those who stimulate each other to do good.

CONSIDER no duty too great, and none too small.

A SERMON.

COMMEMORATIVE OF REV. DEXTER CLAPP, LATE PASTOR OF EAST CHURCH, SALEM, SUNDAY, SEPT. 6, BY RUFUS ELLIS.

"As much as in me is." — ROMANS I. 15.

ST. PAUL'S ministry was the expression of his inmost life. Writing to the Galatians of his conversion from the Jews' religion to the gospel, he describes it as the revelation of Christ *in* him, and, seeking to account for this conversion, he goes down to the very roots of his being, and tells of a separation from before his very birth, a divine necessity to have been no other than a disciple of Jesus. On his way to Damascus, and in that wondrous wise he had found, or rather had been found by Him for whom he had been unconsciously seeking all the days of his life. The light within answered to the Light above, as it streamed down from the face of the Son of God beyond any noonday brightness. It was the divine grace in Christ; it was also the ripening of his own experience, as it pleased God. It was no mere accident that Paul was not one of the twelve who had followed our Master from his baptism until the day when he was taken up. It was not for him to know Christ after the flesh. He made very little account of such knowledge of that kind as he had. The outward facts translated themselves inevitably into spiritual and moral experience, into great soul realities, and only then seemed to have gained their deepest and highest meaning. Was he crucified under Pontius Pilate? Yes; and in him the world was crucified unto all his followers, and they unto the world. Was he buried? Yes; and with him they were all buried out of sight of all that made their day. Was he raised from the dead? Yes; and they had all risen with him, and could only seek the things which are above, and so live in love and walk in light that they should not die eternally. Paul's gospel was indeed a gospel of facts, and no dreamer's dream. He did not create his Christ, as some in our day will have it that he did, and then set about worship-

ping him; and yet all the facts of that divine life on earth were answers to questions which even in his childhood he had begun to ask, and satisfied beyond all further quest the most settled longings of his spirit. Christ was his life, he said, and death, he was sure, could only make him more his life. Himself he might die; but Christ could not die, and he must live in Christ.

And you know what a might it is when the work and the man are one, and the worker can honestly say, It is better for me to die than to fail or to be discredited in so much as a single word of my boasting. It is the greatest blessedness in life when a man lives not merely by his calling, but in his calling, — nay, when he lives his calling; when he can find nothing on earth more sacred; when it is not first a question of wages, but of service and of success. Our days are redeemed and we are reconciled to God only so far as all our work is lifted into this sacredness and done in obedience to a divine call. The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus sets us free for even such successes as these, and shows how we can translate our noblest and purest thought into our commonest work.

And if this be the crown and glory of our every-day life, the true kingdom of God on earth, the ideal to be realized in the world's best days, anything less than this must be regarded as a fatal defect in the work of one who ventures to undertake the care of souls, and is willing to be accounted a minister of Christ and a steward of the mysteries of God. Say what you will of apostolic succession and sacerdotal unction; grant that in the evidences of a call to the sacred office much has found place which was merely conventional; nevertheless, a wise instinct separates the Christian evangelist and pastor from the lecturer upon religion and morals, whose dealing with sacred themes, however ingenious and brilliant, is but a commerce of the intellect. There was a good deal of significance in the puritan phrase which stigmatized certain ministers of the English Establishment as "reading parsons," preachers who could repeat parrot-wise the speculations and moralizings of others, but had no word of Faith, Hope, and

Love which could properly be called their own. In its essence and beneath all its forms, methods, expressions, and illustrations, Christianity is a life, the life of the world, a divine consciousness which comes with a divine birth, — a life which the disciple receives from the Master, living because he lives, and the measure of the fulness of this life in the soul is the measure of the fitness of the Christian minister for his transcendent office. As much as in him is, — to that extent, and not one whit beyond, is he a true priest, intrusted with the ministry of reconciliation, able to entreat men to some purpose as in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. Where this life is not, everything else is like water spilt upon the ground. It is, alas, a common experience in the Church that the life which came down out of heaven in the Christ flows not in recognized channels; that somehow baptism does not purify, or confirmation confirm, or the body and blood of Christ minister, as they ought, endless and unspeakable comfort. It is a common experience that what is called ministering is only a blind leading of the blind, the wearisomeness of what are called services and the dulness of preaching pass into proverbs, and the sooner it is all over the better the people like it.

The only remedy is to be found in this word of the apostle, "As much as in me is." It must be in us, or it cannot go forth as aspiration and persuasion from our lips. All the discussion in the world about lamps and candles and gases and fluids will not help the man who, groping about in the thick darkness, asks you for a light. If you have no light, you can give no light. If you have come into any living, loving relation to God, in God's name let us know it; if you have called upon him and he has answered you; if you have cast your burden upon him and he has helped you bear it; if, when you have lifted up your hands in obedience and service, he has strengthened your hands, in God's name say so, and your speech and your preaching may not be with enticing words of man's wisdom, but it will be in demonstration of the spirit and in power, and there is nothing for which even this busy world of ours will thank you more heartily, or more eagerly

seek, or more surely note as authentic. There are those who say, "Why go to church? We can read sermons and prayers, the best, just as well at home." The excuse is good, unless the preacher can bring a living, and, in the best sense, original experience, — a word which, since it is his own, was never before just so written or spoken, and may well be heard as the voice of the Spirit to the Church to-day.

I do not deny that Church machinery of one kind and another has a certain value. The sweet odor cleaves to the vase long after the precious ointment has been exhausted. There may be unction in the words of an unanointed man, and the husks that are sometimes offered to our hunger may serve to remind us that in the Father's house there is bread and to spare; but the life of the Church steadily declines, save as it is renewed through those who, being separated by God and called through his grace, have it more abundantly, and freely give what they have freely received.

I am here, my friends, to say a few simple, commemorative words of one for whom, whilst he was your minister, it was often my privilege to speak, — sometimes when he was unable, on account of his often infirmities, to stand here himself, and sometimes when he filled my own place before a congregation to whose members none was more welcome than he. Such being my errand, you will agree with me that in my choice of a text, and in the comments that have been made upon it, I have been influenced by something more than a very intimate and very precious friendship of almost thirty years. As much as in him was, my brother and friend was your minister. He was a born minister. He did not choose the profession, the profession chose him. He was foreordained to it. He could not have been anything else. Even as nature secretes the life-juices of plant and animal, so there comes, not as often as we could wish, and yet not seldom, this blessed aptitude for sacred meditation, discourse, appeal, and the ministry goes before and also outlives all schools of the prophets so called. They say that the supply falls off in these days. It is not altogether a bad sign. It means in part, at least, that there is no demand in this matter, as in

anything else, save for realities. I believe that in starting from this point in what I have to say, I start from what was central in this life and most distinctive of it, and that, keeping to this word of St. Paul, I shall not wander beyond recall from my proper theme.

The story of our friend's life is easily told. It was not eventful; it differed from the common lot chiefly in the fact that he might almost be said to have been either always falling into or always recovering from sicknesses. It was the life of an obedient child in the household, of a diligent student, a devoted pastor, an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, rich rather in human experience than in those incidents which outwardly signal an earthly course. Dexter Clapp was the son of a New England farmer, and was born in Westhampton, in this State, July 15, 1816. His mother survives her son, his father long since passed on. At the age of nineteen he entered Amherst College, so that, as I suppose, a portion of his earlier years, as is the good custom with many New England boys, must have been spent upon his father's farm; but for that healthful training, we should hardly have had him with us even so long. He came to the Cambridge Divinity School in 1839. I had been there a year already, but we soon were as classmates, and more. Since then I have scarcely lost sight of him, and that not because my earliest settlement was near that hillside home to which, whether from Savannah, or Roxbury, or Salem, his steps were not seldom turned. He did good missionary work at Seneca Falls, in New York, was two years and a half at Savannah, — a ministry to which he was ordained in the city of New York, Rev. Mr. Bellows and Rev. Dr. Gilman officiating in the service; succeeded Rev. Theodore Parker in the West Roxbury pulpit in December of 1846, and became your pastor, as the colleague of Dr. Flint, Dec. 17, 1851. You know the rest, — his ten years of faithful and acceptable and successful service, and the years when though not formally yet really he was yours, so far as any affectionate thought or word or deed could help you and your chosen minister, and enable him to feel that he was not altogether a cumberer of the ground. As Sunday, the 27th

day of July, — his own day, the day which he loved beyond the rest, — drew towards its close and came to its end, the change that seemed to have been so long in progress was completed, the body of flesh dropped away from him at last, and with it, as we trust, all mortal pain and sorrow. We could not have asked that a life which had been for the most part a struggle with disease should have been lengthened out; even his bravery and hopefulness and patience had been put to their utmost, and when it was clear to him, as, but for the courage with which he inspired us, it would long have been clear to us, that he could do no more work in this world, he was more than ready to depart.

Our friend was born into Calvinism. In other times this might have cost him a life-long struggle. In these days, Calvinism could not long detain his sweet and sunny nature from the gospel which it so misrepresents and darkens. He found, as I learn, great help, in the ways of stimulus and direction, from the writings of Channing, and yet more, inasmuch as the life is ever more than any written expression of it, from the preacher who then occupied the Unitarian pulpit in Northampton, a man whose strength has been consecrated, as teacher and preacher, to the gospel of our Lord, to whom our friend never ceased to look up as a master in Israel. He might listen with interest and affection to the rest of us, but, compared with this guide of his youth, we were only journeymen and novices. I say that the Calvinism of his childhood could not keep him. Let me be just. Let me add that through that stern theology the solemn verities of religion got strong hold of his receptive and revering soul, and made it impossible for him to be one of those amateurs in religion who in a transition age like ours find their way even into the pulpits of churches; sometimes, alas! striving to entertain those whom they are unable to edify, or ready, in a tract for the times, to discredit forever the divine origin of the gospel of the grace of God. As much as in him was, he gave himself to the truth as it is in Jesus, and sought to translate it into experience. As needs must have been the case with one so seeking, he was much attracted by the positive side of

what was known in those days as Transcendentalism, and through this he reached a vital Christian creed. He never was content with a Christianity which was only a miraculously confirmed Deism, with its far-off God, its Holy Spirit reduced to an influence, its New Birth an improvement of the outward character. He craved realism in his religion, a present Father, an everlasting life to be entered into here and now, a faith which, though it came of hearing, should be more than a hearsay faith. The contents of revelation occupied him more than the evidences of revelation, and he was persuaded that a divine thing must have a divine look, and shine with a divine light, and that He who made must know how to help the soul, and that to spirits the testimony of the Spirit can in some way be made intelligible. And as time went on, and experience deepened, and knowledge increased, and, more than all, as human weakness, often sorely burdened, craved the arms of the Divine Almightiness, he found the blessed story of the Incarnation not in antagonism, but strictly in accordance, with this direction of his thought, that, in the fulness of the times, God, who is never far from any one of us, however he may seem to hide himself, became, through the humanity of Jesus, the Light and Life of a redeemed world, a Spirit nevermore to depart, a Comforter through all the long ages of aspiration and struggle, the earnest of earthly progress and of heavenly blessedness. He found no difficulty, but great peace, in believing that the ancient Scriptures testified of the Day Spring that should visit us from on high; that the Book so various, so conflicting in its letter, was one in its Spirit, the Spirit of the only-begotten of the Father, that strong Son of God, that Immortal Word, who is before all things, in whom all things consist and find their completeness, the Joy of heaven, the Crown of earth. From his heart he joined in that testimony of Peter to the Christ of which that Christ said, "Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven," — the testimony upon which the Christian Church in all ages rests. The Christ took for him that place which he occupied for the first disciples, — for Stephen when he saw the heavens opened, for

Paul who loved to call him the Lord of glory, for the ancient Church before the first line of the first creed had been written. He was the Divine Son revealing the Divine Father, bearing with us the image of the earthly, that we might bear with him the image of the heavenly; taking part with us in our weakness, that he might lift us into his strength. He strove to make his ministry an answer to the prayer of the disciples, "Lord, evermore give us this bread." He loved to insist upon the divineness of Christ, — upon Christ as God's Way to us and our Way to God. That he was very successful in exhibiting the relations of this truth to other truths, I cannot say, and I do not know that any great success ever has been or ever will be achieved in this direction. It helped him, and enabled him to help others, rather as a faith lying behind his doctrine and enlarging and uplifting his heart than as a theological statement; it wrought its good work when it animated and shaped and colored his preaching, and not when it sought expression as an article of his creed. In this persuasion he was prepared to find deep meanings in Scripture, and turned to its pages as to an inexhaustible treasure-house of things new and old; and yet he would have told you that the Christ as revealed to the Christian consciousness is greater than any word he ever spake, or any work he ever wrought, and can be manifested to us only age by age, as the Spirit ever proceeds and ever leads us into the truth and life of the gospel. Established in this grand central persuasion, he was no longer anxious and troubled about ecclesiasticisms, or disposed to press upon others the forms of truths as if they were the truths themselves. Let men *grow* together, he would have said; union in the great Christian verities can only come of growth. As years went on and drew near to their completeness, whilst his own personal dissent from the denials of the day became more and more emphatic, I could yet observe an increasing confidence in our large and catholic order, a persuasion that outside of the Romish Church there must be a large freedom, — a freedom bounded in Christianity only by faith in Christ as in what is called Natural Religion, by faith in the perfect and sovereign God. He hoped and hoped, and

could hardly give up hoping, that he might again discharge the office of a Christian preacher, according to our congregational tradition and amongst those whose position would enable them to mediate between the old gospel and the new science, and show that Christ was indeed made not after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life. More and more, during the long period of enforced silence, he felt the need in which our world stands of the living Word of Christ, and how sure this Word is of a welcome even amidst our engrossing and disturbing labors, and multiplying and exciting pleasures.

But, after all, his power as a preacher lay not so much in what he thought and said as in what he was; the argument, the exposition, the illustration, were of small significance compared with the faith, hope, and love which through them pressed for utterance and arrested and fixed attention. He confidently made his appeal to what was deepest and most universal. He was sure that what was bread to him must be bread to others. He did not come down to the world's plane, and strive to amuse those who were gathered, or ought to have been gathered, for the most serious business of their lives; he did not lose sight of the substantial gospel lesson in the accidental illustration, but still came back to the reality and the root of the matter, even at the hazard of seeming to say all the time but one thing, as when the Apostle John still exhorted his disciples to love one another. And so-where large and various learning and ingenious reasoning and skilful analysis and a brilliant rhetoric would have failed, he was successful, not indeed in gathering a crowd of curious hearers, eager to experience some new and nominally religious sensation, but in reaching those whose hearts were open to Christian instruction, and in impressing even upon worldly persons the realities of the divine kingdom. He loved the great themes of the gospel, — Prayer, Repentance, Trust, Consecration, Service, the Hope which is full of immortality, — and, as has been said, he gave us not what others had thought or felt upon these transcendent matters, but his own daily and hourly experience. He was always heard because

he spoke from the heart to the heart. In one of his sermons he says, "All the doctrines I have or believe are facts, not opinions." I do not mean that he was in the habit of converting his inward joys and trials into pulpit material, — an egotist in a preacher's gown. Himself was in it all, but only that it might be no abstraction, no mere generality, no vague notion. He used his own thought and feeling only that he might the better interpret the universal thought. In the sermons which he prepared for this pulpit, on the occasion of withdrawing from this charge, — whether finally or not he could not then tell, though down in his deepest heart, even with all his wonderful hopefulness, he must have felt that he was giving utterance to the last words, — there is no direct allusion to the circumstances of the hour; and yet you see that he had lived and was living every word. It is all very touching now. "What manner of spirit ye are of," was the Scripture from which he was speaking, and he said, "I would distinguish the living from both having and doing. There are frequent checks in the way of our prosperity. There are times when we lose our fortunes. There are times when we are disabled, and there is an end to our working. But life does not stop when our hands are powerless, and 'riches take to themselves wings and flee away.' We can live, and we ought to live, as truly, as fully then as ever. Sometimes God in mercy throws us back upon the naked realities of existence that we may learn our immortal value, that the life is more than food and raiment. I remember such an experience, after lying ill of Southern fever, when the pain and heat and delirium were past, how sweet came back the sense of life. With no friends about me, unable to do anything, indifferent to the prizes and ambitions of the world, the consciousness of living had full possession of mind and heart, and I felt in those hours how great and joyous a thing it is *to live*, to be a part of God's beautiful world, and to be sure of God's love. Then there came to me those words of Paul, which have seemed clear ever since, as they then made clear my own mysterious being: 'Nevertheless, I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Some such kindred experience I know must

be familiar to other minds, similar but higher, clearer, more full, more joyous. I doubt not it is the common experience in the last hours, when divine realities take their proper place in the mind, and outward things retire, leaving only the soul's essential, immortal life, and leaving the soul itself alone with its relations to eternity and God."

" As much as in him was," the very infirmities which hindered him when he would have done large service were made to minister edification. How serious and continuous were these infirmities, and in how great bodily weakness he did his work, none but they of his own household knew. Much of his writing was done at intervals, as his small measure of strength was renewed by hours and days of absolute repose; but I am not sure that the gain in spiritual quality was not more than a compensation for all that was lacking in method and form. Not that in these things there was any grave deficiency; on the contrary, our friend was by nature and by training a scholar, with no small skill and no little discernment in those things which the scholar prizes; no writer of verses, but a dear lover of poetry; no metaphysician, but with a strong love of metaphysics; no politician, but a close observer of public affairs; and so, spite of his many infirmities, his sermons were of no mean quality, even when tried by the scholar's standards.

I have spoken thus at length of the preacher, and must try to use fewer words in what remains; and yet the love and wisdom that went out from our friend in his intercourse with you as a pastor, — nay, as a genial Christian man, was quite as worthy to be commemorated as any virtue of his public speech. He was singularly blessed in the capacity of loving and expressing love. His sympathies were very deep and tender, and the channels from the heart were all unobstructed; there was a beating pulse in his very fingers' ends that never suffered the invalid's hand to become cold; his greeting was his own; it expressed a kind of glad surprise, as if his delight in companionship were a fresh amazement to him. He had that fine tact which in the presence of great sorrow knows how often silence is better than speech; a speechless confes-

sion of the mystery, than any ingenious discourse about it. He might well, like one of old, have been surnamed Barnabas, the son of consolation, and when he could no longer go about to comfort the bereaved, he loved to send a word, written often in great outward weakness, — a word which was always a blessing. He was by nature a man of singular refinement, incapable of any coarseness, sweet and gentle, and clean from the very core of his being, — one of the few men in whose presence foul lips would instinctively become silent, as rough people pause when a woman comes within hearing. A childless man, his heart went out towards the young, and they brought their thoughts and works to him, in sure reliance upon his eager interest and efficient service. I do not think that he was a stranger anywhere. If sickness came upon him away from his home, and that was pretty sure to happen, there were always those who found delight in ministering, and would inquire about him ever after as they who unawares had inherited a great blessing. Where he failed of completeness, he seemed to be misled by his desire to be at one with those about him. This was his weaker side, for, like all of us, he had a weaker side, that he sometimes sought for agreements where he should have been content with antagonisms. For a clergyman, his intercourse with the world at large was abundant, and so, in spite of his contemplative and introverted spirit, he had none of the conventionalities and mannerisms of an ecclesiastical person. I think you would have said, He is a minister; but there was no ministerial garb or bearing so marked as to have put the fact beyond all question, and it may be to have repelled you from him by stiffness and ghastliness. Goodness was his aim and the matter of his discourse, and yet he was not of the number of those who are better than good, — good in such a way as to make goodness unlovely. I know of no one over whom the heavens were more fully and gloriously open; but they made the earth brighter, not darker. He did not put a continual slight upon this world; on the contrary, spite of all its sins and sorrows, he found it very beautiful, and said that its light was sweet and its works full of interest. A sick man a large

part of his days, he had an appreciation of life such as you will not often find even in the strongest and healthiest. Somewhere within him there was a fountain of sunlight and sun warmth and perennial health, and its streams would not be hindered in their flow. You went to see him in sickness, and, sick as he was, he was in better health than you were, and unspeakably more cheery. I think that the life in him kept him in this world, if such a thing be possible, beyond his time. For that spirit almost any organism sufficed; but it could not, happily for him, suffice always. I remember that once, in his cheerful way, and as if he had been discussing the condition of a third person, he told me of his symptoms, favorable and otherwise, and closed by saying, "In that case I shall have to surrender." Well, the surrender came at last. We tried to attribute his decline to this and that. It was the steady progress of life-long infirmity. Our times are in God's hand more than they are in ours. It was not this or that, it was the Divine Providence. Perhaps, when he could not any more hope to be again of service, he remitted a little his effort to live, and turned his face and his feet heavenward. I need not say that the realities did not fail or the visions fade at the last. The veil that hangs between our worlds grew thinner and thinner. A longing to depart came in place of the longing to remain, — a hungering for the other world, for the love of this. True to his deep Christian experience, it was one of his last requests that he might keep once more the Master's Feast of Love on earth; but he was compelled to wait until he could break bread with him in heaven, and so he died; yea, rather so from out of the decays and limitations and pains of the flesh he passed into the life and light of those who believe in the Lord, and in whom He is that resurrection which, whilst in the schools of human science, it is a matter of perpetual debate, if not of grave doubt, is assured to every humblest Christian.

When we were students at Cambridge, we were in the habit of calling it a transition time, and sometimes we said, This office which we are to take upon ourselves, in its present form, will only last out our day; after us the parish minister

will be one of the extinct types of social life, supplanted by the agitator, the lecturer, the educator, or lost in the kingship and priesthood in which Christians, as Christians, have equal part. And it has been a transition time. We were right so far. The paths of college friends and fellow-students have divided; some have chosen the old, and some the new, and some the middle way. I saw on my friend's table, the other day, a volume from a classmate who has become, from a born Calvinist, one of the foremost preachers and writers in the Roman Catholic Church of America, a book characteristically enough treating of the "Problems of the Age," a book which somehow came at the same time into my own hands. Paths have divided, but — blessed token of Christian progress! — hearts have not therefore been divided, love has not therefore grown cold, or confidence failed. Men have lived together as more than brothers who, in the days of old, would have thought to serve their God by persecuting each other to the death. And, as we foresaw, teachers and preachers of every name have gone to and fro, and some have forsaken the churches for their halls, and their halls for their own dwellings; the things that interested us in their beginnings have grown even beyond our expectations, and doubtless under God good will come out of it all. But, tell me! amidst all these changes and upturnings, and promises of coming men and coming events, is there one whit less room in our world than there was, nay, is not the need more and more pressing for such servants of Christ in the gospel ministry as we lost in Dexter Clapp?

Work in your own chosen ways, ye who follow not with us, or follow after the strangest fashion; we can have no quarrel with you. Cast out all the devils you can, but let us still, in the name of our dear friend, and pointing to his broken and yet most successful ministries, say to our young men, Come, and as Christian ministers devote yourselves to the gospel, and through the gospel to all sweet and precious humanities.

My friends, I need not ask you to keep in your hearts him who is gone out of mortal sight. I know, and he knew, to his great contentment, how well the ark is borne up by the

hands which have come in place of his; but, thank God, we have large capacity for loving, and the remembrance of our friend will be lasting as it is blessed, and some of us who are far on in our pilgrimage will find that unto our journey's end the light of his life will linger upon the pathway.

And now, brother, in the words of one, thine own companion in college studies, and in the hopes and the duties of this sacred calling, one long since summoned to the everlasting home, we will take leave of thee for a short space.

"Not for thee shall tears be given,
Child of God, and heir of heaven;
For he gave thee sweet release;
Thine the Christian's death of peace.

"Well we know thy living faith
Had the power to conquer death;
As a living rose may bloom
By the border of the tomb.

"Brother, in that solemn trust,
We commend thy dust to dust;
In that faith we wait, till, risen,
Thou shalt meet us all in heaven.

"While we weep as Jesus wept,
Thou shalt sleep as Jesus slept;
Then with Jesus thou shalt rest,
Crowned and glorified and blest."

Let us not always be unbelieving children. Let us keep in mind that the Lord, not forbidding those who insist on seeing before they will believe, blesses those who have not seen and yet have believed, — those who trust in him more than that, — who believe without the sight of the eyes, without the hearing of the ears. They are blessed to whom a wonder is not a fable, to whom a mystery is not a mockery, to whom a glory is not an unreality; who are content to ask, "Is it like Him?" It is a dull-hearted, unchildlike people that will be always putting God in mind of his promises. — MacDonald.

CHRISTIAN PEACE.

"Peace I leave with you ; my peace I give unto you."

THY peace, O Jesus, *thy* dear peace we crave,
Not earthly rest, but stillness of the soul ;
A holy calm, inspiring us to brave
Life's conflicts, and its passion-deeps control.

Thy promised peace, — we need its saving power
To hold us steadfast in the way divine ;
To strengthen us in every trial-hour,
And bless us with a fervent trust like thine.

Thy peace, Redeemer ! — how the restless heart
Clings to thy word, its precious truth to claim.
To us, to us thine own pure life impart,
So may *our* lives reflect thy perfect name.

Thy peace, unlike the worldling's dream of rest,
Or selfish heaven, from toil and care secure,
Brings work the noblest, consecration blest,
And wins from us obedience free and sure.

Sweet peace of Christ ! — like solemn midnight skies,
It shineth clear with stars of hope and love ;
Lighting the gloom of sorrow's mysteries,
And half revealing thy bright home above.

— MARY A. WHITAKER.

NO IMPRESSION IS LOST.

"WE know so much as we are conscious of;
Yet whatsoe'er has ever touched our hearts
And charmed us, though it now seems sunk and lost,
All *that* shall memory one day give us back.
For not a deep, not an abyss alone,
Is this our soul ! The sea, too, often bears
Its flower-gardens on its upper waves,
And its deep bottom thus is hid from sight
Even to a child, that then for the first time
Plays on the shore, much more then to a spirit
That trembling waits to see a miracle
Upon the strand of being's mighty sea!"

JACOB NEWMAN KNAPP.

BY REV. THOMAS HILL.

MANY readers of this Magazine, especially among our clerical brethren, have delightful recollections of the cordial hospitality, the wise and eloquent conversation, the warm Christian affections, the glowing Christian faith, of Jacob Newman Knapp, who died at his home, in Walpole, N. H., on the 27th of July, 1868, in the ninety-fifth year of his age, retaining to the end his intellectual vigor, his loving heart, and even his playful humor. It was a privilege to be with him in the last years of his life, and see the power of faith to lift the believer above all the weakness of the flesh, and to make the inward man ever stronger in the eternal life, while the life of the outward man was perishing; and we have hoped by a slight sketch of his personal history to awaken the interest of our readers, and make them partakers to some extent in this privilege.

Mr. Knapp was born in Newburyport, Mass., Nov. 7, 1773, and was the second of nine children. His parents were poor, — their whole library consisted of Bible and hymn-book, "Paradise Lost," some odd volumes of Shakspeare, Josephus, and a few pamphlet sermons; but they were unwearied in their efforts to give their children the full advantages of schooling on week-days and religious teaching on Sunday, being earnestly devout, and great lovers of the few English classics which had been thrown in their way.

Mr. Knapp's recollections of his earliest childhood were very vivid, — of the great event of being first put, according to the fashion of the times, at the age of three and a half, into man's clothing, long-tailed coat, waistcoat, breeches down to the knee, long stockings, and buckled shoes; of the attendance at two different dame schools; of being introduced at the age of five into the town schools, where for ten years he continued, under the care of Masters Sewell, Norton, and Nicholas Pike, to study the spelling-book, the Psalter, and Bible, and receive instruction in writing and ciphering. Small

of his age and very diligent, he was himself never severely punished; but he always remembered with disgust and abhorrence the brutal whipping with small cords laid upon the bare breech, which was in those days frequently inflicted in the public schools.

He was deeply impressed in a much more agreeable way by the pulpit eloquence of John Murray, the successor of Whitefield, and by the sight of Whitefield's remains in a tomb under the broad aisle of the church, and by the fame of Whitefield's triumphs. A well-educated gentleman told Mr. Knapp that in his youth he went, with half a dozen other young men in Salem, to disturb Whitefield in his preaching; but the leader, who was to give the signal for coughing and groaning, became himself so much fascinated by the preacher's eloquence that he could not give it, and all "who went to scoff remained to pray."

Not all the anecdotes concerning Whitefield were, however, of this character, as witness the following, told to Mr. Knapp by his father: "Two sailors, on a summer Sunday, when the doors of the church stood open, strolled in about mid-sermon, and when half-way up the broad aisle, suddenly 'heaved to.' Whitefield looked at them and exclaimed, 'What! you sailors, who can find the foretop bowline in the darkest night, yet can't find the church of God till noon-day! You'll be damned as certain as I catch this fly,' — suddenly throwing out his arm, and clutching his hand at a fly. Then drawing his hand near his eye, he slowly opened his fingers with the greatest care. Suddenly, with a sort of triumphal joy, he threw out his arm and opened hand again, exclaiming, 'I haven't got him, — there are hopes of you yet.'"

The incidents in Mr. Murray's time at church were not always solemn. In front of the pulpit sat, according to custom, six or eight venerable elders, one of whom, Mr. Knapp's great-grandfather, Major Goodwin, was accustomed occasionally to "speak out in meeting," with clear, long-drawn tones. On one occasion he was delighted with the sermon, and exclaimed, "My soul is like unto a bottle filled with new wine, ready for bursting." On another occasion, when an exchang-

ing minister had delivered a classically written moral dis course, the major loudly proclaimed, as he stalked out of church, "I'm starved! I'm starved! I've been fed with husks while I was hungering for the bread of life!"

Another incident in Mr. Knapp's ninth year made a great impression on him, — when he was drawn up with other school children in a line in the street, and George Washington, riding by on a white charger, graciously smiled upon them.

When but little over sixteen years old, he began the work of his life, by teaching a school in Loudon, N. H., of forty pupils, of both sexes and of all ages. "Most of the children under ten years of age wore leather aprons, reaching from their chins to their ankles. These aprons, after being worn a little time, became striped and shining with bean porridge, which in winter was the principal food of the children. Many of the little girls took snuff. It was the fashion."

The next summer he started, with all his worldly goods tied up in a handkerchief, to seek opportunities to teach school again. After four days' weary walking, he was guided by a kind Providence to a house in Sanbornton, where he was immediately engaged, began the next day, and taught four successive years. At first the stripling teacher (still small of his age) had some difficulties to contend with, but, as at London, soon conquered them, and became a favorite. The anecdotes which he related of this part of his life give a pleasing picture of the simple manners of those days. "As there was a man in the district who had expected to teach the school, and, it was supposed, was watching for me to halt or trip, some of the principal married women of the district came frequently into the school, and then went about praising the stripling teacher. Heaven bless the memory of their maternal hearts!" "Soon after I began my school, I went to Northfield, an adjoining town, to see a meeting-house raised. There I met three other school teachers. One of them, an Englishman, had in his hand a copy of Addison's 'Cato.' He proposed a trial in reading among us four instructors. The multitude heard the challenge, and formed a ring around us. The Englishman selected as the trial passage the last

part of the first scene between Marcus and Portius, and read it with theatric tone and emphasis; next came Master Fuller, then Master Clark, then came my turn. The ring, probably in sympathy for my youth, declared loudly in my favor!"

This modest explanation was written sixty-nine years after the little triumph. The same summer he was challenged to write twelve verses, by a person of the neighborhood, on a subject selected by the challenger. The two sets of verses were submitted to the judgment of the district, and the schoolmaster was declared victor. A fourth cause of his success in Sanbornton was an accidental visit of a Quaker named Hodsden, unknown to Mr. Knapp; and his delight at seeing the latter call out class after class to hear them read, without speaking a word, giving signals by slight taps of the ferule on the desk. Hodsden went about afterward saying, "I have been in many schoolhouses, but never before saw a school taught."

The wages of a teacher in those days seem small to us, — six dollars a month and board; but Mr. Knapp managed from them to save enough to give his father a token of his filial piety by procuring for him fifty acres of woodland, and clearing ten acres by fire and axe. This land was leased for nine hundred and ninety-nine years, for the benefit of public schools.

He next entered Phillips Academy, Andover, of which Mark Newman, a cousin of his mother, was principal. He did not at first think of fitting for college, but was soon persuaded to begin Latin, and being appointed writing-master in the Academy, was enabled to remain. Just as he had completed his preparation for college, and was inquiring for a school, in which to earn means of living at Cambridge, his schoolmate, Cassius Lee, son of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, who had just gone to Princeton College, died, and bequeathed his friend Knapp fifty guineas. With this he entered Harvard, and by aid of teaching in winter, transcribing college documents, hiring two hundred dollars, and receiving another token of love from the Lee family, he managed to pass through his four years, and graduate with high honor in 1802.

He immediately began to teach in the Town School of Charlestown, Mass., and at the same time to study theology with Dr. Jedediah Morse, the author of the once popular school geography. He pursued his studies in divinity about three years, and then preached in Salem and Boston, but never as a candidate for settlement, injudicious application by candle-light having so much weakened his eyes as to confine him to a darkened room for some months, and to make him feel unable to continue in his chosen profession.

In December, 1803, he took charge, by invitation, of a private school of twenty boys in Salem, and continued to teach there for nearly ten years, beloved and respected, and enjoying his work. But his health was not firm, and in the summer of 1812 he took a trip westward as far as Louisville and Lexington, Kentucky, and returned on horseback, with renewed vigor.

While in Salem, Mr. Knapp was much urged to enter political life, and to stand for Congress, but declined the proposals. He was also asked by Daniel Webster to allow his name to be presented to the Trustees of Dartmouth College for the presidency of that institution; but he conceived that the state of his eyes would prevent his properly fulfilling the duties of the station, and therefore declined to give Mr. Webster permission.

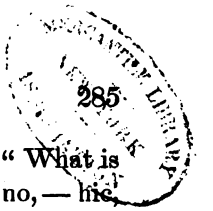
During his western trip he chanced to witness the first attempt of a steamboat, a little thing of twenty feet keel, to stem the current of the Ohio, at Cincinnati, and to hear the great exultation and rejoicing of the assembled multitude at seeing the boat move against the stream at the rate of six miles an hour.

Soon after his return he opened a private boarding-school for boys in Brighton, and after four years removed it to Jamaica Plain, where he taught until 1822. His teaching must have been successful and lucrative, for he added fifty acres to his father's farm, assisted very largely his brothers (Samuel L. Knapp, LL. D., and Dr. Joseph Knapp), remembered his mother with many gifts of filial love, and in 1822 purchased a farm for himself in Walpole, N. H., the native town of his wife, where he has ever since resided.

He married, June 3, 1819, Louisa, daughter of Joseph Bellows. He had two sons, who, with their mother, survive him. His active exercise on the farm restored him to sound health, and the interests of the town and the parish, the education of his sons, and the entertainment of his guests (among whom it was his particular pleasure to have the clergymen visiting that most beautiful of New England towns, of which Mr. Knapp's windows commanded the most beautiful view) kept his mind and heart ever happily and usefully employed. . . . . .

As the years rolled on, and the infirmities inseparably connected with great age prevented Mr. and Mrs. Knapp from indulging so freely in the pleasure of having friends at their house, the hours of conversation with the man of ninety were all the more highly prized by those permitted to be intimate witnesses of this triumph of the soul over the flesh. As he sat in his accustomed chair, a stranger might have thought him dozing. Question him on anything of his own personal feelings and needs, and you would scarce obtain an answer. But appeal to any of the intellectual or moral powers, speak of a new discovery in science, tell him of an important political movement, recall to him the thought of any personal friend among the living or the dead, allude to questions of philanthropy and social reform, or, above all, mention the gospel or any of its prominent doctrines, and you would at once see that the internal fires of thought and feeling were glowing as of old. As he grew warm in the utterance of his faith and hope, his eye would kindle, his voice grow full and firm, his intellect would show its old vigor and acuteness, he would criticise with good-humored playfulness, but with keenest discrimination, your statements and arguments; his warm affections would show themselves in every tone and turn of expression, and a half-century of the accumulating infirmities of sense would be consumed before one touch of the living fire of the soul.

A single instance will show how his faculties retained their brightness even until within a few hours of his death: His physician thought that sipping a light acid wine might be



useful; and his son offering it, Mr. Knapp asked, "What is it?" "Hock," was the reply. "No," said he, "no, — hic, hæc, hoc, — I *thus* decline it."

But this playful humor was not the only sign of inward life which he gave in those days when the outward man was perishing. Some one told him that his favorite nephew, Rev. Dr. Bellows, was about returning from Europe. He said little at the time, but after twenty-four hours of apparent lethargy he aroused himself, and asked the person who told him, "Have you read Henry's book?" and on receiving an unsatisfactory answer, roused himself further to explain that he meant, "Restatements of Christian Doctrine," and to pass a glowing eulogium upon the volume. In like manner, having heard, a few days before his last, that his son had recently preached on "Personal Holiness, the only Foundation of Prosperity in Church or State," he simply replied emphatically, "Excellent!" But afterward, in the night, he aroused himself from a seemingly deathlike stupor, to say again, "Personal holiness, the only root whence spring blessings to the Church, blessings to a community, blessings to a State. Preach personal holiness. Show each hearer that the rewards of intense consecration of one's self to God are immeasurable. Personal holiness, entire consecration of the individual will to the law and will of God, revealed to us in Jesus Christ. Repeat it often, the world wants it."

This brief and imperfect recollection of his words gives the reader but a faint impression of the eloquence with which this aged and dying saint uttered himself in tones so clear and strong and full of pathos that the hearer feared and trembled lest the tensely strained golden cord of life might be suddenly broken in the effort.

Mr. Knapp was fond of comparing the past with the present, and then casting a horoscope of the future. His clear recollections covered, on some points, ninety years, and on all points eighty years; he had seen his country and the civilized world advance during that time with a rapidity that had defied all imagination, and at a rapidly accelerated pace. What could be his inference, but that which he so constantly

and joyously drew? — namely, that the clouds that threatened us would yet break in blessings on our heads; and that advances and improvements in the state of the world and of society would be realized continually, from generation to generation, unlooked for, and grand beyond the conception of our age. He thought that the saying of the prophet, "Eye hath not seen," etc., was as applicable to this life as to that which is to come.

But his great delight for many years past has been to speculate with exultant faith upon the life which is to come, revealed to us in the gospel of the Lord. His assurance of immortality was as strong as if it had been an intuition; but it rested partly upon an induction from the moral order, and apparent disorder, of the universe, requiring immortal life as a necessary complement to our faith in the divine veracity and justice and mercy; partly also, and perhaps chiefly, upon his faith in Jesus Christ, as the first and only one who had spoken the word of eternal life. He could never see the justice or moral discrimination of those who put Jesus of Nazareth simply at the head of moral sages. To him Jesus appeared generically different from all other teachers, and *incomparably* superior. Mr. Knapp's earliest teaching was Calvinistic, it was in mature life that he became a Unitarian. He retained no bigotry nor fanaticism from his early training, and listened with earnest attention to the words of every seriously-minded man, whatever his religious creed. But the vaticinations of modern prophets, whether rationalists, spiritists, or positivists, or less popular talkers, who would either exalt others to the level of the Saviour, or reduce Jesus to the level of others, always seemed to him lacking both in logical power and in divine inspiration; and after listening to their utterances, he would always turn with new delight to the Holy One from Nazareth, and cry with emphatic earnestness, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." At the close of his eighty-seventh year he wrote to his son: "I thank God that he, through our Lord Jesus Christ, rescued me from the spiritual prison into which early education cast me, and from which I could see him only through narrow grated win-

dows, and has brought me out under the open heavens, where, by the light of the Sun of Righteousness, I can see the harmony of his perfections, and the glory of his promises, with the rapture of unqualified faith."

Six years later, toward the close of his ninety-third year, being questioned by Dr. Bellows concerning his ideas of the future state, he replied, "Oh, no, my son! Not mere rest from care and sorrow, and freedom from pain and bodily weakness, — no! no! It is the hope and faith that the seeds of a higher, nobler, fuller life are latent in me, and will develop themselves in the genial atmosphere of the heavenly state, that makes the thought of it so precious. I shall know more of God, and more of his Son; I shall unfold new faculties, and sweep upward on a stronger wing. I shall have new knowledge, and new powers of obedience and of usefulness; I shall understand mysteries that now bewilder me, realize pleasures that are now only foreshadowed in my imagination; I shall throw off many limitations of thought and feeling, and find that ideal life which from youth has haunted me expanding itself in the uncramped conditions of that nobler state, which the repressed powers and budding desires of my soul have always predicted." Frequently he spoke also of the great delight he anticipated in meeting again the beloved ones who had been called before him, — his heart at ninety-five still yearned toward his mother as it had always done from childhood, — and in seeing face to face those whom, not having seen, he had learned to love, the saints and heroes and wise men of all ages. Unnumbered sources of happiness seemed to him ready in the hands of a beneficent God to give him each an eternity of joy.

Surely, an old age like this is not useless! Who can even so much as hear of this faith and hope and love, glowing thus brighter and warmer to the very end of the old man's lengthened days, and not feel kindling within himself a desire for the same spiritual gifts? Nay, who can refuse to see in this very persistence of hope and faith and love in the withered and feeble frame shattered by the storms of ninety-four winters an evidence of the immortal nature of the soul, a

proof that faith in Jesus makes man even now, and in the flesh, partaker of an eternal, unchangeable life, that shall also be immortal?

Another aged saint, a few weeks older than Mr. Knapp, and still living in faith and hope like his, is accustomed to speak of the years by which she exceeds threescore and ten as borrowed from eternity. And who shall reckon up the usury with which these borrowed years shall be repaid? One of the dwellers in the village said to me, on the day of the funeral, "Mr. Knapp's last years have revealed to me entirely new views of life and death and immortality, and I thank God for my acquaintance with Mr. Knapp, as for the great blessing of my life." Doubtless this is not a solitary case, but from those two windows, one on the north side of the village, the other on the south, whence these two nonagenarians have cast frequent glances, each toward the other, companions in age and in faith, and each down upon the dwellers in the valley between, there has flowed a gentle, refining, elevatin influence felt by many who were unconscious whence it came, producing more reverent views of life and duty, eading to a higher estimate of human faith and virtue, awakening sweeter and holier human affections, and kindling new aspirations for holiness, for a closer walk with God and with the Lamb, and for acceptance before the throne of everlasting judgment. The twenty-five years lent from eternity to these two have thus produced many fold their value in the eternal life of other members of Christ's flock.

THAT man is perfect in faith who can come to God in the utter dearth of his feelings and his desires, without a glow or an aspiration, with the weight of low thoughts, failures, neglects, and wandering forgetfulness, and say to him, "Thou art my refuge, because thou art my home." — MACDONALD.

WHOEVER acquires knowledge, and does not practise it, resembles him who ploughs his land, and leaves it unsown.

THE TIDE.

With daily ebb and flow
The waters by us glide;
They tell us of the mighty Power
That rules their constant tide.

Yet, thoughtless, still we gaze,
Untaught from day to day;
Unheeded still the unseen Hand
That doth their motions sway.

As if thus, of itself,
The river's tide might flow;
Now fill its empty channels high,
Then back to ocean go.

As if attraction's force
Could be the only law,
And moon and sun could, of themselves,
The bulk of ocean draw.

Ah, who shall give us sight
This miracle to see?
In ocean's constant ebb and flow,
The work of Deity!

In Nature's constant law
To own God's ceaseless power,
Who makes the sea to know its bounds,
And keep the appointed hour. J. V.

We should teach the child, by our words and our lives, that true Christianity is the happiest as well as the best thing. And when sufferings come upon us, and our minds are perplexed and our hearts are troubled, and we see the spirit of fear walking on the dark waters of life, we shall listen for the words which will not fail to be spoken to us, "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." So shall we teach our children to trust in His Father and our Father, who hath "loved us with an everlasting love." — E. L. F.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

BETHANY, or the house of dates, is distant from Jerusalem fifteen furlongs, as the record hath it, or perhaps a mile beyond the summit of Mount Olivet. Sunday, the 24th of February, we spent in walking to this little village, which the Arabs call "El-Azariyeh," a name derived from the Scripture name Lazarus. It was a Sabbath-day's journey full of delightful memories and thoughts. We passed down the steep descent of the hill on which rests the city, and loitered up the slope of Olivet, all the while gathering the bright flowers as we went, and sat down for a long time on the roots of an old, gnarled olive tree, with a field of wheat, then in head, waving around us, the shadows of passing clouds darkening the vale of Kedron, or anon the fair sunlight glittering from the mosque of Omar, and music from the Turkish bands for our Sunday anthem without, and all the Christian memories within.

One may go to Jerusalem and the Holy Land with whatever determination he will to see it *as it is*, and, notwithstanding the determination, he constantly finds himself seeing it *as it was*. The rocky hill-slopes become the terraced vineyards; the noisy Arabs, the poor fishermen; every passing Bedouin, with his coarse, striped camel's hair tunic, becomes a prophet; Mount Zion breathes forth the Psalms, and over the vacant space of Moriah rises the stately and gorgeous temple of Solomon and Herod.

It is somewhat remarkable that the places of greatest interest in the Old Testament are quite frequently of little interest or connected with the incidents of the New, while others, just noticed in the Old, become of chiefest importance and sanctity, — nay, are transfigured, as it were, in the New; a few are alike prominent in both. Mount Olivet belongs to this second class. In the Old Testament, when the revolt of Absalom takes place, we find David escaping from the royal city up the ascent of Olivet, weeping as he goes, with his head covered and his feet bare, and all the faithful people fol-

lowing him, weeping as they went up. And when he came to the top of the mount, we see him, after he has worshipped God, asking his faithful servant to return to be a servant to Absalom, as he had been to him, and so send him news secretly from the palace; and when he was a little past the hill-top, we find another bringing him bread and earlier summer fruits and wine; and here on one side, as Jesus on the other, he had his last view of the city over which one, as well as the other, doubtless wept. This is all that is of interest in the Jewish Testament regarding Olivet,—in the Christian Testament how rich the memories! In Jerusalem's dirty streets one meets not Jesus; as of old, his voice was lost in the pressing and persecuting crowd; so it is still. But when we go with him to Olivet, we find him risen not only above the confusion of the city, but the struggles of the earth, while every step speaks of his agony as well as peace, and every echo repeats his lingering prayer, which the lisping lips will not let go altogether to the skies, and every heath whispers, "Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Somewhere beyond the hill-top of Olivet, and on the slope where Bethany begins, was the place to which Jesus led his disciples, and where, with uplifted hands, he gave them the last blessing, and where his last benediction, as of a spirit, was heard, "Peace be with you," and where, blessing as he was parted from them, he vanished into the heavens, whither no mortal eye can follow.

At Bethlehem, we return to the birthplace of Jesus, and the sweet opening story of the Gospels which mingles the angel-song with the infant-cry. At Nazareth, we watch the child subject to his parents, and, by the unrecorded preparation of thirty years, gathering to himself the spirit-armor from above. At Tiberias and the overlooking Mount of Beatitudes, we see the Preacher with the multitude pressing around him; at the Jordan, we see the strong resolve and the struggle for strength and the heavenly help; at Jerusalem, we see the sturdy Teacher over-matching the wisdom and sophistry and formalism of the Temple scribes and priests; but at Bethany we see Jesus among the sympathies of life, feeling them, needing

them, resting in them, strengthened by them, going thither tried and weary and dispirited by the city's heartlessness, selfishness, formality, fashion, and in the retreat of loving and pious friendship forgetting the wearisome controversies, the unconvincing disputes, the exhaustive labors of a public ministerial life. When the day's work was done, he sought rest at Bethany. From the troubled life of the Temple, he sought the tranquil serenity of the star-lit Gethsemane, and the sympathetic home of Lazarus. From the opposition and annoyance of Scribes and Pharisees, he turned to the devotion and love of Mary and Martha.

The description of all these towns in Palestine must vary very much, as the traveller sees them just after the rainy season, or in the wild, luxuriant growth of a tropical summer. The situation of almost all is certainly quite striking. On the slope or summit of the hills, with the houses small, but well built of a white limestone, and from a distance attractive, because one cannot notice the filth or the sordid and offensive character which the Arab indolence gives to every place. Bethany is a small, wild mountain hamlet, on the hill-slope, just where the rocky road begins to descend into the dangerous defiles leading to Jericho. What it is to-day, there is every reason to suppose it was in the time when Jesus came to it; and that the square stone buildings with poles laid across the walls and covered with mortar for a roof, with one room, and one division or apartment for the women, and one square, low opening for a door, with the earth for a floor, and a raised platform, or, in more assuming houses, a real chimney for a fireplace, are just such buildings as made the homes of Simeon and of Lazarus and of Jesus. The places which are pointed out as of sacred importance were not shown until three or four hundred years after the incidents which made them sought after occurred, and then from the wild desire of the pilgrims to associate every event in the ministry of Jesus with some spot, to give it a local certainty. Nevertheless, the cave, or deep vault excavated in the limestone rock near the village, and shown as the tomb of Lazarus, is of interest, as illustrating the Scripture expressions of the chambers of the

dead, or the lunatics coming forth out of the tombs, or Jesus calling with a loud voice; for you go far back from the entrance, and down twenty or thirty steps, until the first and larger chamber leads into a smaller, or rocky sarcophagus, large enough for one or more bodies. From the tops of the houses, one can see far down into the valley of the Jordan, and the depression of the Dead Sea. Here the home-life of Jesus found expression, — sympathy and sorrow, love and languor, smiles and tears, sickness, bereavement, death, life.

While we were roaming among the houses of Bethany, or sitting on the rocks above the town, and, as is the custom of the East, the villagers all gathered with curiosity around the strangers, a little girl of surpassing beauty came up to sell us some shells from the Dead Sea shore. Here and at Bethlehem and Nazareth, the young girls are of great beauty, but, oppressed by work, soon lose it. Eyes, large and lustrous and deep, like the eyes of the child in the Dresden Madonna, and faces of Madonna softness and sweetness, and, perhaps from the custom of carrying the large water-jars on their heads, a gait of rare stateliness, and figures of rare gracefulness.

Returning from Bethany that afternoon, we came by the pathway which has always been the principal road from Jericho and the Jordan to Jerusalem. Along this road Pompey must have come with his solid Roman cohorts, thirsting for the rule of the world; and along this road another came to conquer the world by self-sacrifice. It was the time of the great feast of the passover, and all the people were thronging to their royal city; and while they were there, rumors came of the wonderful events which had taken place in Bethany, and one morning, when they heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem, a great multitude went forth to meet him, and, as they went, cut off the branches of the palm-trees. Not far beyond the city walls, they met the other multitude following, who had spread their loose mantles in the way and strewed it with the olive branches; and then they that went before and they that followed raised the triumphal anthem, which rang along the valley of Kedron and echoed among the encircling hills, "Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Here is a description of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem, by Dean Stanley, full of interest, although it is somewhat overdrawn, and tries to add too much definiteness to the localities: —

"Two vast streams of people met that day. The one poured out from the city, and as they came through the gardens whose clusters of palm rose on the southern corner of Olivet, they cut down the long branches, as was their wont at the Feast of Tabernacles, and moved upwards toward Bethany with loud shouts of welcome. From Bethany streamed forth the crowds who had assembled there on the previous night, and who came testifying to the great event at the sepulchre of Lazarus. The road soon loses sight of Bethany. It is now a rough, but still broad and well-defined mountain track, winding over rock and loose stones; a steep declivity below on the left; the sloping shoulder of Olivet above on the right; fig-trees below and above, here and there growing out of the rocky soil. Along the road the multitudes threw down the boughs severed from the olive-trees through which they were forcing their way, or spread out a rude matting formed of the palm-branches which they had already cut as they came out. The larger portion — those, perhaps, who escorted Him from Bethany — unwrapped their loose cloaks from their shoulders and stretched them along the rough path, to form a momentary carpet as he approached. The two streams met midway. Half of the vast mass, turning round, preceded; the other half followed. Bethany is hardly left in the rear before the long procession must have swept up and over the ridge where first begins the descent of the Mount of Olives toward Jerusalem. At this point the first view is caught of the south-eastern corner of the city. The Temple and the more northern portions are hid by the slope of Olivet on the right; what is seen is only Mount Zion, now for the most part a rough field, crowned with the mosque of David and the angle of the western walls; but then covered with houses to its base, surmounted by the castle of Herod on the supposed site of the palace of David, from which that portion of Jerusalem, emphatically 'the city of David,' de-

rived its name. It was at this precise point, 'as he drew near, at the descent of the Mount of Olives.' May it not have been from the sight thus opening upon them that the hymn of triumph, the earliest hymn of Christian devotion, burst forth from the multitude, 'Hosanna to the Son of David'? . . . There was a pause as the shout rang through the long defile; and as the Pharisees, who stood by in the crowd, complained, he pointed to the stones which, strewn beneath their feet, would immediately cry out, if these were to hold their peace.

"Again the procession advanced. The road descends a slight declivity, and the glimpse of the city is again withdrawn behind the intervening ridge of Olivet. A few moments, and the path mounts again; it climbs a rugged ascent, it reaches a ledge of smooth rock, and in an instant the whole city bursts into view. As now the dome of the Mosque El Akra rises like a ghost from the earth before the traveller, stands on the ledge, so then must have risen the Temple-tower; as now the vast enclosure of the Mussulman sanctuary, so then must have spread the Temple courts; as now the gray town on its broken hills, so then the magnificent city with its background — long since vanished away — of gardens and suburbs on the western plateau behind. Immediately below was the valley of the Kedron, here seen in its greatest depth, as it joins the valley of Hinnom, and thus giving full effect to the great peculiarity of Jerusalem, seen only on its eastern side, — its situation as of a city rising out of a deep abyss. It is hardly possible to doubt that this rise and turn of the road, this rocky ledge, was the exact point where the multitude paused again, and 'He, when he beheld the city, wept over it.'"

One morning, soon after the walk to Bethany, a bright sun called us early into the saddles, and passing through the dark and narrow streets and out of the Damascus gate, we were galloping toward the Jordan. Our party presented quite a gay appearance. The captain of the guard came up to us and shook hands with each one as a token of his services, fidelity, and attachment, with the universal Arab salutation, —

touching the heart, lips, and forehead. He was mounted on a fine Arab steed, the only one we had seen in Palestine. The guards had brilliant but ragged costumes, with guns slung across their shoulders. The dragomen of the different parties, happening to go on the same excursion that morning, and even the travellers themselves, all had quite a warlike aspect, for we were going into the most dangerous parts of the wilderness-land. We passed over the Kedron, along Gethsemane and the slope of Olivet, turning awhile to catch the best view of Jerusalem, and stopping a few moments at Bethany.

Soon after leaving Bethany, the road leads over rocky valleys and down steep defiles. It is one continuous, rough, and rapid descent, with mountains, bleak and barren as if burned over, or just thrown up by volcanic action, with caves in their sides, the refuge of Bedouins, and once the retreat of hermits; and still to-day, as in the time of Jesus, the road from Jerusalem to Jericho is infested with thieves and robbers. It is, perhaps, a more dreary, desolate, forsaken region than all the world besides supplies. Nearly all day we were clambering down the sharp declivities, or winding the rounded summits of some rocky mountain. No flower grew by the way, only the dark, passing shadows of some heavy clouds hung over the deep ravines, or occasionally the distant sound of some stream, swelled by the winter rains, plunging into the bitter bosom of that sea which gives back nothing it once receives. In the afternoon we came to the last ridge, — the sunlight resting in patches on the plain of Jericho and the valley of the Jordan, an occasional glimpse of the Dead Sea, the green plain with its trees and undergrowth, made up a scene as glorious as it was suggestive, for in a few minutes we should be on some of the spots most notable in the sacred history.

We found our tents, with several others, pitched by the side of a stream, with quite a growth of small trees or bushes around us. Resting in them for a little while, I went out, just before sunset, and followed the stream, until it led me to a clear fountain, springing out of the rocks and flowing over a pebbly bottom. This is the spring, now called Ain es Sul-

tan, spoken of in Kings, when men went to Elisha and said, "The situation of this city is pleasant, but the water is naught, and the ground barren." "And Elisha went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast salt in, and said, Thus saith the Lord, I have healed these waters." Josephus, also, speaks of an exuberant fountain bursting forth close to the site of the old city of Jericho, whose waters, before noted for their contrary properties, had received through Elisha's prayers their then wonderfully salutary and prolific efficacy. There seem to be two or three springs, — one at the head, and one or more at either side of the stream, — but the waters are not cool, sweet, and refreshing. An immense fig-tree hangs over the springs, and near by are the trees which, in their season, still bear the bright yellow apples of Sodom, which are to the taste like a bitter fungus-ball.

Then I ascended a steep mound near by, and had a wide view of the valley. The atmosphere was almost sultry, for we had come, in ten hours, from a point twenty-three hundred feet above to thirteen hundred feet below the level of the sea, and in winter, when there was snow at Jerusalem, the inhabitants of Jericho wore their summer garments. Around were the green plain, with its tangled thickets, and some of the ruins of a higher civilization still visible; the camp-fires and their curling smoke; the white tents, with our national flag flying from one; the tinkling bells of the mules; the gay horses; the Arabs filling their water-skins at the spring; the sunlight resting so peacefully on a valley which had seen such wondrous changes; the Dead Sea in the distance, and in the south a gorgeous rainbow reaching an arc of over forty degrees. One can understand Josephus, when he calls this plain a divine region. The memories were more enrapturing than the scenery.

Jericho, the city of palms, or the place of fragrance, first appears to us as the city whither Joshua sent his spies to the home of Rahab, when the hosts of Israel were encamped beyond the Jordan. Since that time the whole appearance of the valley has changed. Instead of two or three villages, with wretched hovels, then the plain was studded with wealthy

cities; instead of the thickets of thorn-tree, then there were stately groves of palm, and Cleopatra sent hither to transplant the balsam in Egypt, and even Wisdom herself was compared with the rose-trees of Jericho. Here many of the events in the Jewish Testament — some of them, doubtless, mythological — occurred. Here were the walls of the city, "fenced up to heaven," to fall before the victorious Joshua. Here the army of Israel must have marched. Here was where Elijah and Elisha came from Bethel and gathered a school of the prophets. Here is where the sons of the prophets sought retirement from the world and a life of meditation. Here is where Elisha cursed the little children who mocked him. On the hills beyond the Jordan, where Moses looked over to the promised land, Elijah disappeared; and on the barren hills we had descended, whose sides are now lined with caves, where the hermits of the early Christian era retreated to live a life of prayer, is laid the scene of the temptation, and one of them is still called Quarantania, or the place of the Forty Days' Fast. Here, in the time of the Romans, came Pompey. Here Herod came to reside, and made the city grand with his wealth and architecture; and in its amphitheatre the news of his death was announced to the soldiers by Salome.

It was Jericho, as Herod left it, that Jesus saw. Not far from it, on one side, he came to receive the baptism of John; not far from it, on the other, he was led up into the wilderness and barrenness of the overhanging cliffs. Here, by the highway side, sat blind Bartimeus, begging, — begging for light. Here the publican Zaccheus had his house, to which Jesus brought salvation, while the murmuring multitude said he had gone to be guest with a man who was a sinner. And somewhere between here and Jerusalem was suggested the story of the good Samaritan. It was with all these memories that we went to rest. All night the camp-fires were blazing, and about five in the morning there was a great commotion, and loud talking and vociferating orders, which the Arabs, of all people, can give upon the slightest provocation, and with greatest ardor. All the travellers were put upon their guard, and when the morning came, we found the alarm

had been created by a company of Bedouins, witha train of stolen camels, passing near our encampment, and ready to make an attack for plunder.

We had our breakfast in the open air on the plain of Jericho, while the tents were being struck, and then started for the Jordan.

The road wound through a thicket which could hardly be called a wilderness, but was a plain of surpassing richness, and might, as it doubtless did, support an enormous population. The apples of Sodom were then small and green. The atmosphere was deceptive, and although we thought ourselves quite near the mountains which are beyond the Jordan, we rode at a brisk pace for two hours before we came to the bank of the river. The thickets gave place to a soft, yielding meadow, but still no sight of the water, and it is only after, descending three broad terraces that we reach the narrow muddy, and rapid-flowing stream. Century by century the river has worn for itself a deeper channel; and yet, as the rainy season was not quite over, we must have seen it with almost its fullest volume of water. We were by the Jordan. At first there was the inclination to smile, as we recalled the line, "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand," and only one of those who had brought tin flasks from Jerusalem to fill from the sacred stream had persistent sentiment enough to carry out the intention; for the river was heavy with mud, and one could easily understand why Naaman thought the fresh, sparkling streams of Abana and Pharpar, at Damascus, better than all the muddy mountain torrents of Israel. Doubtless, as the season grows later, the stream becomes clearer and narrower.

The Jordan, as from the hill-side on the east we afterwards saw it, issuing from Lake Gennesaret, seemed a stream that one might step across, and yet, as is the case of other rivers passing through lakes, it is said not to mingle its waters with the Sea of Galilee, and its course may be traced by a line of smoother water. From the Sea of Galilee to the Dead Sea is a distance of sixty miles in a straight line, and yet such is the winding channel of the Jordan that it is over two hun-

dred miles in length. Jordan means the "Descender," and from the number of rapids in its course, the name is most appropriate. The greatest width of the Jordan is near the Dead Sea, where it spreads over the surface for three or four hundred feet, and with a depth of two or three. What is most remarkable in the history of this river, or of Palestine, it never seems to have been regarded as of much importance as the site of towns. "It has never been navigable, flowing into a sea which has never known a port; has never been a high-road to more hospitable coasts; has never possessed a fishery; a river that has never boasted of a single town of eminence upon its banks," — and, what is interesting to observe, it has remained for Americans to explore this ancient stream, and reveal the little that is known about it. From the clear springs of Hermon, and the groves of Dan, it pours its little stream into the Sea of Tiberias, and through it, then goes on its winding, sinuous, and rough course until it falls into the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. Josephus tells us all about its sources, and Pausanias dwells upon its wonderful disappearance. Pliny goes so far as to say that the Jordan instinctively shrinks from entering that dead lake, by which it is swallowed up.

How many a life, fresh and fair in its early years as the springs of Hermon, or the groves of Dan and Paneas, winds its worldly course until it reaches the bitter waters of the Dead Sea!

Here, then, was where the form of baptism began, in the age between Judaism and Christianity, in a warm country, where the rite could be made so deeply significant of regeneration, where the weary and dusty pilgrim came up out of the waters, leaving behind his old life, and ready to begin the new. And from here it has spread throughout Christendom "through the vast baptisms (connected with the great cathedrals) of the Southern and Oriental churches, gradually dwindling to the little fonts of the North and West (as the climate grows cold), the plunges beneath the water diminishing to the few drops which are now, in most churches, the sole image and representative of the full stream of the Descending River."

Thus do men, after all, always make forms and theories harmonize with their necessities. There cannot be the least question that baptism by immersion is the early and suggestive form; and if it be regarded as a saving rite, no one need think to satisfy himself unless he have also the saving form. Viewed as a dedication of the new life to the service of God, the form becomes a matter of individual preference.

We have spoken of the vast number of pilgrims, and the services of Passion Week around the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Those services would not be complete without a baptism in the holy river.

So that vast body, some years thousands in number, goes over the dreary road we had just descended, with an escort and guard of Turkish soldiers, makes for itself a pathway through the thickets of the plain, descends the wide terraces, and many naked, many in white dresses, to be kept for their burial, plunge into the stream.

Leaving the Jordan, we were soon on the shore of the Dead Sea, — and *dead* and dreary enough did it appear, with the ridges of broken caves and trees and drift on its banks, with the bare, gray, and desolate mountains all around, and far above its calm, dead surface, and with a deep haze resting over it, as of a smoke going up for ever and ever.

(To be continued.)

As God lives by his own will, and we live in him, so has he given to us power to will in ourselves. How much better should we not fare if, finding that we are standing with our heads bowed away from the good, finding that we have no feeble inclination to seek the source of our life, we should yet *will* upwards toward God, rousing that essence of life in us which he has given us from his own heart, to call again upon Him who is our life, who can fill the emptiest heart, rouse the deadest conscience, quicken the dullest feeling, and strengthen the feeblest will! — MacDonald.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

The last number of "The New Englander" has a noticeable article on Orthodox theories of the imputation of sin, by Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale College. The spirit and aim of the article are clearly set forth in the opening sentences, in which the writer says : —

"We deem it to be of the highest consequence to distinguish, so to speak, great doctrinal facts from philosophical theories attached to them. The truths of Christianity involve and suggest problems which, in some cases, the Scriptures do not profess to explain. Explanations of human invention may be of more or less value ; but it is hurtful not only to theology as a science, but also to the cause of practical religion, when these explanations are elevated to the rank of dogmas, and the inculcation of them is made part and parcel of the teaching of the gospel.

"It is partly this conviction which has led us to undertake the present discussion. We believe that a great, unquestionable, universal fact, like that of sin, deserves to be admitted in full earnest by everybody. At the same time, we believe that there are theories of human device which have been invented to clear up difficulties, but which, in truth, create vastly more embarrassment than they remove."

Perhaps only theologians would follow a long and elaborate discussion on the Augustinian, the Federal, and Semi-Federal Theories of Imputation ; but we feel sure that all our readers will mark with interest the following clearly expressed objections to the theory of imputation. To those of us who remember the discussions of theological subjects published thirty years ago, it will seem as if the following extracts were taken from some of the Liberal Reviews of that day.

The writer enumerates these objections as follows : —

"1. The scriptural argument for this theory will not bear examination. The relation to God under which Adam was placed is never called in the Scriptures a covenant. The advocates of the theory pretend to adduce but one passage where it is thus called, — Hosea vi. 7 ; but this passage is correctly rendered in our ver-

sion as follows: 'For they like men' — not *like Adam*, which is the other rendering — 'have transgressed the covenant.' The offence of Ephraim and Judah is an example of a common species of depravity. It is not claimed that the teachings of Jesus Christ contain any reference to a covenant with Adam or to a vicarious office such as the doctrine of immediate imputation attributes to him. If this doctrine is one of so vast consequence in the Christian system, it is astonishing that the founder of Christianity should make no mention of it. The circumstance that the same penalties which are threatened to Adam likewise fall upon his descendants, proves nothing to the purpose. In whatever way they become sinful, these penalties are appropriately inflicted on them. If it is said by Paul (1 Cor. xv. 21, 22, 47) that all die 'in Adam,' this is not saying that their death is the penalty of his sin. They die because they are the children of Adam, but how this takes place, or the casual nexus between the two facts, is not given. The real stronghold — if it can be called a stronghold — of the imputation theory is Romans v. 12, seq. We have not room to examine this passage in detail. The stress of the argument of the advocates of this theory rests finally on the apostle's statement that 'condemnation' comes upon men 'by one that sinned,' and 'by the offence of one,' or by one offence. But the apostle's declaration holds good, if the transgression of Adam brought mankind into a state of condemnation, whether this result was through their own depravity or not. The great thought of Paul is that Adam ruined the race, and Christ saved it. Our condemnation is traceable to one, our justification to the other. Intermediate agencies and proximate causes are left out of consideration. The manner in which the advocates of immediate imputation interpret these words of Paul reminds one of Luther's iteration of the 'hoc est meum corpus' in his controversy with Zwingle. It is an example of that rather frigid style of exegesis, by which transubstantiation and consubstantiation became dogmas in large portions of the Church.

"2. The extreme form of the doctrine of Imputation, which is in vogue at present, involves its advocates in the inconsistency of supposing that there is a sin for which we are responsible in the full legal sense, — as truly so as was its perpetrator, — but which does not bring on us, of itself, eternal punishment. Calvin and most of the old theologians were consistent in holding

that the penalty could not be inflicted on us for Adam's sin alone, apart from inherent depravity; for they held that imputation is impossible apart from inherent depravity. But the Princeton writers, separating the one from the other, and making inherent depravity merely the punishment of sin imputed, still make this depravity the necessary condition of the infliction of eternal death. Why? Did not Adam deserve this penalty for that first act alone? Is not our responsibility for it as great as his? Why would it not be just to inflict eternal death upon us for imputed sin alone? What a strange theory! Here is a sin in which we had no real part, for which we are not regarded with moral disapprobation, which we are not bound to repent of, and which does not bring on us, as a direct penal consequence, eternal death; and yet it is a sin for which we are legally responsible, — as truly so as the individual who committed it!

"3. The Covenant hypothesis, regarded as a solution of the problem of sin, wears a superficial character. It is one of those artificial solutions of great moral and social problems which remove difficulties in *too* easy a manner, at the same time that they raise difficulties greater than those they remove. There is a striking analogy between this hypothesis and the social compact theory of government, which was the product of the same age. A covenant between individuals was declared to be the foundation of civil society, and the obligation of civil obedience was made to rest on this imaginary contract. Certain perplexing questions appeared to be solved by this hypothesis, which was a mere legal fiction, and accordingly its mischievous bearing in other respects was overlooked.

"The theoretical defences of the federal hypothesis are weak enough. It is objected to the doctrine that men infallibly become sinners in consequence of Adam's sin, through a sovereign constitution, — the idea of New England theology, — that this doctrine attributes too much to the *will* of God. We will not here discuss the New England view; but, strange to say, this objection comes from those who found the Covenant itself on nothing better. They hold that men are judicially condemned to be sinners, and to endure the penalty of sin; but when we ask for the ground of this condemnation we are referred to the Covenant, and when we inquire into the justice of the Covenant, we are thrown back on the sovereignty of God. They seek to remove a difficulty by creating another, only one step distant, of a more

formidable character. It is better, with Augustine, to leave some questions unanswered than to solve them by inventing hypotheses which are in open conflict with proper conceptions of the divine justice.

"4. The doctrine of immediate imputation, in the form in which it is now held, involves, by necessary inference, the proposition that God is the author of sin. It is held that, on account of Adam's sin, God withdraws from the soul, from the moment of its creation, — that is, never imparts to the soul, — the grace, without which it cannot but sin. It is thus rendered sinful, prior to moral choice, — prior to the knowledge of moral distinctions. It is vain to urge that the act of God is of a negative character. What he does renders the effect inevitable. It is vain to say that the faculties of agency remain. By the supposition, it is just as impossible, from the moment of creation, to be holy as to see without light or to breathe without air. To suppose a man to be holy is even more absurd, for, on the withdrawal of grace, the powers of the soul necessarily fall into disorder and corruption. We do not see how the conclusion can be avoided, that God is the author of sin.

"5. The imputation theory makes sin the penalty of sin, in a way which the Church has never countenanced. I am condemned to be sinful, as a punishment for the sin of Adam, who is called my representative. I had no real agency, it is asserted, in that sin. But sin is inflicted on me as a penalty for another's act. Now, this theory is totally different from the old view that a wrong-doer fastens on *himself* a habit which becomes too strong for him to cast off; so that his sin becomes his punishment. The theory of immediate imputation makes sin to be inflicted on them who are *not* wrong-doers. They are sinful in pursuance of an ante-natal condemnation, — ante-natal, and of an earlier date than their creation. The Augustinian doctrine holds that native depravity is both sin and punishment; but it professes to bring this birth-sin under the great law of habit, to which we have just adverted. We sinned in Adam and brought on ourselves, as individuals, the sinful bondage to evil in which we are born. It is thus widely at variance with the modern theory, according to which we are slaves of sin for an act which we are not to blame for, and with which we had nothing to do. The agency of God in relation to the existence of sin is discussed by President Edwards in his treatise on Original Sin; and

he makes the precise distinction which we have made here. The *continuance* of a state of depravity according to a settled course of nature is one thing; the *origination* of such a state in an individual is quite another thing. This is to charge Adam's sin to his posterity. The statement and admission of this distinction leads Edwards to introduce, at this point in his discussion, the realistic view of our connection with Adam, whereby his act is made to be ours also, and thus to be a just cause of our inherent depravity from birth."

— The September "Catholic World" discusses the subject of the veneration of Saints and Holy Images in the Roman Catholic Church, with the intention of "showing its intrinsic harmony with Christian first principles, and refuting the objections urged against it." It has long seemed to us that hardly any other point is so generally misunderstood by most Protestants, whose objections to pictures and images in churches are often frivolous and absurd. At the same time we recognize many weak spots in the article referred to. Our readers will see them without our aid. The writer says, —

"The human mind is forced to use images as its media; and, although it is not necessary to have these images sculptured or painted, it is by reason of the aforesaid necessity of using images of some kind that man instinctively seeks in sculpture and painting a suitable outward form and expression of his intellectual images, and finds so much pleasure in beholding these intellectual images expressed in works of art by others.

"The human intellect is incapable of contemplating the divine essence immediately. It forms an intellectual conception or image which represents God to itself, but which is most imperfect and inadequate. Any one who should believe that God really is like the conception or imagination he is able to form of him, would commit as great an absurdity as one who should believe that he is like a venerable old man with a long white beard. Not only is the conception or intellectual image of God formed by the mind always inadequate, but it is often false in certain respects. Aristotle's conception of God was essentially a false one; so is that of the Deists, of the Calvinists, and of those Universalists who deny his retributive justice. Even the highest contemplatives, as they themselves positively affirm, although they speak of a certain purely spiritual and imageless view of

God, never contemplate God so directly that they can dispense with every intellectual species or image as a medium, and intend only by imageless contemplation to designate a degree of subtility in their intellectual operations which renders them pure and spiritual by comparison with those of grosser minds. Probably most persons of uncultivated intellects represent God to their imagination under some majestic and venerable human form, and think of him as seated on a throne, in a superb palace, with his ministering angels, also clothed in corporeal forms, attending upon him. Those whose clear intellectual conceptions enable them to rid themselves of every image borrowed from the human figure in thinking of God will still find that their minds make use of certain emblems, figures, or images of the divine attributes, such as light, the sea, the atmosphere. Much more will they find themselves compelled to transfer to their conception of the divine intelligence and volition the analogy of their own manner of thought, of their sentiments and affections. In the same manner, when a person thinks of Jesus Christ, meditates on his life, death, and glorified state in heaven, he will form to himself images which represent his ideal conception, images so much the more distinct as they reflect the humanity of Christ with which we are far more immediately united than we are with the divine nature, and which we are therefore able to represent more exactly and vividly to our imagination. Are we to say, then, that every person worships the image of God or of Jesus Christ which his intellect has formed, and becomes thereby an idolater? Certainly not. His reason and faith assure him of the existence of God and Christ as objectively real, distinct from his own mental conception, and surpassing all his apprehensions. His intention in worship is directed to God as he really is, and is true worship, although the intellectual media which the soul is obliged to make use of are imperfect and inadequate.

"The case is no way altered if the sculptured or painted image of Christ is made use of, instead of or together with the intellectual image. The crucifix is only a permanent image affecting the exterior senses, as the intellectual representation is a transient image affecting the interior senses. Coleridge says that a picture is 'an intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.' The same may be said of a statue, though a statue is more of a thing than a painting is. The material substance employed by the artist is merely the substratum of the form, which is some-

thing ideal, as language is merely the medium of thought. In painting or sculpture of real merit, the higher and more perfect conceptions of men who possess the artistic gift are transferred to the minds of those whose ideal conceptions are of an inferior order, or who, at least, are not able to give their conceptions an outward and permanent expression. The artist who makes a statue or painting of our Lord intends to represent him according to the ideal which he has in his own mind. His object is to bring the ideal conception of Christ vividly and distinctly before the imagination of the beholder. The more completely he succeeds in producing the desired effect, the more perfect will be the identification of the image with the object it represents in the imagination of the beholder; that is, the image, the more completely it is an image, the less does it attract attention to its own separate reality, and the more does it fix the attention of the mind on the object it represents. A person whose mind is susceptible to the influence of art, looking at a masterpiece of painting or sculpture, forgets that it is only a representation, and seems to himself to be looking at the reality. His imagination transports him to the scene of crucifixion, and he is spell-bound as he gazes on the face of the dying Christ. The same emotions arise in his mind that would arise if he were actually gazing upon the crucifixion itself. If he is a Christian, he will spontaneously elicit acts of worship toward the Son of God dying on the cross. These interior acts will manifest themselves by exterior signs, by the respectful posture, the silence, the reverential expression of countenance, the moistened eye, which betray the workings of the soul within to any attentive observer. Suppose that he kneels down and offers a prayer, that he kisses the feet of the image of Christ, that he exclaims aloud, 'My Lord and my God!' is that idolatry? Is he worshipping a picture or a statue? If he is, then all the merely interior and mental acts of a person who is affected by a statue or picture of Christ are equally idolatrous. If the sculptured or painted image of Christ is really substituted for Christ himself, and receives as a reality, distinct in itself, any homage or affection which it terminates as an ultimate object, then all admirers of works of art are guilty of the same species of absurdity, commit the same unreasonable act, in a lesser degree, which culminates, in the case supposed, in the supreme folly of adoring marble, ivory, canvas, and paint. That class of persons who go into raptures over works of art,

therefore, have nothing to say against the Catholic use of the crucifix which is not contradicted by their own practice and avowed sentiments. If the devout sentiments awakened by a crucifix or a painting of the crucifixion are legitimate for once and for the space of half an hour, they are legitimate at all times. If it is lawful to go to a picture-gallery in order to see a masterpiece, it is lawful to buy it, to hang it in an oratory, to visit it every day, and to make a regular and constant use of it, as a means of exciting devotion. If the inward sentiments it awakens are lawful, so is their outward expression; and if this outward expression is in itself lawful, it may be prescribed as a law by the ritual of the Church. The same principle that justifies the making of a crucifix, and the looking upon it with emotion, justifies the Church in placing it above the altar, bowing or genuflecting before it, incensing it, exposing it on Good Friday to veneration, and chanting the words, 'Ecce lignum crucis, *venite adoremus.*'

"The crucifix, considered as a material object, is merely treated with the same respect which is shown to a Bible, an altar-cloth, a chalice, or any other object devoted to sacred uses. As a representation, it is not distinguished from the object which it represents, and the acts of interior or exterior veneration which terminate upon it are merely relative, and are referred altogether to Jesus Christ. They are like the kiss which a man imprints upon his wife's picture, or the uncovering of the head when a procession passes the statue of Washington. There is only one question, therefore, in regard to the veneration given to the crucifix, and that is, Does the object or person represented, that is, our Lord Jesus Christ, deserve the worship of latria, or divine worship, which we pay to him, and which we signify by these exterior marks of respect toward his image? The same is the case with the images of the Blessed Virgin and the saints. The veneration paid to them has no respect to the material of which they are composed, but passes to their prototypes, that is, the persons represented. The only question, therefore, is, Do these prototypes deserve the honor we intend to pay them? If they do, it is right to signify this honor by marks of respect to their images, such as bowing, offering incense, burning lights, decorating the shrines in which they are placed with flowers, and kneeling before them to offer prayers.

"We have already shown that those who have the mere devo-

tion of taste and imagination toward statues and pictures act in a manner precisely analogous, and pass through the same mental process which is exhibited by the Catholic in the respect which he pays to the sacred images of Christ and the saints. The only difference is, that the latter makes use of his imagination in the service of a real and practical faith and piety. His devotion is not a mere intellectual or sentimental devotion, but a spiritual exercise. It is, therefore, less dependent on the artistic merit and excellence of the representation than the merely sentimental excitement of the votary of art. A rude crucifix or a simple image of the Blessed Virgin is sufficient for the only purpose for which the devout Catholic makes use of them, as a help to fix the senses and attention, a sort of step-ladder by which he may raise his mind to the contemplation of Christ and his blessed mother. Many other circumstances give value to sacred objects besides their intrinsic worth. Their history, their antiquity, the associations connected with them, the traditions of past ages which cluster about them, often give them a sacredness far beyond the charm of symmetry and beauty. Of the two, we should much prefer to have Bernini's exquisite statue, over which the Rev. Mr. Bacon goes into raptures which betray his refined love of art, destroyed, rather than the venerable statue of St. Peter, which, with manners the reverse of exquisite and refined, he calls 'a grimy idol.' Even persons of the most exquisite taste often love an old house, old portraits, old articles of furniture, and many other old things, intrinsically ugly and valueless, far more than any similar objects which are new, costly, and fabricated in the highest style of art. For the same reason, certain objects of devotion, which are devoid of all artistic excellence, may be very dear and venerable to Catholics of the most cultivated taste. Much more, then, it is natural that rude and unsightly statues or pictures should be objects of devotion to Catholics of uncultivated taste. Protestants make a great mistake in judging of the sentiments of the common people in Catholic countries. They attribute to superstition what is really to be ascribed only to uncultivated taste. The sentiments which are awakened by masterpieces of art they can understand; but they cannot understand that ordinary and even grotesque images are masterpieces of art and models of beauty to the rude and childish mind of the multitude. To their prejudiced and distorted fancy, these images appear like idols, and the devotion of the

people toward them like a stupid idol-worship. They do not appreciate the fact that they are to these simple people what *chefs-d'œuvre* of religious art are to them, — a vivid representation, in outward form, of their own highest ideal. The susceptibility of these untutored minds to those emotions which are awakened through the senses is far greater than that of the more educated, though it is not so chastened. This is especially the case with the southern races. Poetry, music, painting, everything which appeals to the imagination, finds a ready response in their ardent temperament. It is, therefore, a proof of the highest wisdom in the Church that she has taken advantage of all these means of impressing religious ideas upon the minds of all classes of men in every stage of intellectual development. There are some whose devotion takes a more purely intellectual form, and who elevate their minds to God and heaven more easily by interior recollection and meditation than by any exercise of the imagination or any outward aids. A few prefer the solitude of a cell or a cave to Cologne Cathedral, and an hour's abstracted contemplation to all the pageantry of St. Peter's. Such are permitted and encouraged to follow the bent of their own inclination and the leading of the Divine Spirit. The mass of men, however, even of the educated and cultivated, need the help of the exterior world to give them the images and emblems of divine and spiritual things without which they cannot fix their attention or awaken their emotions. The quality and quantity of the helps and instruments with which they worship God vary indefinitely. The devotion of those whose state is a kind of intellectual childhood, or in whose temperament imagination and passion predominate, will necessarily be more sensuous than that of more cultivated minds or races of a more cool and sedate temperament. It is the same principle, however, which pervades and regulates all; the spirit is one, though the form varies. The true mystic, who is absorbed in the contemplation of the divine nature, does not deny to the sacred humanity of Christ, to the Blessed Virgin, the saints, or to any holy things, their worth and excellence, although he does not fix his attention upon them so frequently and so directly as others. The great saints and theologians of the Church never despise the devotions of the people, or accuse them of superstition. The distinction between the intelligent few and the superstitious many in the Catholic Church is one which the most highly educated and spiritually minded Catholics

disdain and repudiate as a dishonor to themselves. It is made by sciolists, who are unable to answer the arguments of our theologians or to deny the sanctity of our saints, and who seek to evade in this way the overwhelming force of the evidence for the truth of our religion. The veneration of saints and the use of images in religious worship, they say, though it does not prevent the *élite* of Catholics from offering a supreme and pure worship to God, and looking up to Jesus Christ as their only Saviour, leads the multitude to superstition and idolatry. We are better judges of the fact than they. They know next to nothing of the practical working of our religion, or of the ideas and state of mind of our people. We know these things. We have, at least, as much abhorrence of idolatry as they have, and as much zeal for the enlightenment and spiritual welfare of the multitude. We know that there is no taint of superstition or idolatry in the devotion of our people. The Catholic Church keeps the ideas of God and Christ vividly before the minds of her children; they realize them in a manner of which those who are out of the Church have no conception. The accusation of withdrawing from God and our Lord that which is due to them — to divide and scatter it among inferior beings — comes with a very bad grace from Protestants. What have they done to reclaim mankind from polytheism and to spread the worship of the true God? They have done nothing, except to cripple the efforts of the Catholic priesthood by sowing dissension in Christendom and giving the scandal of disunion to infidels. They have bred anew the old heresies against the Trinity and the Divinity of Christ which had become extinct, together with the more monstrous error of pantheism. We, the Catholic priesthood, have conquered the ancient heathenism, have planted everywhere Christianity, have established on an immovable foundation the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, together with the worship of his adorable name."

— The London correspondent of the "Presbyterian" describes, in the following manner, a recent attempt to awaken a pure and healthful love of nature in the dark lanes of the metropolis: —

"Parish flower-shows, also, are now widely diffused in London. Not only have many of the parish clergymen (who preach in the old city of London, but who do not bury the dead in the ancient churchyards) wrought a delightful change by the skill of the

gardener and florist, but there are flower-shows on a large scale. For example, the annual flower-show of the Society for Promoting Window-Gardening was held at Dean's Yard, close to Westminster Abbey, and within the enclosure where Dean Stanley has his official residence. Among others who were present was the Princess Louise of Hesse. The charm is that the poor cherish and cultivate the flowers, by a device which enables them to have literally a window garden in their rooms. This kind of thing was inaugurated by the Bible-women of London, and an old woman in St. Giles' parish said one day, when the Bible-woman called, 'Ah, I love that plant; it keeps me company; it is a living thing.' At the Westminster show, a large case of ferns, cultivated and cherished in windows, attracted much attention, and a magnificent fuchsia, carefully trained over a large frame, standing fully seven feet high and four wide, was greatly admired. Lord Shaftesbury in the evening distributed the prizes. He said that window-gardening had done a great deal in helping to civilize the neighborhood of Westminster. He earnestly desired that the movement would become extended, as the love of flowers and the cultivation of them went fast to civilize and improve the moral tone of the poor."

— We cut the following from the "Protestant Churchman," both to show the spirit of young Episcopacy, and to record the anecdote of Archbishop Whately:—

"In the action and utterances of some of the younger of our clergy, we gratefully recognize the power of the Divine Spirit, inaugurating, as we believe, a movement which is destined to lift the whole Church to a higher level and a purer air. And let no one complain that the movement originates with the young. As Paley wrote many years ago, 'Those who attack a prosperous establishment write with a halter round their necks. Few, therefore, will ever be found to attempt alterations but men with more sincerity than caution, — men of warm, eager, impetuous dispositions. So that if we are to wait for improvements till the cool, the calm, the discreet part of mankind begin it, till church governors solicit and ministers of state propose it, I will venture to say that (without His interposition with whom nothing is impossible) we shall remain as we are till the renovation of all things.' Archbishop Whately tells us, that foreseeing when he became old and had a family around him, he should become timid,

conservative, and avaricious, he was determined when young to say and do certain things which he plainly saw it was his duty to say and do, — to cross the bridge and tear it down behind him.

— The "London Athenæum" has the following notice of the history of church pews: —

"Concerning pews, Dr. Doran tells us that they were first placed in English churches by the Norman nobles; but it is certain that for many generations these private boxes for public worship were neither numerous nor allowed to persons of inferior grade or gentility. Even to the close of the Plantagenet period, Christians of all degrees save the highest were content to be equal in the house of God, so far as seats were concerned. Mirk's 'Instructions for Parish Priests' makes no mention of pews, and enjoins the laity when in church to remain on their knees, and abstain from leaning against pillars and walls; but the 'Book of Nurture,' by Russell, 'sum tyme wythe Duke Vmfrey of Gloucester,' — a work which, like the 'Instructions,' was published in the first half of the fifteenth century, — directs the chamberlain of a great man to take due care for the arrangement of his patron's pew: —

> "Prince or prelate if he be, or any other potentate,
> Ere he enter into the church, be it early or late,
> Perceive all things for his pew, that it be made preparate,
> Both cushion, carpet, and curtain, beads, and book, forget not that."

"But though pews were introduced before the Reformation, they were reserved even so late as the opening of Elizabeth's reign for persons of undeniable quality."

— A writer in the Chicago "Advance" asks if our Sunday-schools are not emptying our churches? He says, —

"I know whose hands will go up in solemn horror at this question. But is it not a little singular that after a fair trial of more than a generation, during which a large per cent. of Protestant children have been gathered into the Sunday-schools of our land, — is it not strange, I say, that just at this time, when, by the arguments of leading Sunday-school men, our churches should be thronged, the question is discussed as never before, 'How can we reach with the gospel the habitual neglecters of the sanctuary?'

"We purpose to speak kindly of the Sunday-school, but we cannot but ask most earnestly, Is not the Sunday-school supplanting the sanctuary in the minds of the children? Is not the Sunday-school called the children's church? And, regarding it as such, are ten per cent. of the Sabbath-school children ever found in the sanctuary? The most successful superintendent in this beautiful city, while recently stating in the county convention that his three hundred and seventy-five scholars, instead of entering the sanctuary, scattered, he knew not where, exclaimed, with tragic earnestness, 'My God, Mr. President, what are we coming to?'

"It is time this question was answered. I do not believe that twenty per cent. of the Sabbath-school children in this city attend church. Where are the eighty per cent? Some at home, some playing marbles in the alleys, some strolling in the fields, some fishing and playing ball.

"'But they will be converted in the Sunday-school, and then they will attend church.' Why, then, in this age of Sunday-schools, are not our churches full of the youth of our land, and the street corners vacant? Are not all, or nearly all, the converts in the Sabbath-school found among those who habitually attend church? Several in my own school have been converted within a year, but every one of them had been trained to go regularly from the school into the church.

"Nothing is more certain in its operation than the law of habit; and the habit of not going to church at all, which so large a per cent. of our Sunday-school children are forming, will certainly keep our sanctuaries empty for a long time to come. This is sad, but certain. If any superintendent does not believe it, let him, on next Sunday, count the children of his school who, without a special invitation, attend the services of the Lord's house."

To accept that as the will of our Lord which to us is inconsistent with what we have learned to worship in him already, is to introduce discord into that harmony whose end is to unite our hearts, and make them whole. — MacDonald.

An hour's patience will procure a long period of rest.

RANDOM READINGS.

DULL PREACHING AND DULL HEARING.

William Lloyd Garrison opens an article on preaching, in the "Independent," thus: "The pulpit is proverbial for its dulness. Ordinary sermonizing powerfully tends to somnolency, — closing the eyes like an opiate. Why is this? It may be partly owing to lack of ability, for the clerical profession is not exacting in this respect." The remedy for this dulness which Mr. Garrison recommends is for the preacher to stop taking texts from the Bible and expounding them, and be "free to speak just what the occasion demands."

We have at various times heard the debates and speeches in the State Legislatures, in the courts of justice, and in the House of Representatives and Senate of the United States. We have also attended conferences made up largely of clergymen, of the Methodist, the Orthodox, and the Unitarian denominations. And we declare it as our candid and deliberate conviction, that the average ability, whether for fresh and vigorous thought, or strong and manly utterance, is decidedly the greater in the conferences, and that the average intellectual power in the clerical profession is higher than in any other. The reason is obvious. The very themes which it handles have a quickening influence over the whole nature, and its range of study and investigation is more profound and comprehensive than in any other.

A word about preaching. Gail Hamilton says there is not one man in ten thousand but what makes a dunce of himself the moment he undertakes to talk about women. We have heard very sensible laymen undertake to criticise preaching, and tell how it should be done, who would very soon make dunces of themselves, should they undertake to put their own theories in practice. Laymen generally forget that *they* exact more of clergymen in the way of vital and spiritual force than is exacted of any other class of men and that this is not done to meet extra "occasions," but constantly, and from one year's end to the other. We should like to see Mr. Garrison preach one hundred and four sermons on the Sundays of the year, besides fifty-two Sunday-evening lectures, and as many more week-day. Let him do this year after year, and if, at the end of five years, he would not retreat behind the batteries of

the grand old Bible, and find its thunders more effectual than his expended popguns, it would be because Mr. Garrison is an exception to our common humanity. But we have not yet indicated one-half of the drafts upon a minister's spiritual vitality. The sick and the dying and the bereaved always turn to him. He must live in two worlds. He must bear up in the strong arms of his prayers and sympathies the sinking spirit in its transit to immortality, and bring thence its consolations. Sometimes there is not a day in the week that does not make these drafts upon his spiritual power and vitality.

Then about audiences. People seem to imagine that sleepiness in the pews implies dulness in the pulpit. It may be so; but it strikes us that it is paying the audience a very poor compliment when we imply that their chief need is some one to keep them awake. It may be owing quite as much to their unconquerable stupidity. Awhile since we attended some excellent scientific lectures made to a very thin house. But a "prestidigitator" came along, and the house was crowded. The sermons which required in their production the largest brain-work and heart-work have fallen dead upon the hearers, or rather upon dead hearers; sermons very diluted and flimsy sometimes keep them wide awake. Preachers cannot furnish ideas and brains both, and sometimes they have to dispense with the former because there is a lack of the latter, both in preacher and hearer. As a general thing, however, and in the long run, we believe the popular instinct is correct, and that people will be drawn to such exhibitions of truth as appeal to the profounder wants of human nature. A man may preach awhile out of himself only, and meet "occasions." But he will get into ruts if he meets all the demands of his profession for any length of time. He will run into a tiresome monotony, and find that the faces and hearts that turn toward him indicate a want which he cannot satisfy. He will be tempted into shallow expedients, — word-magic, theological tilting, striking at his neighbors, spread-eagleism, gossip-sermons, and the like; all the while with the painful consciousness that he has not met the demands of his calling, and that devout and earnest souls go somewhere else for food; while a plain man out of that same old Bible, with less talent and equal earnestness, will fill his house to overflowing. The experiment has been tried hundreds of times with the same result. Two things are essential to successful preaching. First, to keep the audience from sleep. Secondly, *to put something into them when awake.* The latter is sometimes wholly lost sight of.

S.

THE CRISIS.

We voted for Andrew Johnson for the office which made him President. It was the installing of this man in the office left vacant by the murder of Mr. Lincoln which postponed indefinitely the settled peace of the country. Mr. Lincoln was lenient and tender-hearted, and under his administration the lost States would ere now have been restored to their relations, probably on terms as generous as they would have expected or demanded. But one thing he would not have done. He would not have stimulated anew the vile passions and sectional hatreds of the Southern people, but appealed to their nobler feelings; and he would not have suffered a breach to widen and deepen between the white and black races till it brought us to the verge of another and more fearful war. The whole course of Andrew Johnson has tended to this result, and Congress has been driven from one extreme measure to another to checkmate the movements of this bad man.

We voted for Andrew Johnson, and, under like circumstances, we should do exactly so again. He said and did very noble things when saying and doing demanded heroism. His speeches made during the war, read even at this day, would awaken throbs of the warmest patriotism, except for his subsequent apostasy. Wendell Phillips censures Grant for his reticence; but if talking largely and well makes a good candidate for President, Andrew Johnson was one of the best we ever had. Then, too, "The Atlantic" praised him to the skies, and is largely responsible for his nomination.

But there was a vein in him which unfitted him for President, known to those best acquainted with him, but which Northern people generally did not know. His character is without moral tone, and, as it seems, always was. Put not your faith in platforms. No matter what they are, if wily and corrupt men are placed upon them! They will make them the steps and scaffolding to the heights of their devilish ambition, to work out their selfish schemes. Put men into office who are honest and capable, and who have a conscientious regard for the rights of all sections and all classes of men, and they will not be politicians, but statesmen, and adapt their measures to the supreme wants and exigencies of the hour.

The coming election of President is one which involves not political questions merely, but questions of honor, peace, and humanity, for years to come. In a recent journey through seven of the States,

hearing and reading the sort of appeal which the advocates of Seymour and Blair make to the popular mind, the conviction became inevitable that the reviving Democratic party is stirring up the worst and lowest elements and means, to ride upon them into power. Hatred of the negro; denunciation and misrepresentation of every measure whose end has been to organize the grand results of the war, and prevent the sacrifice of half a million men from being a vain oblation; a determination to exclude the black race from all political rights, for the sake of reinstalling and perpetuating the old Democratic party; a settled purpose to reduce them again under a reign of terror, at the hazard of a war of races and new scenes of blood, characterize extensively the spirit of the canvass. The leaders of the party know that the military, provisional governors of the South, who are denounced as "satraps," were necessary to prevent the constant recurrence of scenes like the New Orleans massacre, and to protect the freedmen from men who starved prisoners to death or bayoneted them after surrender. They know that Horatio Seymour denounced the war, and did his best to spread discouragement and dismay through the ranks of loyal men. They know that he will exert the stupendous patronage of his office, if elected, to bring back to power the men who betrayed the country, and to place the loyal people of the South under their heel. They know all this, and they mean all this. And cries about satraps, negro government, are only appeals to the worst passions and prejudices of the ignorant masses, for the purpose of restoring to power the most treacherous and cruel oligarchy that ever cursed mankind.

We do not believe in universal suffrage. But it is sheer hypocrisy for men to denounce negro suffrage who do their best to put New York under Celtic rule, and who try every art to enlist the lowest rabble which can be found North or South on the side of oppression and class legislation. We believe the loyal party is to triumph, because we see that a Providence openly manifested has shaped our ends thus far. But the old party of oppression and wrong and fugitive slave laws, which would have seen the Union broken into jarring fragments rather than sacrifice slavery, will muster strong, and draw in the most corrupt elements. They will carry some of the Southern States by a system of terrorism, and unless the Northern States rally with tolerable unanimity on the side of loyalty, the peace we had sighed for is to be found only by crossing stormy seas, and possibly a sea of blood. It is no mere party question, then, that we decide in November. It is a great question of humanity. S.

SUMMER BY THE LAKE.

NOON.

White clouds, whose shadows haunt the deep;
Light mists, whose soft embraces keep
The sunshine on the hills asleep!

O isles of calm! O dark, still wood!
And stiller skies that overbrood
Your rest with deeper quietude!

O shapes and hues, dim-beckoning, through
Yon mountain gaps, my longing view,
Beyond the purple and the blue,

To stiller sea and greener land,
And softer lights and air more bland,
And skies, the hollow of God's hand!

Transfused through you, O mountain friends,
With mine your solemn spirit blends,
And life no more hath separate ends,—

I read each misty mountain sign;
I know the voice of wave and pine;
And I am yours, and ye are mine,—

Life's burdens fall, its discords cease,
I lapse into the glad release
Of Nature's own exceeding peace.

Oh, welcome calm of heart and mind!
As falls yon fir-tree's loosened rind,
To leave a tenderer growth behind,

So fall the weary years away;
A child again, my head I lay
Upon the lap of this sweet day.

The western wind hath Lethean powers,
Yon noon-day cloud nepenthe showers,
The lake is white with lotus flowers!

EVENING.

Yon mountain's side is black with night;
White, broad-orbed, o'er its gleaming crown
The moon, slow-rounding into sight,
On the hushed inland sea looks down.

How start to light the clustering isles!
Each silver-hemmed! How sharply show
The shadows of their rocky piles,
And tree drops in the wave below!

How far and strange the mountains seem,
Dim-looming through the pale, still light!
The vague, vast grouping of a dream,
They stretch into the solemn night.

Beneath, lake, wood, and peopled vale,
Hushed by that presence grand and grave,
Are silent, save the cricket's wail,
And low response of leaf and wave.

Fair scenes! whereto the Day and Night
Make rival love, I leave ye soon,
What time before the eastern light
The pale ghost of the setting moon

Shall hide behind yon rocky spires,
And the young archer, Morn, shall break
His arrows on the mountain pines,
And, golden-sandalled, walk the lake!

Farewell! around this smiling bay
Gay-hearted Health, and Life in bloom,
With lighter steps than mine, may stray
In radiant summers yet to come.

But none shall more regretful leave
These waters and these hills than I;
Or, distant, fonder dream how eve
Or dawn is painting wave and sky;

How rising moons shine sad and mild
On wooded isle and silvering bay;
Or setting suns beyond the piled
And purple mountains lead the day;

Nor laughing girl, nor bearding boy,
Nor full-pulsed manhood, lingering here,
Shall add to life's abounding joy
The charmed repose to suffering dear.

Still waits kind Nature to impart
  Her choicest gifts to such as gain
An entrance to her loving heart
  Through the sharp discipline of pain.

Forever from the Hand that takes
  One blessing from us, others fall;
And soon or late, our Father makes
  His perfect recompense to all!

Oh, watched by Silence and the Night,
  And folded in the strong embrace
Of the great mountains, with the light
  Of the sweet heavens upon thy face,

Lake of the Northland! keep thy dower
  Of beauty still; and, while above,
Thy solemn mountains speak of power,
  Be thou the mirror of God's love.

— WHITTIER.

"LIGHT GYMNASTICS."

IN an account of the examination of one of our public schools for girls, it was stated that the children went through some exercises in what was styled "Light Gymnastics." We presume that these exercises are very profitable and very pleasant; but we are moved to ask how far they leave time in our schools for girls for instruction in sewing, and how far they hinder the pupils from being set free a larger part of the day or of the year for the "light gymnastics" of the broom and the bread-trough and the duster. We must confess to very serious questionings as to the wisdom of the course pursued in many of our public schools for girls. We believe that, so far as our methods lead these children away from household duties, and, if that is their lot in life, household *services*, and accustom them to look forward to the school or the shop as the means of earning a living, we are doing harm. The pupils in our grammar schools should receive, at the public cost, a plain, practical education; but each grammar school need not, ought not, to be a high school. The great object steadily pursued, at any cost of the high proficiency of a few, should be to educate the mass of children, especially those who *cannot come regularly, who cannot come well-dressed, and who are not agreeable comers to teachers or pupils, and to educate them*

to a clear, strong moral sense beyond everything else. Our public schools ought to supply our households with young women, who, until they are married and have homes of their own, should be servants in the homes of others, all the better fitted to be intrusted with the work of the household, with the care of children, with the sewing and mending, and all the more likely to lay by their wages for future housekeeping, instead of spending the money upon garments not befitting their station; and all the more sure to secure affectionate interest from their employers because they have had a good education and are reasonable members of a family, and not unreasoning and distracting hirelings, going from house to house, with everlasting inquiries about "privileges," and no word about duties. Such women are needed, and they will be properly paid and properly treated by the better sort of people. Perhaps we are all wrong, but somehow we did not like the look of that phrase, "light gymnastics." It brought up pictures of young women in faultless kids and the prettiest little hats, secured with the daintiest veils, seeking employment; not, however, the washing, the sweeping, the sewing, the nursing, the notable housekeeping which their good mothers were even then doing, but something more befitting the hands which had held up nothing heavier than the physical geography, and handled nothing less nice than the crayon or the lead pencil. Alas! we said to ourselves, how often, in earlier days, have we scoured the country, not without cost of money and time, to find a professor of "light gymnastics" who could hold a baby without dropping it, or lay the child down without disturbing the nap into which the little creature had been with difficulty beguiled, or sweep the house without breaking on each occasion a fresh article of furniture! We would make no complaint if the girls educated out of service were educated into anything better, if there were abundant openings for them into elevating and really profitable industries; but this is not the case. For every vacancy in a band of teachers, there will be at least fifty applicants, and forty-nine of them must be disappointed, and, what is worst of all, are found in such a mind that to propose household service to them would be regarded as a cruel insult. We think we could name schools for girls containing from five hundred to a thousand scholars each, the children of hard-working parents, where domestic service is the one thing which "the misses" do not look forward to. It is notorious that we are entirely dependent upon foreigners for this department of industry, and that, were it not for our importations from neighboring provinces, housekeeping must

give way to hotel life. If it be asked, Why not do your own work? we answer that there would be no other way, provided there were no unemployed young women, waiting, many of them under fearful temptations to go astray, for work which is already more than provided for; besieging school committees for places, or crowded into lodging houses, where, upon some poor pittance of wages, they can escape the name of service. What gentility there may be in it, we cannot say, but, to our thinking, a home with a really cultivated and Christian family is much to be preferred on the score of dignity and true respectability. E.

ACRID PHILANTHROPY.

THE Boston correspondent of the "Anti-Slavery Standard" is responsible for the following specimen of "judgment without mercy:" —

"Several of our fashionable churches are closed for a month or six weeks of the hot weather, and the remainder are thinly attended, many of the pew-owners being absent with their families at sundry mineral springs, beaches, and mountains. But as 'the poor,' though always present in the city, are no more made welcome in the said pews now while they are unoccupied than at any other time, special efforts were thought to be needed, and have been made, to accommodate this class with opportunities of attendance on preaching and worship. The 'Suffolk Union for Christian Work,' an unsectarian association, which proposes to teach morals and religion without the inculcation of a creed, and which does not require a particular set of theological opinions as the indispensable qualification of its laborers, but chooses, without regard to sect, preachers who show the desire and the capacity to be useful, have for some time held Sunday afternoon meetings in Faneuil Hall, to which everybody is invited. A few weeks ago Dr. Manning, of the orthodox Old South Church, was the preacher. Yesterday, a very large audience assembled to hear Rev. Robert Collyer, of Chicago."

As to the absenteeism, it is scarcely confined to "our fashionable churches." It has been necessary more than once, in the writer's experience with reference to the chapels of the ministry at large, to close one and another of them because the congregation had gone out of town. "The poor," of whom this philanthropist knows so much, have ways of providing a little country air and scenery, at least for their children, and sometimes the wicked people that wor-

ship in "fashionable churches" help them to do so, — of course, only that they may have them out of sight a little while, and purchase at a cheap rate a reputation for kindness. The churches are thinly attended in summer, because neither rich nor poor care to attend upon religious services when the weather is very hot, and not because the poor are not made welcome. The Faneuil Hall services on warm Sundays, save when Mr. Collyer, who is specially attractive, officiated, were thinly attended. We wonder whether the writer of this charitable and sweet letter from Boston knows how the committee that provided the Sunday afternoon at Faneuil Hall is made up; how much these same churches which have the misfortune to number amongst their members some rich persons have to do with it. We have no sympathy whatever with the folly and worldliness that demand churches for the rich and chapels for the poor; and as little do we sympathize with those who, instead of endeavoring to remove the partition walls and do away with the practical difficulties of the case, expend their energies in poor flings of the kind which we have copied above. Be just to "the poor." Pay them for their work. Help them, not only with money, but with sympathy and counsel. Enable them to maintain such a condition of person and dress that they will not be disagreeable sharer of pews, slips, settees, or benches. Rise above this everlasting talk about rich and poor, and strive really to be a family in Christ, and there will be a better state of things. In order to do this, we want to be rid of our "acrid philanthropists," who seem chiefly bent upon finding fault with somebody. How long will insolence be mistaken for moral boldness? E.

"THE NATION."

A MUCH esteemed correspondent takes exception to our commendation of the newspaper published in New York under this name; nevertheless, we are satisfied that we are right and he is wrong. Not that "The Nation" is faultless; but it is honestly independent of party; it is free to speak the truth about public men; it does recognize some other human excellence besides a zeal, real or professed, for human freedom; it does understand that the only hope for improvement in our financial condition lies in honesty and economy, and an abandonment of the fancy that debts have somehow become capital. Its literary criticisms seem to us at times over-sharp, if not captious; but, considering that the cup held to the lips of the public by writers of book notices "is almost all molasses," a good supply of acid will not come amiss. E.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Standard-bearer; or, The Life of General Ulysses S. Grant, written by OLIVER OPTIC, gives an account of the youth, manhood, campaigns, and services in the reconstruction of the nation, rendered by the distinguished subject of the biography. It is a volume of three hundred and forty-eight octavo pages, written in popular style and designed and adapted for circulation among all classes of readers, old and young. It is illustrated with wood-cuts. The biographer is a fervent admirer of his hero, and gives him unqualified praise. Where his conduct and manners have been called in question, the biographer sides with Grant and censures his enemies justly, we think, in the main. Probably the censure of Grant has been severest for the surprise at the battle of Pittsburg Landing. The biographer exonerates him from all blame, but the impression remains that *somebody* blundered in permitting the army to be exposed to attack in separate detachments, where they would have been inevitably cut to pieces in detail, if Beauregard and Johnston had not been delayed two days beyond the time of their intended demonstration. It may not have been Grant's fault, but plainly it was somebody's. The biographer also represents his hero as a temperate man, and, as we believe, truly. The book would be in better taste if some of the splendid adjectives were left off, though its loyal readers will not doubt that the modest hero deserves the praise so thickly laid on. S.

The Earthly Paradise. By WILLIAM MORRIS. In the days of Chaucer, certain gentlemen sail from England while a pestilence is desolating London, and go westward in quest of some country which glows in their imaginations, where people never sicken nor die. Rumors and traditions had told them of such a land. It was where the people had the elixir of life, the secret of earthly immortality and perpetual youth. They start buoyant with hope, and come to wild countries peopled with barbarians. After long hardships and wars with the natives, they set sail again, and land at length in some country never before heard of, where there is a goodly city of Greek origin, traditions, and memories; and here the wanderers find rest and hospitality. Here to these strange people they tell the tale of their sufferings and wanderings. They have now become old

men, and the earthly paradise vanishes from their imaginations. But here they live through the life that remains to them, telling their story and being entertained in turn by the sages of the new-found city. Such is the machinery of the poem. These sages, whose people preserve the Greek religion and forms of worship, bring forth the legends of classic times, charmingly draped in the language and imagery of the poet. "Atalanta's Race," "The Doom of Arcisius," "The Story of Cupid and Psyche," "The Love of Alcestis," "The Son of Crœsus," and "Pygmalion and his Image," are thus reproduced in verse that murmurs with a rill-like sweetness and melody. These, with the tales and traditions which the wanderers in turn produce out of their store, are bound together by a thread of unity which is never lost, and the legends, both of northern and classic antiquity, are thus brought forth by the story-tellers in a series of poems which lure the reader with their quiet music and chaste and beautiful coloring.

The permanent place in literature which these poems will occupy will be, as we imagine, like that of Spencer. We are always in dream-light with Mr. Morris, and he always dresses out his material in the robes of his own exquisite fancy, never for a moment leaving us to believe that his characters, like those of Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, had real flesh and blood, and walked in our homely ways. Mr. Morris addresses a more select class of readers, and of finer and more fastidious tastes, but with these he makes the stories both of the Greek and mediæval mythology the most charming tales to cheat the hours of summer leisure, or the long winter evenings.

S.

Problems of the Age; with Studies in St. Augustine on Kindred Topics. By the Rev. Augustine F. Hewit, of the Congregation of St. Paul. New York: The Catholic Publication House, 126 Nassau Street. 1868.

The author of this book was born into Calvinism, and has worked his way out of it. His exhibition of Roman Catholic views upon the nature and the fall of man, the Trinity, the Atonement, the Future State, is exceedingly interesting, and, to many Protestants, will be altogether new. Setting aside what we cannot help calling theological technicalities, his account of man's moral being accords almost entirely with that which our liberal Christianity would give.

"There is no imputation of Adam's sin, no transmission of actual sin or personal guilt. These things are metaphysically inconceiv-

able. No sane man ever did or could believe them. There is no change of human nature into anything intrinsically evil, or addition to it of any positively evil quality. If it be said to be fallen, changed, degenerate, stained, depraved, etc., these terms are not used absolutely but relatively to its former condition. If it is said to be under the anger of God, the object of his hatred, and subject to the devil, either in Scripture or ecclesiastical writings, it is meant that it is not the recipient of that supreme act of creative love which elevates a soul to grace and glory, and is confined to that cosmic sphere over which Satan has a certain jurisdiction. The little unbaptized infant is not a vile and hateful thing in the sight of God. It is merely disqualified for the beatitude of heaven. It is innocent, good, beautiful, admirable, a masterpiece of creative wisdom, and loved by God. We will not discuss the question how far the dignity of human nature is lessened in the natural order by the effects of the fall. It is not necessary to do this. We see a vast difference between different races and different individuals, in physical and mental perfection. It is enough that the essential type of humanity remains in all, even when most imperfectly developed. Human nature remains radically the same that it was in Adam when he was created."

"Mankind, therefore, by the sin of Adam, have simply fallen back on the state of pure nature, and are born with those attributes and qualities only which are contained in human nature by virtue of its intrinsic qualities." "Wherefore, in the present condition of things, the denominations of sin and punishment are relative to the state of integrity and elevation, and are therefore sin and punishment not in themselves, but because they have the relation to the sin of Adam." "The expression 'children of wrath' is to be understood as denoting that we are born destitute of the special gifts belonging to the state of children of predilection; just as the phrase, 'Jacob have I loved, Esau have I hated,' is interpreted to mean, 'I have loved Jacob more, and Esau less.'" These strong words of St. Augustine are quoted with endorsement: "There is a nature in which there is no evil, and in which, indeed, there can be no evil; but there cannot be a nature in which there is no good. Hence, not even the nature of the devil himself is evil." To all students of theology we earnestly commend a book the spirit of which leaves nothing to be desired. Perhaps the criticism upon our author must be this, that he only retains in word and form much which he has abandoned in fact.

E.

THE

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HERESY AND FAITH.

BY REV. J. H. MORISON, D. D.

IN conversation, a short time since, with a Christian man of great originality of mind, who has spent his life in the study of science, and in looking at the greatest subjects from a philosophical and scientific point of view, I was a little startled to hear him assert, with emphatic earnestness, that "the only hope of Christianity is in heresy." The more carefully, however, I have looked into the subject, the more satisfied I am that, viewed in the proper light and with the proper qualifications, the remark is and always has been substantially true.

The great onward movements, which stand out as epochs in the religious history of the race, have taken place in times of extraordinary religious excitement, when it seemed as if new heavens and a new earth were about to be created, and the millennium was about to begin. Such was the state of feeling in the age of the apostles. The early Christians were touched as by a divine enthusiasm, and lifted up into a higher plane of being. Thoughts, or, rather, transcendent visions of God and heaven, which, in ordinary times, devout men painfully reach after as something to be desired and prayed for, rather than actually attained in this world, formed then a part of their personal experience, and were the subject of their daily conversation. The highest experiences of souls thoroughly transfused and transformed by the Spirit of God, were communicated in words which were easily understood by those who had gone through the same processes, and were

familiarly repeated and written down as the spontaneous expression of what was very dear and real to them all. They proceeded from the mighty impulse given at that time through the ministry of the most wonderful Being that ever walked upon the earth. His followers had known, and were then living in the consciousness of, a higher and profounder religious experience than had ever been felt before. To those around them they seemed like men moved and elated with the frenzy of intoxication. To themselves, in the religious quickening and exaltation of their faculties, it seemed as if this poor world of matter was already vanishing away, and a higher dispensation — the kingdom of God, the coming of the Son of man, new heavens and a new earth — was taking its place. Here was language, easy, natural, full of vitality and full of meaning to them. We find it in the Gospels, in the Epistles, and especially in the Apocalypse, that sublime setting forth of spiritual realities under the guise and coloring of material images.

But such a state of religious elevation and emotion cannot be permanent. There comes a new generation of men who stand more on the level of our ordinary experience. The great words of life which had been used so naturally by the apostles and their associates were too vast in their significance for the comprehension of the prosaic minds of the men who came after them. Instead, therefore, of appreciating them, and living in them, as their predecessors had done, they, with an outward show of reverence, began to look at them from their lower point of view. They framed doctrinal formulas, and bound within their own narrow conceptions the great words of truth and life.

From a very high religious experience there is always this tendency downward. Words, the fluent element and expression of the living thoughts in which living souls move so freely and joyfully, harden into prison walls around the colder minds which adopt them. Dogmatism takes the place of truth. Formalism throws its chilling pall over words once instinct with life, and turns them into cant. A superstitious reverence for the letter, out of which its life has departed, takes

the place of the faith which reaches upward so easily from things seen and temporal to things unseen and eternal. A change must come. In order to the progress of divine truth, there must arise men who do not believe in things as they are, but remonstrate and protest, and amid charges of heresy and irreverence, call men's minds away from shams to realities. As seasons of comparative deadness succeed to periods of intense religious earnestness, and the expressions of thought and emotion belonging to one period are hardened into the dogmatism, cant, and formalism of the next age, it follows that new revivals are constantly needed in order to break loose from old restraints, and to inaugurate from age to age the grand onward movement in the progress of God's kingdom on the earth.

Now, these revivals almost always commence with thoughts and utterances which alarm the respectable people who uphold the prevalent forms and dogmas. Some great mind, longing to deal with realities and not with shams, burning with new zeal and higher purposes, brings out thoughts which seem at variance with the existing order of things. He preaches doctrines of repentance and of self-denial, which, like the words of Jesus, seem to be aimed at the Scribes and rulers of the day. He introduces ideas of duty which seem instinct with revolutionary forces. He is at first distrusted and suspected, then secretly maligned, then opposed and denounced by the leading powers of the Church. But when he is really the centre of a great thought, the medium to the world of a better life, he is usually too powerful for those who oppose him. They may succeed for a time. He may die before his work is done. But his spirit lives on. The righteous cause which he has inaugurated gains in vitality and power. It spreads from soul to soul, from one community to another, from one class upward to another. He who was denounced and reviled begins to be held in honor. His words are spoken with love and reverence, and even among the rulers his name and memory are an influence and a power for what is good. Thus it not unfrequently has happened, that they who, at the beginning of their career, are denounced

as heretics — "pestilent fellows, turning the world upside down," — are canonized as saints in a succeeding generation. And the new doctrines, once so violently opposed by the church authorities, are received, enforced, and cherished as of vital importance. The great reformers, the great doctors within the church, the preachers of a higher truth and a purer righteousness, have from age to age broken up the petrefactions which, under the authority of religious forms and institutions, were forming round the souls of men, and infused into them a diviner life. Even where they died as martyrs, or were denounced for ages as heretics, the very Church that rejected or destroyed them has been revived and quickened by the movement which they began.

St. Augustine was accused of heresy. Ignatius Loyola, the humblest servant of the Church, was more than once obliged to defend himself against the charge of heresy. Origen, who did so much for the intellectual and spiritual life of the Church, was a man of questionable orthodoxy. Paschal, who bowed the wonderful gifts of his genius in entire submission to the service of the Church, was denounced as a heretic. And we all know how the saintly Fenelon was publicly rebuked and silenced for his efforts to introduce a higher life, — efforts for which he is now held in honor among all enlightened Christians within or without the pale of the Roman Catholic Church.

Every great movement onward from a comparatively dead period into one of greater activity and life is at first regarded with alarm and dreaded as an act of heresy. Christianity itself was so regarded by the leading members of the Jewish Church. "This I confess unto thee," said Paul, in his speech to the Roman governor, "that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers." Reputed heresy is almost a necessary condition of progress.

But it is not the heresy of doubt or unbelief that marks the progress of our religion. It is the heresy which comes from a deeper insight into spiritual things, and which leads through firmer convictions to more positive results. If the great leaders of religious thought and life, who have had a command-

ing influence in the vital religious progress of the race, have almost always, for a time, at least, been branded as heretics, they have not been sceptics or unbelievers, but men of a positive and energetic faith. Among the early symptoms of a religious reformation there is usually a growing disaffection with the present condition of things. The bolder spirits begin to remonstrate and protest. The old beliefs have begun to lose their hold on the public mind. Thoughtful men are troubled by misgivings and forebodings. The life seems to have gone out from religious institutions and ordinances. In this decline of faith the work of destruction is begun. But unbelief never revived a dying cause, or inaugurated a successful revolution, never built up a Church, or saved a soul.

The men who have wrought great and beneficent changes in the religion of the world have been men of a positive and energetic faith, — men who have prepared for the removal of old abuses and superstitions by showing a more excellent way. It was no disaffection with the old methods of travelling, no unbelief in the efficiency of coaches and horses, no painful sense of weariness and impatience in getting from one place to another; it was no fault-finding or unbelieving spirit, but a man of clear and positive ideas, a man of faith, a man who in the fertile resources of his own mind had devised a more excellent way; he it was who wrought out the wonderful revolution that we have witnessed in the modes of travelling. Vested rights remonstrated, but they were overthrown. Turnpikes would lose their value, but that could not stop the march of events. Old conservatives refused to give in to this alarming innovation, or to believe what their eyes might see. But one brave, clear-sighted man, with his locomotive and a faith that with prophetic forecast saw the momentous consequences involved in his invention, was more than a match for all the world which stood in stolid unbelief to bar his progress The sweep of his thought has gone with his mighty engine into the uttermost parts of the earth, and is every year more and more revolutionizing the social and material relations of the world.

So in moral and religious changes. Not they who see and

feel the hardness, the falsehood, the deadness, and corruption inherent in the old order of things, and there stop, but the brave and lofty souls who see and point out a better way, who believe in a higher truth and a diviner life, and utter what they believe and know in words which fall like cannon-balls on old abuses, — they are the men who inaugurate a better era and lead the world on into loftier heights of being. It was thus that the great reformers in the English Church, from Wicliff downward, revived the religious enthusiasm that was dying out under the pressure of dead forms and corrupt administrations. It was thus, by the living faith in their hearts, that the noble army of martyrs kindled there a flame which consumed the wretched superstitions that prevailed around them. So it was, by a grander and stronger faith in his own breast, that Wesley spoke in the deadest period of the English Church, awakening hundreds of thousands to a sense of the life of God in the soul, and beginning, both in the Church and out of the Church, a great and beneficent movement, which has continued to this day.

In New England, at the beginning of the present century, there was a deadness such as never before had been felt in our churches. Solemn words were spoken; solemn doctrines were repeated; solemn ordinances were administered. And yet it was as if the chill and the shadow of death pervaded them all. Unbelief found everywhere its willing victims. The enterprise, the intellectual activity, the moral elevation and enthusiasm of the community, were to no small extent severed from the Church. "The hungry sheep looked up, and were not fed." A sense of dreariness and desolation spread like a pall over religious teachings and observances. Wild, irregular outbursts of ignorant fanaticism, groping and struggling for something better, gave now and then a fitful expression to wants which were not satisfied by the regular ministrations. There were longings for a higher life, the perpetual augury in the soul and prophecy of better things to come. Then arose men alive to the wants of the age, with faith in a more humane and Christ-like gospel. They spoke from their own heart-felt convictions, and were listened to as

if the words of life were falling from their lips. Channing and his associates in one direction, Beecher and his friends in another, announced grander conceptions of the gospel of Christ in its action on the souls of men and the condition of society. They were distrusted and looked upon as innovators and heretics by the old religious teachers and rulers. But they both wrought a great work, emancipating their followers from lifeless forms or paralyzing doctrines, and leading them upward into a higher life and a fuller and freer expression of religious truth. Both were men of intense convictions, with a faith which broke through all doubts, and pressed on towards its high calling.

So it must always be a positive religion, — some higher truth intensely believed in, some holier living intensely conceived of and bodied forth in the mind, pressing forward as if a divine necessity were upon it to come forth in some new utterance, some outward act or institution. Or it may be a more intense flame of religious emotion, kindling its sympathetic fervors in other souls till the whole community is roused and stirred to a deep and effective enthusiasm through the contact with one another of minds quickened by the Spirit and the power of God.

We want men of a positive faith, — men conscious of God's presence and agency in their own souls and witnesses to others of his indwelling life, — men without compromises, terribly in earnest in their warfare with sin and worldliness. They possibly may be men of narrow minds, but with intense conceptions of duty, marching directly on in their strait and narrow way, as if by a divine impulse, God himself speaking in them and through them.

Should such men and such an era come, we shall learn what a meaning there is in words which now fall dead and meaningless upon our ears. The great awakening will be realized. The kingdom of God will be at hand. The out pouring of his Spirit will fall upon us. Minds will be quickened with a diviner life and a more uplifting thought till whole communities are borne on they know not how in the great tidal movement of the Spirit, to the attainment of higher ends by purer means.

In this time of worldliness, when the energies of men are turned with such desperate devotedness in the direction of a luxurious, but material and godless civilization, when dogmas and forms have so far usurped the place of a living faith, and seek to satisfy the soul by their deceptive and ungodly substitutes and compromises, when open unbelief pushes aside the thought of God on the one hand, and on the other a ritualistic formalism is so widely sought after to supply the place of a living worship, may we not already be approaching one of these great providential epochs? Are there not auguries of something like this reaching the most gifted souls in their highest moments, — intimations and tokens, — signs of the coming of the Son of man in the heavens? May we not read these signs all around us? The uneasy motions in the religious world, as of a troubled sleep which precedes an awakening; the swift transition of individuals from one religious organization to another without finding anywhere the permanent rest they long for; the inauguration of new measures, as if the old had everywhere been found insufficient; the deification of the mother of Christ in the Roman Catholic Church; the Tractarian and the Broad Church movement in the English Church; some stertorous signs of awakening from her long slumber even in the Greek Church, give intimations of an unsatisfied spirit, and that we are approaching an era of change and progress, which, though it may begin in the wrong direction, is more hopeful than death, and may be turned by the hand of God towards a more glorious end. Here in our New England churches of every name are the same marks of uneasiness and longing. Where shall the men be found with souls large enough and a faith strong enough to meet these wants and lead the waiting millions through the wilderness into a land fairer and richer than ever yet has welcomed them to its abundant satisfactions? In the very dearth and desolation around us there are aspirations and longings for some higher dispensation, some broader and holier communion of soul with soul in the worship and the service of God. Do we not all of us in our higher and better moments sympathize in advance

with such a movement, and, in this grander sense, long and pray that God's kingdom may come with a fulness of divine love and power never yet experienced on the earth?

Gladly will we welcome it and do what we can to help it on in whatever form or name it may come. It may come as a grander thought, throwing new light on the character of God and the capabilities of man. It may come bringing to us a deeper insight into the life of God in the soul. It may come as a new motive to quicken our affections towards man and God. It may come over us as a diviner atmosphere of love and peace, flowing into the heart and giving some surer foretaste of the kingdom of heaven. Or it may be some mighty movement leading through a holier faith to the redemption of millions now sitting in the shadow of death. May not the great political event of this century, which by a single act set free four millions of human beings, be accepted as the omen of a more extended and thorough emancipation? Even the down-trodden, priest-ridden Spain, kept in a state of chronic fear and subjection by the superstitious dreams and persecutions of centuries, is rising in apparently successful revolt against the civil and ecclesiastical tyranny that has kept her down. If only there should be in her new leaders enough of true religious faith and life to lead them in the right way and make their nation a free and Christian people!

God is forgiving us every day, — sending from between him and us our sins and their fogs and darkness. Witness the shining of his sun and the falling of his rain, the filling of their hearts with food and gladness, that he loves them that love him not. When some sin that we have committed has clouded all our horizon, and hidden him from our eyes, he, forgiving us, ere we are, and that we may be, forgiven, sweeps away a path for this his forgiveness to reach our hearts, that it may by causing our repentance destroy the wrong, and make us able even to forgive ourselves, for some are too proud to forgive themselves till the forgiveness of God has had its way with them, has drowned their pride in the tears of repentance, and made their heart come again like the heart of a little child. — MacDonald.

THE UNDERTONES OF NATURE.

UNDER all that is grand and gay in nature, there is a soft, sweet, pensive undertone, sometimes coming upon the inward ear as a muffled or far distant wail. Have you never heard it? If so, it is because you have never sought her in her more silent moods, but only in her more brilliant array, or while the clamor and bustle of society were drowning her still small voice. In the profoundest silence of midnight there is the ebb and flow of invisible tidal waves. Dr. Dewey calls these the tones of nature on the minor key. Is it because nature is in some mysterious sympathy with our human sorrows, and has some undefinable consciousness of the long centuries of anguish and woe that have rolled over her lovely scenes, and so touches her minor key to the pensive spirit "that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought, and rolls through all things"? Wordsworth had a fine ear for these pensive undertones, but all minds of deepest sensibility are brought into full sympathy with them in those hours, and they are many, when human love even fails to make returns to all the out-reachings of the heart. The deepest intuitions of genius always bring it into communion with nature, as if she returned our affection with tender whisperings of compassion and love.

What pensive mind is there which has not heard the *vox humana* of the sea? But where has it ever been more finely interpreted than in the following poem? Our readers will recognize the name of the writer as a contributor to our pages of some graceful effusions, one or two of which have found a permanent place in our choice collections of hymns. S.

WHAT THE SEA SAITH.

BY CHARLOTTE M. PACKARD.

THE tide comes in; its thousand silver feet
Press the smooth sands with echoes sweet and low;
Far out, where the blue sky and ocean meet,
Dissolves the sunset glow.

The darkened waters give no brightness back,
One broad, calm sheet of liquid glass they lie,
Waiting for Night to lay the starry track
Of the full moon on high.

The jagged rocks, whose curious forms recede
In the soft shadows that more densely fold
Their outlines stern, as Faith the coldest creed
May clasp with loving hold,

No longer seem the friendly shelter sought
From tropic heat of the day's sultry noon;
Ghostly they stand; their spectral shape enwrought
With the sea's wizard rune.

Behind them stretch the forests, ever green;
Stately their watch, while rise and disappear
The constant seasons, painting, scene by scene,
The landscape of the year.

Yet not unmoved they listen while the deep
Its resonant billows tunes to solemn song,
That wondrous cadence lo! the pine trees keep,
And lift its voice along.

Pales the last rose flush from the gray profound,
And waking watch-fires gleam below, above,
Parting the velvet darkness curtained round,
As with the touch of love.

I sit and listen to the pulse of pain
Which beats the world's fierce anguish through all time;
Past, Present, Future, every mortal strain
Swells in that surge sublime!

Come from the world; from jostling crowds that fill
With hoarse unrest the city's eager mart,
Bring from that mighty torrent the small rill
Of thy one human heart;

Come while the summer smiles on land and wave,
When the crisp breakers part in golden light,
When not a sound makes mournful discord, save
The ocean's seething might;

The murmur of thy spirit's secret moan
Will rise unbidden on the tireless spray,
Lost hopes and friendships greet thee in that tone
Which mocks the soul alway.

Its gladdest moments never melt in calm,
For which that weary being is at strife;
"Peace!" breathing once again celestial balm
O'er the mysterious life.

These silver tides may yearn again to feel
The Master's footprints, and his image wear,
Some lovely outline still that shall reveal
The form they once did bear.

Like thee, O Ocean! is this heart of mine,
Restless and chill, though earthly skies are bright.
Like thee it thirsts for Him, the One Divine,
In whom alone is light.

In whom is quietness for evermore,
Though storms and tempests ne'er so rudely beat;
His love encircles like a summer shore
To which life's waves retreat.

Type of the Infinite, yet finite all,
This ocean world shall one day cease to be;
Its chainless billows, spent forever, fall, —
"There shall be no more sea."

"No more!" save that of mingled fire and glass,
Whereon the holy stand with harp and crown,
No shade on its effulgent hue to pass,
No darkling memory frown.

The airs that wander on its blissful brink
Have caught the music of the angels' strain,
The thirsting at immortal fountains drink,
Forgetting life's long pain.

Unlinked forever with the thought of woe;
Symbol from thence of purest joy to be;
Of the exhaustless Love, whose circling flow
Makes glad eternity.

ANGELICA KAUFMANN.

Not long ago a portrait of the size of life hung in the gallery of art at Florence, representing a youthful woman of perfectly regular features, beautiful without claiming to be so, lovely and interesting, though unpretending. No one could mistake the German character. She is sitting on a stone, the landscape in the background, holding in one hand her portfolio of drawings, in the other her pencil. The visitor quickly perceives that she was more than an ordinary painter, that she was an historic artist and composer; for though the whole work is conceived in the spirit of modesty, it yet indicates that she is studying and arranging materials for composition. She has represented herself as she was, untroubled about outward events, occupied alone with her soul. The original of this portrait was buried, in the winter of 1807, in the vault of the Church of St. Andrea della Fratte, on the Pincian Hill, in Martin's Field of the old Rome, surrounded by the grave-dust of the same earth which held the ashes of Raphael and many of his illustrious followers. Canova arranged the funeral ceremonies; and all the cultured men and women of Rome joined the procession, for she who had died was called "the Raphael among female artists;" while in the Pantheon was placed the bust of the German painter, Angelica Kaufmann.

More than six hundred copperplates of works by her own hand are extant, which have been engraved by Bartolozzi, Roland, Bettellini, Raphael Morghen, and others; also several etchings done by the artist herself, which in the later editions have been bound in one volume with Boydell's address.

Though Switzerland, London, and Rome call Angelica their countrywoman, she was a true German in descent and youthful education, still more in spirit and soul. She belonged to an old Swabian family from the Black Mountains, where she passed part of her youth. She never could conceal the Protestant blood of her beloved mother, whom she closely resembled, and from the innermost depths of her true German nature she drew her education and conception of art.

Goethe, in writing of her from Rome, says, "The good Angelica is not as happy as she deserves to be with her really great talent and increasing wealth. She is tired of working for the market, while her old husband deems it a capital thing that work, often easy, can produce hard cash. With greater leisure, care, and study, she might and could work more joyfully. She has no children; her mere personal interests cannot occupy her, and, with moderate work, she earns enough for every day. But this alone wont do. She talked frankly with me, so I told her what I thought, and gave her my advice, and when with her try to encourage her. People talk of want and misfortune, when those who have enough do not need nor enjoy it. She has an incredible, and, as a woman, a truly monstrous talent. What she *does* must be seen and valued, not what she *leaves behind*." . . . "Angelica is now painting, with great success, the mother of the Gracchi presenting her children as her chief treasure to a friend, displaying her jewels, — a very natural and pleasing composition." . . . "She was, as always, sensible, good, pleasant, obliging. Her friends can learn much from her, especially how to work, for what she accomplishes is incredible."

Herder also writes from Rome, "Angelica has a fresh, tender, womanly soul, like a Madonna's or a dove's. In a small circle of friends, or with two or three, she is bright and animated. She lives in a retired manner, — I might almost say in a picturesque world of ideas. The better I know her, the more I love this rare, youthful, feminine, artistic nature, — a true heavenly muse, full of grace, clearness, and individuality, and an indescribable goodness of heart."

Let us sketch cursorily Angelica's very remarkable, and, in some respects, very sad life. The painter John Joseph Kaufmann was called from the Schwarz Mountains to paint the Bishop of Chur. Here he met his wife, Cleofe Lucie, who, influenced by her affection for him, became a Catholic, and on October 30, 1741, our Angelica was born. A year afterwards, her father went to Morbegno, where he had the promise of some excellent commissions. He was not a great, but a correct and well-educated painter, and when he saw that

Angelica's remarkable talent was early developing itself, he gave her such strict attention and such thorough instruction that the crayon likenesses, drawn by her at the age of ten, excited great attention. In 1752, her father went to Como, where the portrait of the Capuchin Moroni, Bishop of Como, was painted by the eleven-year-old artist, whose renown dates from this time. She zealously studied *belles lettres*, history, and music, and as she showed a great talent for the last, and had a soft and beautiful voice, she was anxious to renounce painting and devote herself wholly to music and song. In Milan, whither she followed her father, two years later, this desire awoke in her anew; she contended long and anxiously with herself, until a worthy priest, who was a great friend of painting, placed before her so strongly the transient and the permanent in the two arts, that her struggle soon ceased, and she devoted herself to painting. Afterwards, Angelica painted a picture, which she twice repeated, representing Music and Painting meeting her on a cross-road, and beckoning to her as she followed the nod of Painting.

Angelica left Como with regret; it made a lasting impression on her soul, and was the spot dearest to her heart, and there, before her fatal sickness, she found a newly-returning life. After her last residence in this place, she wrote to some one, "You ask me, my friend, why Como is always in my thought. It was at Como that, in my happy youth, I felt the first joys of life. I saw rich palaces, rich country houses, trig-looking yachts, a brilliant theatre; all seemed to me like paradise. I saw Love on the point of darting an arrow at my heart. Like an unconstrained maiden, I avoided him; the arrow missed. After many years my genius led me again into this charming region. I tasted the joys of maturer years, friendship, the glorious scenery of the lake. One day, I wandered with dear companions through one of the most charming villas. In the shadowy woods I saw Love slumbering; he awoke, looked anxiously at me, recognized me in spite of the silver hairs, suddenly rose to approach me, followed me, loosed his arrow, and — I was almost hit."

Milan, also, was of value to Angelica. In the numerous

private galleries of the Lombard school sources of instruction and inspiration, hitherto unknown, opened before her. The Governor of Milan, Duke of Modena, in whose palace the industrious artist studied and copied day after day, became acquainted with her, grew fond of her, and introduced her to the Duchess of Carrara, whom she painted; and henceforth Angelica was gladly welcomed as an artist by the nobility of Milan. After two years, her mother died. Her father was then irresistibly impelled to carry out his cherished wish of visiting his German relations, and, with his charming, beloved daughter of sixteen, he made the journey on foot. On this journey the first threads of a net were cast for Angelica which her later life wove anew, almost to suffocation. One day, father and daughter met two Englishmen, one of whom was strongly attracted to Angelica, and invited both her parent and herself to dinner at the hotel where they were all staying. The childlike, artist nature of the father yielded quickly, carelessly, and credulously to the amiability of his host, still more so, as he knew him to be a distinguished man, whose attention was flattering. The tender, maiden-like nature of Angelica drew back frightened from this great man, and it was with difficulty that her father could induce her to accept the invitation. Her feeling was justified by the stranger's indiscretion. Her delicate, youthful modesty deeply injured, she quickly rose, and, taking her father with her, went down the street, on toward the mountains of her German home. Her father's brother, a farmer, lived in the Schwarz mountains, and with him they stayed for a long time. Angelica's fine, artistic education and her eye, already almost spoilt by the wonders of art, luxury, and splendor, could not at first accommodate itself to her peasant-like surroundings; soon, however, she saw her mistake, and adapted herself joyfully to this new life, finding it full of interest, while the rushing of the German forests, with their beautiful slopes, long resounded through the agitated artist's soul. Afterwards, she frequently recalled with pure joy the evenings when she ate at the same board with the goat-herds, and thought, "Who could have told me then that I should ever find myself at the table of dis-

tinguished persons, and who can tell me now that I may not eat again with the goat-herds?" And when, in her own rich equipage, she attended mass, she often thought of the time when she walked through deep snow for three hours to the church of her home. The decoration of this church was given into her father's charge, who committed the execution of the twelve apostles to his daughter. This at first was against the will of the church authorities, who did not like to trust such an important work to the hand of a young girl. By this very treatment her industry and zeal were urged to the utmost, and when, after a few years, both father and daughter had finished their work, it created much excitement. In consequence of it, she was invited by the Bishop of Constanz to Maroberge, where she received some excellent orders, and also a recommendation to the Count of Montfort, in whose castle she lingered awhile.

Angelica had now become a mature young woman, and had won a high name and position in her art. She was impelled to return to Italy, though not to remain in one place. She visited Milan, Florence, Rome, Naples, everywhere studying eagerly, and was on terms of intimacy with Winckelmann, owing much to him, the best art critic of his time. Her name shone through Italy; yet, as she gained more honor than gold, her father, who had an equally strong liking for both, persuaded his daughter to accept her flattering invitation to England. Lady Veertort offered herself as escort, her father promised to soon follow her, and in 1766, Angelica, after a short delay in Paris, went to London. Here glory, honor, wealth, disgrace, and frightful suffering awaited her; and all this was to come, at least indirectly, from one and the same man, — from him whom she had learnt to know so unpleasantly on her journey home, and from whom she had fled. It was Lord Exeter, whose family, riches, and name were as resplendent as his life was bold, passionate, and unrestrained. By one means and another, he had become an almost omnipotent character, and the leader of distinguished society in this city of the world, and all this power he applied in making Angelica as miserable as she had been happy.

In the studio of the painter Reynolds, who admired and loved Angelica, Lord Exeter had met again the lovely, charming pedestrian of Switzerland, had instantly recognized her, and now, for the first time heard who she was. He was more than ever in love with her, and employed all his efforts in raising the glorious but unknown girl to honor, dignity, and wealth, and in drawing her down to the position of his beloved. His power and Angelica's splendid gifts won the first, without a suspicion on her part that he wished for anything else, except to atone for his former behavior. Soon he threw off the mask, and Angelica learnt to abhor him as much as she had already anxiously avoided him. My lord, however, was not a man who curbed his passions when once awakened. He wished to call her his at any price, and even offered her his hand and the highest social honors, rank, and wealth of one of England's most brilliant dignitaries. Angelica repulsed him earnestly and modestly. He now tried the last means, — force. Here the veil of secrecy should fall and remain over the frightful scenes which were enacted. We merely know that Angelica's courageous spirit kept her pure, but that, disturbed and sick, she passed some time in the deepest solitude, and only through the increasing renown of her name was she led back, almost by compulsion, into the world and society. She suspected not at what price. Lord Exeter had gone on a journey, and had selected a mercenary creature to avenge him on Angelica. He was a former chamberlain of the Danish Count Horn, Frederic, who already, in the most refined and skilful manner, had been guilty of swindling and deception, and had contrived to appropriate to himself many attractive and shining qualities. Carefully taught by Lord Exeter how to approach Angelica and work upon her in the most cunning and effective manner, " Count Horn " came to London, into Angelica's neighborhood, society, studio, at last into the heart of the artist, worn out, broken down through her last misfortune, and longing for support and protection. The deceiver became her husband, and immediately a robber of her property. He fled as soon as the news of his true calling went through the capital, leaving her again in despair,

almost insane. Four months later, on the tenth of February, 1768, the frightful union was legally annulled, and Angelica received from Rome a dispensation for a second marriage. Advantageous offers for such a connection were made to her, from which she drew back with a shudder. Directly after the horrible event she left London, and passed a long time in solitude, until her appointment as Professor in the Academy of Arts, at London, called her back. During six months in the year of 1771 she resided at the court of the viceroy of Ireland, painting himself and his family. After that she remained for ten years in London, increasing in means and general love and esteem. Her father, who was ill, longed for Italy; his daughter would not consent to his going alone; and as he was desirous, in case of his soon approaching death, that she should not be left alone, she married, in 1781, at his wish, her father's friend, her worthy teacher and companion, the painter Antonio Zucchi; and though it was only strong friendship and esteem that bound her to him, she became, if not happy in love, yet secure and able to enjoy life. The three beings so closely bound together left England and travelled over the Schwarz Mountains to Italy. On October 4th, 1781, they arrived at Venice. The Duke von Nord, afterwards Paul the First, and his wife received Angelica with loving honors; the notables of art and society followed their example, and Angelica would have been happy if her father, who had grown more ill, had not died in her arms on January 2, 1782. This loss shook her so deeply that her husband was obliged to take her away from the scene of her sorrow. They went to Naples, where the queen gave her an order to paint herself and the royal family, but as Angelica begged for permission to execute this honorable commission in the city of her longing, in Rome, it was granted, and in a few months Angelica returned from Rome to Naples with her pictures. The queen was delighted, and made brilliant offers to the artist to induce her to remain in Naples and become the instructress of the young princes. For a short time she accepted them, but Rome so strongly recalled her that she asked for her dismissal, and established herself permanently in Rome. Everything which

belonged to music and art was here gathered in her home; even music was industriously pursued, and a charming villa in Castel Gondolfo accommodated in summer the artist and her friends. She lived in steady, quiet, peaceful friendship with her husband. De Rossi, a dear friend of hers, and afterwards her admirable biographer, in writing of these days, says, "It was interesting to see Angelica and her husband before a picture. Whilst Zucchi would discourse eloquently upon it, Angelica was silent, looking with a bright, inspired gaze upon the most striking parts of the work. Her inward pleasure could be read in her face, as only in a few words she made some chance remark, which seldom contained blame, generally praise of whatever was worthy of applause. It belonged to her nature to be held but by the beautiful, like the bee which sucks honey from the flower." Her feeling for art was as simple and natural as her feeling for religion; both are expressed in a few lines found after her death upon a memorandum written in 1800, when she was going to paint an altar-piece for the church of her home, a Mary in a heavenly glory: "When once I experienced difficulty in expressing what I wished in the face of the Divine Father, I said to myself, 'No longer will I try to represent things which overstep the limit of human imagination; such will I keep for myself in heaven, if there is painting in heaven.'" Modest regarding everything created by her own hand, she would not allow the engraver to make any change in her work, even if it would have been an improvement. It was then no longer her nature, her own self which was given forth, so she thought; and when Raphael Morghen had altered something in her portrait of Lady Hamilton, with the symbols of the Roman muse, and William Morghen, in another of her allegorical pictures, had added a figure, she had placed upon both as her mark these words: "Not by — Angelica Kaufmann."

In 1795 she lost her husband, to her great sorrow, but found in the mean time true support in her cousin, Giovanni Kaufmann, who had come to Rome. She truly needed such a man in the general terrors of the war which was agitating even Rome. By more strenuous creation she tried to forget it, but

this very course of action only aggravated her suffering physical condition; she was attacked with severe pain in the breasts; her physician forced her to travel; therefore, in July, she journeyed around Florence, Bologna, and Milan, toward Como. We have already heard how she there recovered, and was happy in the bright recollections of her youth. On the 25th of October, the friends who had joyfully met together received her again in Rome. This journey and this return she called the happiest time of her life. Strengthened and elevated anew, the matron worked uninterruptedly for the next three years, with all the freshness and beauty of her youthful pencil. War trembled repeatedly through Europe, and more strongly awoke the old pain in her breast. She suffered much, concealed her pain from her friends, saw the dear old circle still around her, clung the more closely to it, and wasted away in marble paleness, while still from her eyes beamed the noble, gentle glory of her beautiful soul. She put her house in order, arranged her papers, disposed of her great wealth, partly for the benefit of good institutions, poor artists, friends, and relations, but principally for her cousin, Giovanni Kaufmann. So quietly she met her end. On the 5th of January she asked her cousin to read aloud Gellert's "Song for the Sick;" he could not find it at once, and opened at the "Song for the Dying," when Angelica exclaimed, "Not that, the other on the 128th page." These were the last words with which she breathed out her beautiful soul. — *Translated from the German of Arnold Schloenbach.* G.

Every highest human act is just a giving back to God of that which he first gave us. "Thou God hast given me: here again is thy gift. I send my spirit home." Every act of worship is a holding up to God of what God hath made us. "Here, Lord, look what I have got; feel with me in what thou hast made me, in this thy own bounty, my being. I am thy child, and know not how to thank thee save by uplifting the heart-offering of the overflowing of thy life, and calling aloud, "It is thine: it is mine. I am thine, and therefore I am mine." The vast operations of the spiritual as of the physical world are simply a turning again to the source. — MacDonald.

THE UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, AND WHY I LEFT IT.

BY REV. RUFUS ELLIS.

A FULL account of the proceedings at the different sessions of this body will be found in our religious newspapers, and there is no need that the matter should be rehearsed in order in these pages, but the writer wishes to say that his own participation in the proceedings of the Conference ceased midway, and briefly to explain the cause of his secession. It is known to many that the Constitution of the Conference contains some half-dozen New Testament words of Christian faith and loyalty, the fewest and simplest words that could possibly stand as the symbol of any company of Christians. They separated the members of the Conference, on the one hand, from those who make the reception of some theological dogma or dogmas the ground of Christian fellowship; and, on the other hand, from those to whom the Mastership and Lordship of Jesus has ceased to be a reality. These words were allowed to stand, but, in a proposed amendment to the Constitution of a body scarcely three years old, it was declared that they are to be regarded only as expressions of the majority of the Conference, committing in no degree those who object to them. This amendment passed by an overwhelming vote. Only twelve were counted in the opposition. Of that twelve, the writer is glad to say that he was one. I cannot think that the larger part of those who voted in favor of this change understood the significance of what they did, for it is incredible that a body honestly professing and calling itself Christian, and steadfastly retaining its Christian confession, should knowingly compromise itself by providing for the membership of any who scruple to call Jesus Master and Lord. Such persons have a work to do in the world, but under another name and in an organization of their own. I do not see how any Unitarians who voted for that amendment can complain of those who assert that one may be a Unitarian without confessing the authority of Christ. Certainly one may be a member of the great Unitarian Conference without such a confession. That Conference can only

be regarded henceforth as made up of a majority of Christian Unitarians, and a minority of Free Religionists, grouped under a Confession which is declared to be no Confession of the whole, and no test of membership for any. It seems to me it would be simpler not to have any Confession at all, — simpler and less liable to give offence for the majority to proclaim their adherence to Christianity in some other way. I cannot see any illiberality in forming and maintaining a communion for Christian work of those, and those alone, who are willing unequivocally and in simple Christian phrase to confess the Mastership of Christ. I went to the Unitarian Conference in the persuasion that it was such a body, no more exclusive, no less exclusive than that. When it ceased to be such a body, I ceased to attend upon its deliberations. I think there are enough yet in the world whose reason and conscience will not hinder their saying that they are banded to labor for the advancement of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that the Unitarian body, when this frenzy of liberalism shall have died away, will supply from its noble and truly Christian men and women many such laborers. Meanwhile, I cannot consent to apologize, even as often as once in two years, for being a believer in Christ, and I cannot deal with Christianity as I would with any mere dogma or form, by leaving it out of the covenant as a non-essential. Fortunately, one may be a Christian, and that in our free way, without taking part in any Conference, and there is reason to believe that the time is not far distant when out of the present chaos and conflict of opinion there will come agreements so substantial and groupings so vital and natural that a Christian Conference will be a necessity for all, and a stumbling-block to none.

I propose no discussion of the matters at issue between those who are called Conservatives and those who are called Radicals. I had hoped that we should have had rest from all that for a few years, and until we had done a little work. It was a foolish hope; for when the question is between Christianity as the religion of mankind, and Christianity as only *one* of the world's religions, and a dying one at that, earnest

people on one side and the other must talk and be as tolerant and just to each other as possible. More or less controversy we shall run into, and after many long days may come thereby to a better understanding; but, meanwhile, — and this I would mainly emphasize, — I wait the issues of that logic of events and that might of experience which will be significant beyond any arguments of the advocates of old or new things, or any outpourings of mere sentiment.

"What dost thou work?" was a question which, though it was proposed to our Master by cavillers, he is always ready to answer; nay, he put it himself to his disciples, when he said to them, "What do ye more than others?" Christianity claims to be a vital force, second to none other in the moral universe. If it is what it claims to be, there can be no question amongst those who are really in the use and enjoyment of it, whether it is better to work together and by themselves, than to summon into their fellowship any who make light of or distrust it. As well might they who are in the use and enjoyment of a great water privilege or steam privilege inquire whether it would not be well for them to associate with themselves some who, being principled against water-power or steam-power, choose to work by hand-power, and take up a great deal of time in showing that not a little good work has been done in that way before this age of machinery, and may be done again. The only really sad part in all this business is, that it should be possible for Christians to treat Christianity as if it were not confessedly the greatest of vital forces, that it should not speak for itself more unmistakably, that anybody can feel at liberty to treat it as a matter only of words, that Christians do not flow together as inevitably as men run out of the cold and the darkness into the blessed sunlight and sun warmth. I am free to say that there is a nominal and traditional way of magnifying Christ which amounts to so little that it would be the extreme of pharisaic insolence to refuse, on the strength of it, to admit to Christian fellowship any sincere religionist, or to pretend to set great store by its meagre creed or its creaking ceremonies. I am free to say that there is a style of Christianity which is not

so noble by half as the Gentilism which it repudiates, and which may justly claim to be at least no degenerate child of a nominally Christian household, only a little more logical and a little more outspoken. And when some of our young men say, "Whatever we are, we are what you have made us," if there is anything that would induce me to allow their claim for equal membership, it would be that word. Do Christians say, and with truth, to those who are without, "Personal religion, repentance before God, missionary zeal, household piety, the supply of the young men for the ministry, will decline in your way"? The answer, alas! might be, "Have they, then, flourished so much in your way?" What is this Christianity of yours, that you should think it waste time for you to go to the battle of life without it? What is your regular army doing, that you should prefer to keep aloof from these volunteers and militia men? No man will run the risk of being called illiberal, and that is what he will be called, for defending a thing which his father, or his grandfather, or his sainted mother held to be sacred, unless it is also sacred to him? If he really can live no more piously and virtuously with it than others can live without it, he belongs with them, and they with him, and has no right to turn away from them; and if they are on their way to a failure, — as they most assuredly are, — it is a failure in which he must share, and for which he is partly responsible.

The early Christians were called unlearned and ignorant, but they found it possible to persuade the world that they had truth and life which the world could not do without. Even philosophers and rulers came into their congregations, not, however, upon equal terms, certainly not as teachers, claiming that their opinions were as good as any men's opinions, but as scholars, to be prepared for the reception of the mysteries of the kingdom of God. Christianity can and will command again such reverence. Men shall ask for its secrets. Its simple yet sublime confessions shall be made, not by those who accept them as a tradition with which they do not care to break, but as utterance of the contrite spirit, praying to be forgiven, as the relief of the enlarged and uplifted heart, seeking

to pour out its abundance. It will, perhaps, always be true that Christianity will be to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, and yet to more and more the power of God and the wisdom of God. It is especially incumbent upon all who so receive it, to commend their treasure to others in all ways which are consistent with a respect for their own convictions, and with their solemn trust as stewards of the mysteries of God. They may well be encouraged by the thought that the loyalty to Christ into which men return after a season of honest doubt, and even of spiritual coldness, is often of the most enlightened and heartiest sort. It is a kind of second coming of the Christ, and is even more glorious than the first. He is so resplendent in brightness that you do not need to darken your world in order to behold him. He outshines all the splendors of your civilization. "A little while, and ye shall not see me, and again a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father; and this faith of mine is no transient form, but the everlasting truth." In a letter which I received a few days since from one who has been regarded as very free in his treatment of Christianity, I found these words: "I receive from the life of Jesus such a sense of the Highest and Holiest as comes to me from no other quarter. Enough may be established historically to establish also that Christ is the centre of life and light, the one great Fact that harmonizes all facts." They were to me very encouraging words. They will be drawn from men who seem now hardly to realize that Christianity is in the world in proportion as Christians penetrate beneath the letter to the spirit of their gospel, and reproduce as experience what as history, however sacred, is comparatively powerless. In his so much depends upon our own growth. We cannot, if we would, get away from critics and scepticism; we ought not, even by implication, to admit that the facts of the gospel are matters of indifference; we must, if we are Christians indeed, so win the fresh and intelligent assent of the doubtful to an undiluted Christianity that they shall illustrate again the word of the apostle, "For we can do nothing against the Truth, but for the Truth."

THE THIRD NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

To the Religious Monthly: —

I AM here as one of some five hundred delegates and will give you, at your request, as fair an impression of the Conference as a mind can receive of it which tries to keep clear of all unjust prepossessions, and which belongs to no "wing," but only to the great catholic body of Christian believers.

THE SERMON

on Tuesday evening, drew a full and highly appreciative audience, which crowded the Church of the Messiah, the beautiful structure which Dr. Osgood's society have just completed and dedicated. It is finished in excellent taste, and is elegant and cheerful without being gaudy. The music was highly artistic, but lacked the quality which belongs to all good congregational singing, and which I call *expression*, for want of a better word. Dr. Bellows sat in the chancel some minutes before the beginning of the service, and I saw at once that he felt an unusual weight of responsibility, and was going to say something which he knew would not please everybody. The sermon must have been nearly two hours in length. The interest of the audience grew deeper to the last, and under some bursts of its inspired eloquence the audience, at least, in some parts of the house, had some difficulty in holding in their applause. You will have it in print. Nothing better, I think, ever came from Dr. Bellows, and that is high praise. Perhaps I rate it higher because I was not hit by any of its pungent though generous criticisms. It was packed with noble thought and very stimulating without any word of spread-eagleism. There was only one passage where he failed to carry me with him. In his criticism upon orthodoxy and his charge that it grows narrower and more dogmatic, and tends to the worship of a visible corporeal being, to Christ alone, excluding the Father, I thought he showed a singular want of insight into the heart and genius of orthodoxy in its modern and more progressive spirit. His estimate of theatre-preaching, I thought, did not do full justice

to the movement, while his remarks on preaching without organizing its results were excellent.

THE FIRST DAY.

Wednesday morning, by about ten o'clock, we found ourselves organized and ready for work. We made a very respectable looking body including individuals both clerical and lay of considerable mark and influence. But the average would fall a good deal below that of the Convention which met in New York three years ago. One hundred and seventy-five parishes were represented, — not more than half the societies of the denomination. It was more in the hands of managers, and there was less of the denomination in it. The Reports this morning were very spirited. Mr. Scandlin's on the Local Conferences was very vigorous and practical. It showed that the Local Conferences had worked well, bringing the churches into nearer fellowship and waking up a more intense denominational life. Mr. Scandlin recommends that every town where there is a liberal church shall be districted and thoroughly evangelized.

We had, also, Mr. Ferry's Report on Itinerant Preaching. Mr. Ferry thinks twelve good rousing sermons a year for any people are worth any amount of poor ones, and that if one "live" preacher would itinerate among three or four societies, which together might honorably support him, it would be much better than to have a dead preacher in each of them, only half supported. Well said, provided the "live" preacher were an inspired gospel minister, and not a dealer in fustian, merely to draw a crowd, and would organize his hearers into a living church, to be made an active and aggressive force in the community whether the preacher were present or absent. The missionary meeting Wednesday evening at All-Souls Church was thinly attended, the house being not more than two-thirds full, principally with delegates of the Conference.

THE DEBATE THURSDAY MORNING.

Vague expectations were entertained by everybody that there was to be a time of excitement Thursday morning.

The "Preamble" was to be altered or abolished or nullified, which had been a matter of sore complaint with the extreme left wing for three years. The Preamble of the Constitution adopted three years ago organizes the Conference as "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ," pledging them to the service of God and "the building up of the kingdom of his Son." What harm was there in this? Great harm. There are a great many people who cannot say "the Lord Jesus Christ" because that is a creed, and all creeds are grievous yokes and cannot be borne. There are people who think that Jesus Christ was the normal development of his own times, and that Christianity was the natural product of the human reason as the human reason was eighteen hundred years ago, and before the light of the present age had thrown it into comparative shade. These people could be glad to work with us and help us if only they could get rid in some way of that Preamble.

Well, a way had been devised for them, so that the Preamble could be retained, and they could be satisfied and work with us. Dr. Clarke announced that a plan had been hit upon to satisfy both wings. The representatives of both had been consulted, and now all was to be peace and harmony. What the plan was, we of the multitude who are not representative were very curious to know, till it was sprung upon the Conference in the following shape. The Preamble was to stand by all means, and the following article was to be added to the Constitution as an amendment.

"ART. IX.— To secure the largest unity of the Spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby declared that all expressions in this Preamble and Constitution are expressions only of the majority of the Conference, *committing in no degree those who object to them*, and depending wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented, or belonging within the circle of our fellowship, and that we heartily welcome to that fellowship *all who desire to work with us* in advancing the kingdom of God."

How this was getting rid of a creed, since it involved a be-

lief both in a God and his kingdom, and must raise by and by a new question of conscience, probably did not occur to the parties concerned; but it resolved the present difficulty in quite an original way. Strange it never should have been thought of before! It is simply to adopt a constitution, and then put in a saving clause that anybody may come in and act under it without being bound by it, and be committed by it "in no degree," if they object to it.

This was charming, and under the soothing unction of three or four representative speakers, I thought it was about to pass without opposition. But Dr. Osgood moved to insert the words "in Christian faith" in connection with fellowship, which, if they meant anything, would only be the Preamble over again, and Dr. Bellows rose and said he would not be even constructively put outside of the Christian body by any "rose-water mush" whatever.

Then followed a debate of three hours. Never were such high-sounding eulogies upon free thought and the largest utterance, and such denunciations of dogmatic yokes, into which it is degrading to put your own neck or force the necks of other people, amid clapping of hands and prolonged and tumultuous applause. Somebody, it was felt, wanted to burn Rev. O. B. Frothingham and the Free Religionists spiritually at the stake, or put his neck into a yoke, and we, the Third National Conference, were coming to his rescue.

So we shouted for three hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" only our Diana was the goddess of intellectual and moral liberty. Meanwhile, it was quite evident to me that the majority of the meeting did not see the practical issue, or perceive the real question which the new article had sprung upon the Conference. If you read it carefully, you will see that there are two questions involved, — one of "fellowship," and another of "work." On the first question there was probably no difference of opinion and feeling. I presume the "extreme right" of the Conference, if that could be defined, would fellowship the Free Religionists in the only fellowship which they would give and take, with a respect and cordiality such as they could find nowhere out of their own

circle. I am not "conservative," for I believe there is vastly more to come of Christianity as an absolute religion than any sect has found in it yet. But I am a thorough supernaturalist, and I know how to respect the naturalists, because my faith goes beyond and comprehends them. I believe all that they do, and considerable more, though they reject and impugn much that I hold to be vitally essential. But I acknowledge large indebtedness to them, for I read the best things they write, and examine my own faith in the light of their criticisms, which becomes thereby more clear, pronounced, and intelligent. There are no people whom a really liberal Christian would fellowship more cordially on the broad ground of humanity, where alone they consent to stand, or would work with more gladly, in their enterprises of benevolence and mercy. I presume this would have been the unanimous sentiment of the Conference, without any of the theological kite-flying of that memorable Thursday morning.

But there was another question, that of "work," very strangely ignored and kept out of sight, except in the very clear, calm, sensible speech of Mr. Frothingham, though Mr. Mayo and Drs. Bellows and Lathrop had some general inklings of it. The "work" of the Conference consists largely in *sending forth missionaries to preach Christianity and found Christian churches, and strengthen those already formed*, which are composed of "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ." This distinctive work Mr. Frothingham frankly avowed he could not contribute to nor join in. But his friends would be glad to come into the Conference on equal terms, — that is, if they could share in due proportion in the funds and appropriations.

This was the real gist of the matter, so far as the Free Religionists are concerned, and without this, I imagine they would have held rather cheap all the kite-flying of that Thursday morning. It would have been a capital arrangement for them, inasmuch as nearly all the funds come from churches who believe in supernatural Christianity; and those churches would have had the privilege of contributing money to show that the New Testament, in all that involves the supernatural, is a string of forgeries, and the Christ of their

own covenants a myth that never existed except in the seething imagination of the second century.

This practical result, though simply and clearly indicated by Mr. Frothingham, the Conference evidently did not see, in its furor to get rid of all appearance of a creed. Twenty persons rose to speak, some of whom, perhaps, might have given the subject a practical turn, but impatient cries of "Question, question" came from all parts of the hall. When the vote was about to be taken, Mr. Hale rose and withdrew the article, substituted another in its place, and moved the previous question upon the substitute, which reads as follows: —

"ART. IX. — To secure the largest unity of the Spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby understood that all declarations of this Conference, including the Preamble and Constitution, are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, and dependent wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our fellowship."

This passed by an overwhelming majority, under the screw of the previous question, which allowed not a syllable of debate, and barely time to read the article carefully enough to see all its intent and bearings. Mr. Hale assured them that it had been unanimously passed at a former meeting of the body, and so few persons now voted against it, thinking, of course, that all was right.

This was a mistake. Nothing like it had ever been passed at any previous Conference. The *Convention* which met three years ago passed something similar *in convention*, and before the National Conference had been organized or any Constitution had been adopted. But *after that*, to put in an article to the effect that the Constitution of the Conference is not obligatory upon its own members, was the original and brilliant achievement of the Conference of 1868.

What is the meaning of the new article, and what is to be its practical operation? Does it mean to please the Radicals with sweet words of toleration and fellowship only, or does it

mean to admit them on equal terms, and send forth Free Religionist missionaries and form Free Religionist societies, side by side with those whose foundation is the "Lord Jesus Christ"? Nobody knows. Probably the next Conference will decide. What a beautiful uncertainty for Mr. Lowe in raising the next hundred thousand dollars! It was a fine satire upon the three hours' declamation on free speech and free thought, when such an amendment was rushed through under the previous question, without a syllable of debate allowed, and when few could have known exactly the import of what they were voting for. Some voted for it, I imagine, under a vague impression that, as things were drifting, they might wake up on some morning clear of fog, and find themselves among the "other" Christian churches, and need the new article for the protection of their own consciences. But a free debate would have shown abundantly that, if the new article means to adopt radicalism in the disbursement of the funds, the Conference has signed its own death-warrant in the new article.

It must look very strange to other religious bodies who discuss subjects which are vital to them broadly and openly, and meet them squarely, when they see us, who believe in free speech *par excellence*, trying to blink these questions or bring them in sideways, and choke them off under the previous question or a ten minutes' rule, or handle them very much as children handle live coals, as if they would blow us up like a powder magazine. Meanwhile, I hope it will be discovered ere long that churches who believe distinctively and properly in "the Lord Jesus Christ" have consciences and rights as well as others; that among these is the right of associating for the diffusion of Christianity as they hold it, without at the same time diffusing that which would subvert their own foundations. I hope that by the next Conference we shall be endowed by divine grace with enough common sense to take in that simple proposition. I disliked the threat both of Drs. Bellows and Collier, to go out of the Conference at opposite doors, as if saying, May the Lord have mercy upon you, after I shall have done with you!

THE OTHER MEETINGS.

I have dwelt so long on this half-day's delirious nonsense that I have not much time to tell you of better things. The subsequent proceedings were uniformly excellent. Mr. Dall gave a very interesting account of his mission, which enlisted the warm sympathies of his audience, and called forth substantial aid. But, what interested me quite as much as anything in the meetings of the Conference, was the mission of the African Church South (Methodist), and its relations with the American Unitarian Association. Bishops Paine and Brown (colored) appeared and presented their cause with a simplicity and beauty of spirit which presaged the fulfilment of the best hopes for their race. Through the African Church South is presented the noblest opportunity to act upon the Southern masses of colored people and raise them up into light and privilege. All praise to the American Unitarian Association for embracing this opportunity. The only way of reaching the freedmen effectively is through their own preachers and missionaries, educated for their work.

GENERAL CONCLUSION.

The spirit of the meetings was uniformly earnest, and but for the ballooning of that Thursday morning, would have presaged the best practical results for the denomination. Our organizing faculties are as yet very crudely developed, but I hope we shall learn by practice. Just now we are mounted on the highest horse of religious liberty, and have vaulted him so violently that we are in danger of toppling over on the opposite side. We tolerate all opinions — *except our own.* And tolerating the opinions of your antagonist not only means that you vindicate his freedom of thought and speech, but you must go over to him and help him spread his nonsense to the ends of the earth. But Unitarians have lately emerged from ecclesiastical thraldom themselves, and, like children just let loose from school, must be excused for much fantastic exercise of their limbs and muscles, over which, as we devoutly trust, the angels will laugh rather than weep, and wait patiently till we come to the stature of perfect *men* in Christ Jesus, which consummation may the Lord hasten.

Yours truly, BROAD CHURCH.

A GOOD NAME.

A SERMON, BY REV. A. P. PEABODY, D. D.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. — PROVERBS XXII. 1.

THOUGH, in general, character and reputation bear the same stamp, yet in numerous individual cases the reputation is better or worse than the character deserves; for, while character is measured by a perfect and immutable standard, reputation has standards as numerous as the members of a community, as various as their tempers and judgments, and as faulty as their lives. Reputation is not, then, like character, of priceless worth, — is never to be purchased at the cost of character, — nay, is sometimes precious mainly as a sacrifice to be freely offered up for the attainment of higher good, — even as He whom the Scriptures term the *character* * [the express image] of God made himself *of no reputation*, to become the world's Redeemer.

Our text places reputation — a good name — where it belongs, as the best of earthly possessions, — as to be preferred to wealth, which a more sordid judgment is prone to put in the first place. How is a good name to be obtained? How is it to be used? These questions it will be my present aim to answer.

I. How is a good name to be obtained? First of all, by deserving it. It is often sought by the concealment of faults, and not by their cure. But no curtain can be woven for them that is not full of holes. They have unexpected witnesses. They leave undesigned tokens of their existence. They brand their stamp on the countenance. They infect the speech. They corrupt the manners. They enter unconsciously, but manifestly, into the social intercourse. They are suspected before they are known; they become known by the very artifices devised to hide them.

A good name is sometimes sought by downright hypocrisy, — by the pretence of virtues that are not possessed, by the profession of a piety that is not felt. But this is a device

* Χαρακτὴρ (*character*) is the word rendered *express image* in Hebrews i. 3.

which seldom deceives any one except the inventor. No mask can be so skilfully made as not to show its seams and sutures, or so carefully worn that the natural play of the features shall not be detected behind it. A good character is the only probable guarantee of a good name. One must be what he seems.

This fundamental rule, however, is not enough. There are other prerequisites to a good name, which are worth every one's heed, and for the neglect of which very excellent persons often fail of the reputation they deserve. One who prizes a good name must avoid not only evil, but the appearance of evil. All circumstances and associations that might lead to the suspicion of wrong must be carefully shunned. While virtuous principle should preside over the aims and ends of life, prudence should govern its details. The wisdom of the serpent should blend with the innocence of the dove.

In order to acquire or retain a good name one must cherish the minor morals (so-called) equally with the cardinal virtues; and for want of traits commonly regarded as of secondary importance, a character of surpassing merit may fail of a just estimation. Thus sterling integrity may suffer an eclipse, perhaps total and lifelong, for lack of method and precision; and the most scrupulous justice may, if called in question, fail of vindicating itself, in consequence of a carelessness which grew only from the security of a good conscience. The man who means to be rigidly faithful to all his obligations, if deficient in the mechanical virtue of punctuality, may be regarded as utterly untrustworthy. His slackness in this one particular will very probably be supposed to extend to his whole character; and, especially, those whose time he steals by backwardness in meeting his engagements will be inclined to doubt the constancy and strength of his principles as to other matters of duty.

Then, too, not merely positive sins of speech, which ought to damage a reputation, but loose and careless habits of speech impair one's good name. Among those who are held in low esteem as to veracity, there are not a few honest and ingenuous persons, whose sole fault is that they see and hear

with eyes and ears half open, and thus unintentionally misreport; or that they have imaginations so vivid as to believe, and to announce as literally true, not only what they see and hear, but their supplements and interpretations of it; or that they early formed, and never reformed, habits of exaggeration, without the purpose of misrepresentation. Close attention to whatever may need to be repeated or reported, and simplicity and directness of speech, hold a most important place among the qualities which confer a good name; and these are habits, be it remembered, which can be surely formed only when they are early formed.

Again, he who would bear a good name must not cultivate eccentricities. I do not mean that individualities should be wholly suppressed. This would produce a dreary level in society, and a stupid monotony in its intercourse. But as the skilful portrait-painter or sculptor tones down harsh peculiarities so as to make them approach the normal type of beauty, while the bungling artist exaggerates them into deformities, so will the judicious artificer of his own character modify his individual tendencies into harmony with what is intrinsically becoming and graceful, while he who is reckless of reputation will nurse and pet them, till they offend the general taste, and throw into the shade what is really beautiful in his spirit and exemplary in his life. The conventionalities of good society are never to be trampled on with impunity to one's reputation. Where they are innocent, they are useful. They constitute a language of signs, or a short-hand alphabet, for the prompt conveyance of mutual kindness, sympathy, and helpfulness; and the really good man who despises them is as liable to be misunderstood and underrated as is one who forsakes the language in common use for a dialect of his own.

I have spoken of one kind of hypocrisy; let me now refer to another kind, often practised to the injury of one's good name, namely, that by which one appears worse than he is. Thus, a person of fine feelings and delicate sensibilities sometimes affects coarseness and rudeness; one really benevolent puts on the show of indifference; or one who is circumspect in his conduct professes a lower class of motives than that by

which he acts. To go no farther than these seats, I have often detected among you who are under my official charge and guardianship a better nature than willingly revealed itself, a keener sense of right and a more delicate conscience than were currently professed, a higher principle than was apparent to a superficial observer. The dread of ostentation often pushes one to the opposite extreme. But perfect transparency should be the law of speech and conduct. A man has a right to the reputation of all the good that he has and is; but if by his own perverse hypocrisy he makes himself appear worse than he is, he has no one but himself to blame if he finds himself appreciated at less than his worth.

II. Why is a good name to be sought and prized? Why should we not be contented with the honor which comes from God, — with the ultimate justification, the righting of false estimates, when the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed? I reply that a good name is to be prized, not merely or chiefly for the satisfaction it may give us, or the consideration it may procure for us, — still less, for the nourishment it may furnish to our self-esteem. Indeed, if it make us proud or vain, if it blind us to our remaining faults, or if it check our diligence in self-improvement, better were it for us to be defamed and vilified. But a good name is to be sought chiefly for its uses, and for uses in which it may be hazarded, may pass under a temporary eclipse, — nay, may sometimes, under a peculiar stress of circumstances, be permanently sacrificed. Says our Saviour, "Woe unto you, when all men shall speak well of you;" and universal, constant popularity is more likely to attend the shifty, chameleon-like time-server than to rest on him who really deserves a good name. It is for its antagonisms with the false and the evil that a well-merited reputation is to be chiefly prized. Let me specify a few of these antagonisms.

The average moral standard of every community and of every separate circle is imperfect, — demands less than God requires, and permits some things that he forbids; and in every Christian community and in each of its separate circles that standard is improvable, and, I believe, improving. And

it is improved mainly by the example and influence of those whose virtue is, and is generally acknowledged to be, above the average standard. A man of deservedly high reputation can always produce a diversion in the current of sentiments and habits, in behalf of the good he practises, or against the evil he renounces. In some quarters he suffers for the time in his reputation, as a nonconformist. He is regarded as foolishly punctilious, as over-scrupulous, as marring the social harmony by his dissent. But let him remain true to his convictions of right, — he gains adherents; he modifies surrounding opinions. The good name which he bears with the best of his associates is a perpetual rebuke upon his detractors. It renews itself constantly for new conflicts and new victories, — spent, but never consumed, — thrown into the *mêlee*, and taken back more lustrous for the encounter, nay, given back with added honor by those who would have defaced or cancelled it.

Again, there are always good causes that labor under neglect, or obloquy, — reforms to which the *vis inertiæ* of society opposes the dead weight of custom and tradition, — enterprises for the removal of wrongs which claim a prescriptive right to be, because they have always been, — of public and national sins in which the law of God is disowned by the ordinance of man. At the present time, a very large proportion of the moral and spiritual energy of good men is needed and due, for this portion of God's work. Now there is no one of these Christian enterprises which may not be successfully defended and advocated on grounds of truth and right. But experience shows that, even with the majority of conscientious persons, prejudice is stronger than argument, and established wrong more venerable than abstract right. There are many minds so constituted as to be convinced by example and won over by sympathy, when they cannot be reached by reasoning. No force is so potent in behalf of a worthy cause as the good name of its advocates; and one prime use for which a good name is to be coveted is its employment in the defence and advancement of disputed right, of nascent and obstructed reform, of the great, multiform cause of human emancipation, redemp-

tion and progress. In this service, reputation often suffers, and the best men are frequently made the objects of detraction and calumny; yet the good name passes over to the unpopular cause or the maligned enterprise, which gains favor with every measure of undeserved disesteem heaped upon its advocates. At the same time a worthy reputation has a vitality and persistency, by which it can sacrifice itself on the altar of humanity, and the sacrifice be perpetually renewed, without losing its sweet savor and its benignant efficacy.

Yet again, there are not infrequent occasions on which an individual member of society suffers unmerited reproach. His character is impeached, and the testimony for its defence does not admit of being put into shape for the public eye. Appearances are against him, and he cannot explain them away. He rests under a cloud which it is out of his power to dispel. Those who know him intimately know that he is wronged, and retain their esteem for him and confidence in him unimpaired. Now one of the noblest uses of a good name is to interpose its shield between such a character and the misjudging world. He who, possessing an unimpeached title to universal respect and confidence, will remain firm at the side of an injured friend, still more, he who will take up such a cause because it is the cause of an injured man, will offer the guarantee of his own good faith for a good faith called in question, of his own pure character for a character maligned, will rather take reproach upon himself than suffer it to rest where it is unmerited, will stand in loving sympathy by the cross and agony of wronged innocence and defamed integrity, will watch at the mouth of its sepulchre to hail its resurrection in the justifying providence of God, — he, I say, assumes as lofty a position as a Christian can hold, and performs a service on which his Divine Master must look with ineffable complacency.

Such are some of the precious uses of a good name. Seek it, then, as a gift second only to the character which deserves it; pay for it any price but character; employ it as a trust from God for the most blessed ministries to his children; and render it back to him to be inscribed forever on the book of life eternal.

THE CAMBRIDGE AND BOSTON DIVINITY SCHOOLS.

BY S. G. BULFINCH, D. D.

AT the recent Conference in New York a plan for the union of these Schools was brought forward, and, after debate, rejected. If this decision had been reached as the result of a full discussion, all the facts in the case being known to those present, and calmly considered by them, it would best become those who had proposed the measure silently to leave it to its fate. But we think that no one who was present, if he recalls the debate to his mind, will assert that it possessed such claims to be conclusive on the subject. The topic announced on the printed list was "Theological Schools." This topic included not only the institutions at Boston and Cambridge, but that at Meadville, in regard to which, also, a very important question claimed attention. Two different subjects, therefore, were under consideration at once. One gentleman would speak about Meadville, the next about Cambridge and Boston. Then an advocate of the change proposed with regard to Meadville unfortunately said something that was thought to reflect on Cambridge. This led to a defence of Cambridge and an explanation. Next came one who objected to the removal of the Meadville School; then one who was in favor of it; then a new plan was brought forward, which looked very much like the establishment of a fourth school; and, with a *bon-mot* from one distinguished man, and a few words of condemnation from another, the plan of union between Cambridge and Boston was voted down, by a majority which, even under such circumstances, was not overwhelming. We may not have characterized the speakers in their precise order, but such was the miscellaneous character of the debate.

From this decision an appeal was entered, on the last day of the Conference. It is in prosecution of that appeal, to the members of the Conference and to public opinion generally, that this article is written.

From whom did the plan originate which was thus disposed of? What was the occasion for it, and what are its distinguishing features?

On the afternoon of the last visitation day at Cambridge, the Alumni of that school held their usual annual meeting. At that meeting Dr. Gannett brought forward the question whether a union might not be formed between the institution of which they were graduates and that which owed its existence to the zeal and energy of Mr. Hepworth. The proposition was favorably received by Dr. Stearns of the Cambridge School, and by Mr. Hepworth himself. It was opposed by Rev. J. V. Blake, in an able speech, on the ground that it would have a tendency to lower the standard of theological education at Cambridge. It received, however, the approval of a majority of those present, and a Committee was appointed, by general nomination, not merely to consider the subject and report at the next meeting, but *to take measures, if they should see fit, for carrying the proposed union into effect.* This provision may account for the fact, which has excited some surprise, that the Committee reported their plan to the Conference, a different body from that by which they were appointed.

The Committee consisted of six, — Doctors Gannett, Walker, and Briggs, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Blake, and the writer of this article. They held four meetings, of from three to four hours each, nearly all the members being present at each, and representatives of both Divinity Schools being with them at nearly every meeting. A plan was thus elaborated which received the full assent of every member of the Committee except Mr. Blake, and which was approved also by Dr. Stearns and Mr. Hepworth. This statement was questioned at the Conference, as far as it relates to the opinion of the venerable Dr. Walker. On consultation with him since, he confirms our impression, that though at one time he deemed the measure inexpedient, further reflection had influenced him in its favor.

But why should the schools be united?

First, for economy of money. There seems little of this in a small denomination maintaining three Divinity Schools, two of them in adjoining cities. If our laymen are willing to give liberally, they have a right to know that their money

is not wasted; and every dollar that is spent needlessly might have been given to some object of real importance. In saying this, we are far from censuring Mr. Hepworth or his enterprise. His energy merits high praise; and his school has given an impulse and a direction to theological study of very great importance. If we did not think these good results might be retained when the two schools were united, we should not advocate the measure.

Secondly, for economy of strength. This is more important than economy of money. The bodily and mental strength of our scholars is a trust committed to them for the service of God and their race, — a trust to be wisely used, according to the impressive lesson in the parable of the talents. Now, if there are three professors at Cambridge for twenty students, and five in Boston for forty, it is evident that by joining the two institutions one-fourth of the labor may be saved, and yet the advantages of each student be increased.

Thirdly, to give to the Boston School the advantages of Cambridge. A library, rich in every department; another library, especially devoted to Theology; courses of scientific lectures, which the students may attend without charge; intercourse and generous competition with the young men already connected with the Cambridge School; these are advantages sufficiently obvious, without bringing into comparison the instructions of the professors.

Fourthly, to give to the School in Cambridge the advantages of that in Boston. This, in our view, is one of the most important results that will follow from the union. The plan prepared by the Committee contemplates not merely the transfer of the Boston students to Cambridge, but the transfer of whatever is of distinctive value in the organization of their school. Its professors are invited to visit Cambridge, for the delivery of courses of instruction, and especially for practical counsel and the encouragement of a devotional and active spirit; and those gentlemen, being mostly pastors of Boston churches, will, it is hoped, allow all the students those opportunities for practical experience in the duties of the ministry which are now the privilege of their own pupils. Our

brother Charles F. Barnard — the extent and value of whose philanthropic services will never be fully estimated till he has passed away — said happily at the Conference, that the two plans proposed for Meadville and Cambridge alike contemplated the addition to each institution of what it most needed, a share in the ministry at large of a great city, — the Meadville school being removed to Chicago, and that at Cambridge brought practically near to Boston. In the Committee of the Alumni, at the first meeting, one of the first questions asked was whether the Cambridge School should not be actually removed, retaining such a connection with the University as the Medical School in Boston now possesses. This change was found impracticable, because a large part of the funds had been left with the express condition that the instruction should be given in Cambridge. But the distance is only three miles, over streets provided with horse-railways; and if the Boston clergy lend their aid, they may receive valuable service in turn, in their ministrations to the poor, from the activity and zeal of their younger brethren. It will easily be seen that such employment must mingle a healthful element with those speculations whose results have in some instances occasioned so much uneasiness. Christian missionaries are not very likely to become unbelievers.

Fifthly, this union is desirable, in order to keep up the standard of theological education. It is generally admitted that if we would do our part in advancing the cause of religion, we must make some provision for the training of ministers, of whom a thorough, classical education shall not be required. If Wesley had limited his ministry to graduates of Cambridge or Oxford, the poor of England in his day would not have had the gospel preached to them. Other denominations perceive this necessity as well as we. Arrangements have been made at Andover for a special course, for students not fully prepared to enter upon the regular one, — arrangements which have been inquired into by the Committee of the Alumni of Cambridge, with reference to the changes which the proposed union would render necessary there. The result is the conviction in the minds of the Com-

mittee, that a course may be adopted which shall be advantageous to both classes of students. There will still be the regular series of instruction for three years, for students who are either graduates of colleges, or otherwise sufficiently qualified by previous classical study; nay, this course is to be enriched by provision made for preparatory instruction, and by the addition of a fourth year for those who desire to remain longer at Cambridge. Then there is to be a special course for those who, with only an English education, desire to be prepared for the practical work of the ministry. It may be objected that this plan lowers the average of education *at Cambridge*. It may for a time, for it brings to Cambridge those who are now pursuing such a limited course in Boston. But it will not lower, but elevate, the average of education *generally*. Such of the students of the Boston School as have time enough before them, or have made already some progress in classical studies, will, it is hoped, be excited by generous competition and the love of learning to enter on the more thorough course. Others will, at least, be incited to make the most of the advantages which they for a time enjoy. From intercourse with their companions, they will share in the results of thorough scholarship, if they do not aspire to such scholarship themselves. Meantime, the standard of learning in the regular course will be actually raised; for the necessity will no longer exist of well-prepared students waiting for those less qualified. There are strong inducements to the professors at Cambridge, as that School is now constituted, to admit students not thoroughly prepared. The number of applicants is very small; and it is hard to refuse admittance to a promising young man, and perhaps lose a soldier to the cause of Christ, because he does not know Greek. If that were the alternative, we should rather praise than blame the professors, if, in such a case, they relaxed their terms of admission. But the result of such relaxation, if often repeated, must evidently be a decided though gradual decline in the standard of learning in the School. In future, this will be guarded against, if the proposed plan is adopted, by the applicant who is not thoroughly prepared being either

admitted to the special course, or furnished with means for preliminary study, till he is fully fitted to enter on the three years' series of instruction.

Sixthly, the union of the two Schools will prevent a rivalry whose effect would be to narrow the character and diminish the usefulness of both. Those who, ten or twenty years hence, may sustain the Boston School, may be tempted to ground its claims to public support on its evangelical character as compared with Cambridge. Cambridge may respond by proud assertions of its freedom, and of its higher standard of education. These respective claims, coinciding too aptly with the respective tendencies that already threaten a separation among us, will contribute to promote that separation, while they will confirm in each institution a disposition to partial and one-sided development. If we maintain two Schools, side by side, how long can we hope that they will not be conflicting Schools? Let us try to unite all that is best in each, and form from the two one noble institution.

Lastly, while admitting the remarkable business talent displayed in the establishment of the Boston School, and its present success, we do not believe that it can exist permanently on its present basis, — that of voluntary, unpaid service on the part of its instructors. Institutions commenced in self-sacrificing enthusiasm either pass away, after a term of years, or crystallize into establishments where a price is paid for every service rendered. The present devoted professors of the Boston School have that labor superadded to that of weighty parochial charges. If they do not themselves tire of this double duty, yet they are mortal, and the young men who will at length succeed them cannot be expected to take each an unpaid professorship *in commendam*. If, on the other hand, it is contemplated that the character of the School will be changed, the objection on the score of economy recurs with greatly increased force. Money must then be obtained from the community to erect an extensive building and endow professorships, in order to perpetuate an institution which, by the loss of the voluntary principle, will have become precisely similar to the School already well endowed in the adjoining city!

The opportunity is now afforded for uniting these two Schools. Is either of them unworthy of the other's alliance? None will assert this of the Boston School who knows the character of the eminent men who control and instruct it. As to that in Cambridge, we are aware that a suspicion exists in the community of a sceptical tendency, transmitted from class to class. If this suspicion is well founded, the more need is there that the practical and devotional life of the Boston School should be brought to Cambridge. But the young men already there are by no means cold sceptics nor heated radicals. They are inquirers; and who would banish free inquiry from a school which was founded in the spirit of freedom? Perhaps some of them are doubters, for who can inquire without sometimes doubting? But they are earnest and conscientious men, sensible of their religious obligations, full of the spirit of philanthropy, and chiefly anxious to know what is truth. They have full confidence in their instructors; and to name those instructors is sufficient; for "the praise" of Doctors Stearns and Hedge and Clarke "is in all the churches."

The opportunity of uniting these two institutions, presented by the favorable disposition of those in charge of both, may not, if now lost, be again presented. The subject merits full examination, and will receive it, we trust, from those competent to do it justice. On this account we are the less disposed to regret the decision of the Conference at New York. From that decision we have now presented our plea of appeal. The determination of the question will rest with others; may Divine Providence direct it to the best result!

When we think of the infinite love that dwelt in the heart of Jesus, how fearful seems the guilt that could have excited such scorching rebukes from him! We are awe-struck at the thought of his holy indignation. And when we think of him as standing defenceless among his people, and uttering such censures of their rulers and spiritual guides, how are we lost in wonder and reverence at his courage and his truth!

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

THE Dead Sea is about forty miles long and nine miles broad. Ragged, bare, gray, and precipitous limestone cliffs rise all around it, to the height of fifteen hundred or two thousand feet. From a distance, or even when standing by its shore, the water does not appear unlike that of any other inland lake. It has a calm, blue surface, but, being without an outlet, and in its deep, cauldron-like depression subject to a tropical heat, the evaporation, which must more than equal the inflood of the large stream from the Jordan (as there are some smaller rivers emptying into it), gives the appearance of a mist-cloud hovering over, or rising from its surface, to-day, as in the Scripture-time, like the smoke of a furnace. The commonly believed stories about the poisonous and pestilential vapors and atmosphere about the Dead Sea, are the most groundless exaggerations of wonder-seeking and over-credulous travellers, or the impositions of natives and guides, who reap a pecuniary reward, the greater and the more marvellous their reports can be made to appear.

It is called "dead," says an early traveller, "because it moveth not, but is ever still," but when the wind blows, the Dead Sea is agitated, not only as any other sea, but as are all lakes so surrounded by hills, suddenly and tempestuously. Whether fish live in its waters is a question upon which authority is, perhaps, still equally divided, but the report that birds cannot fly over it without being poisoned, is entirely unfounded. The expedition sent out by our government found ducks swimming on the sea, and birds and fowls of various kinds flying over, and abounding on the shores, and itself remained for two months making explorations and breathing the atmosphere, without any ill effects. The dreary and desolate aspect all around is very great, but not any greater than all the country between Bethany and Jerusalem, or between the Dead Sea and Hebron, and only what is common to volcanic agency. Earthquakes occur, at Jerusalem

even, quite frequently, and scarcely a year passes without a shock, and the story is told by Dean Stanley of a family seated at their mid-day meal, when suddenly the dome-shaped roof opened, showed the blue sky above, and again closed. There is no comparison which can give you a better idea of the Dead Sea than to say it resembles the crater of an inverted volcano filled with water, and I was constantly reminded of the likeness to the crater of Vesuvius. Not only is the whole region volcanic, and pieces of sulphur as large as walnuts found on the shore, and also pieces of nitre, but clots of asphaltum are constantly bubbling up from the bottom. The water is bitterly salt to the taste, so much so that common salt will not dissolve in it, and the bottom seems one mass of salt and mineral substances. There is a beach on which the waves break, as of an ocean, and it is pure imagination which conceives that its look is any different from other seas; but, such is the weight of the water, that, when in commotion, it beats against a boat like some solid substance; and, such is its buoyancy, that those who cannot swim float on the surface. Dr. Robinson, one of the most accurate of all travellers, says, "I could never swim before, either in fresh or salt water, yet in the Dead Sea I could sit, stand, lie, or swim without difficulty."

Another singular feature of the Dead Sea is its change of level and of area. Through the winter, or rainy season, while the volume of water pouring into it is greatly increased, the evaporation is, for the same reason, diminished, and the sea rises and extends its domain over the southern part of the great reservoir; then comes on the great heat of the summer, and the sun lifts up in vapor all this mass, accumulating for months, and restores the summer proportions of the sea.

How far volcanic agency was concerned in the overthrow of the cities of the plain, has not yet been determined by geologists, but there seems not a question among those competent to judge that the reservoir of the Dead Sea, which is the deepest portion of the natural valley running from the northern part of the Red Sea to the northern part of Syria, was a part of the ocean, when the Red and Mediterranean Seas were united.

The Scripture expression, "fire from heaven," or "lightning," has of itself given room for a vast number of explanations. Dean Milman of St. Paul's, London, and one of the great authorities on historical questions, gives, what is perhaps a commonly received opinion: "The cities stood on a soil broken and undermined with veins of bitumen and sulphur. These inflammable substances, set on fire by lightning, caused a terrible convulsion; the watercourses burst their banks, the cities, the walls of which were, perhaps, built from the combustible materials of the soil, were entirely swallowed up by the fiery inundation, and the whole valley, which had been compared to Paradise and the well-watered corn-fields of the Nile, became a dead and fetid lake."

Leaving this sea, one of the most remarkable spots on the earth, we were soon beyond the brakes and salt marshes and thickets of one of the streams leading into the sea, and making our way slowly up one of the barren hills. Now came the dreariest and most toilsome and scorching ride of the whole journey. There was hardly a vestige of vegetable life anywhere; bare, rugged, burned mountains, with the Dead Sea, calm and blue, in its deep bed, the only refreshing sight; the hollow sound, as if treading on the merest shell of earth; a miniature caravan on some neighboring hillside; a solitary Bedouin, with his camel's-hair cloak, lurking by some cave or rock; a few herdsmen encamped, with their long black tents, and Indian dogs, by some fountain, or some more favoring hill-slope, and now and then a glimpse of the Cathedral of St. Helena, and the white houses of Bethlehem.

And this was the wilderness which, in the early years of Christianity, and even before its introduction, swarmed with the hermits, ascetics, Essenes, pillared saints, and all the orders of monastic life, who would save and uplift society by fleeing from it; who would annihilate self in order to be possessed by God. It was about two centuries before Christ that, in this very land over which we were travelling, on the west shore of the Dead Sea, the Essenes, or monastic order of the Jews, came to live in solitude and meditation; "a race," says Pliny, "entirely by themselves, and, beyond every

other in the world, deserving of wonder; men living in communion with nature, without wives, without money. Every day their number is replenished by a new troop of settlers, since they are much visited by those whom the reverses of fortune have driven, tired of the world, to their modes of living. Thus happens, what might seem incredible, that a community in which no one is born yet continues to subsist through the lapse of centuries. So fruitful for them is disgust of life in others." They could not sacrifice at the altar, so they came to subdue and mortify the body. They turned their faces toward the rising sun and chanted hymns to the Deity. They believed in the soul's pre-existence. They would give up forms and became the most austere and precise formalists. Thus do we, in our extremes, in the desert or the city, in the closet or the temple, forsake the good Master who measures souls only by their love of God.

After riding over these desolate mountains for several hours, as the afternoon wore away, the mule-path assumed the appearance of a well-built road along the slope, with a wall on the outer side, guarding the steep declivity into the bed of the Kedron. It was evident we were drawing near to some human habitation. The guard, spurring his steed, went on before, and soon the report of a pistol echoed among the dreary hills. It brought a monk, who was acting as sentinel, to a small window in the heavy wall which seemed to block our path. After proofs that we were friends, we descended many steps to a small iron door, and were admitted into the Monastery of St. Sabas. This is the most perfect and interesting illustration of monastic life still existing in the world. Its situation is as strange as its history is sad. It is so built in the deep chasm of the Kedron, and on the side of the barren hill, that it seems quite impossible to tell what belongs to the monastery, and what to the native rocks, while altogether it appears more like a small city than one institution, more like the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein than the retreat and home of religion, more like the suggestions of Mars than of the Prince of Peace. Here, in a large, vaulted room, we found comfortable beds ready for the pilgrim, and the monks

at once brought us coffee, and, after a little rest, showed us around the monastery, — to the rooms of the monks, as destitute of every comfort as possible, and, with all the surroundings, as suggestive as possible of the mortification of the flesh; to the small chapel; to the rooms filled with bones of the saints and monks; to the ramparts, whence we could see the caves and rocks, all along the mountain sides, which once swarmed with the hermits, and to the cave within the walls of the monastery which, for nearly forty years, was the dwelling-place of St. Saba, from whom the monastery is named. Such were the attractions of this saint, and such was the impulse to a life of meditation, as the only service of God, in the fourth century, that, it is stated, St. Saba drew hither at least fourteen thousand anchorites, who fed their own devotions, and inspired themselves to new tortures, by witnessing his austere piety. They believed he wrought all kinds of miracles, and, as did Moses, drew forth water from the rocks, and, to this day, the monks believe the spring from which the monastery is supplied came from his miraculous touch. Here the young converts were sent from Jerusalem to see if they could bear the severest discipline of monastic life.

Here John of Damascus came, and was commanded by his monk instructor to observe these five rules: entire self-renunciation, dedication of all labors and prayers to God, utter humility preventing all boast of learning or genius, constant self-mistrust, habitual silence and reserve, both in speaking and writing.

He was sent to Damascus to sell baskets, for which he was required to ask an unreasonable price, so as to subject him to insults in the city he had once ruled.

Here, too, Cyril, the great Church saint and father from Jerusalem, came, for the same purposes of discipline, in the piety of solitude. What if all the world had turned into pillared saints, or cloistered monks, after the model of St. Simeon Stylites, whom Tennyson has so well described! —

> "Although I am the basest of mankind,
> From scalp to sole one slough and curst of sin,
> Unfit for earth, unfit for heaven, scarce meet
> For troops of devils, mad with blasphemy,

I will not cease to grasp the hope I hold
Of saintdom, and to clamor, mourn, and sob,
Battering the gates of heaven with storms of prayer,
Have mercy, Lord, and take away my sin.

"O Lord, Lord,
Thou knowest I bore this better at the first,
For I was strong and hale of body then;
And though my teeth, which now are dropt away,
Would chatter with the cold, and all my beard
Was tagged with icy fingers in the moon
I drowned the whoopings of the owl with sound
Of pious hymns of psalms, and sometimes saw
An angel stand and watch me, as I sang.
Now I am feeble grown; my end draws nigh, —
I hope my end draws nigh; half deaf I am,
So that I scarce can hear the people hum
About the column's base, and almost blind,
And scarce can recognize the fields I know.
Bear witness, if I could have found a way
(And heedfully I sifted all my thoughts)
More slowly-painful to subdue this house
Of sin, my flesh, which I despise and hate,
I had not stinted practice, O my God;
. . . . . .
I, 'tween the spring and downfall of the light,
Bow down one thousand and two hundred times,
To Christ, the Virgin Mother, and the Saints;
Or in the night, after a little sleep,
I wake; the chill stars sparkle. I am wet
With drenching dews, or stiff with crackling frost,
And in my weak, lean arms I lift the cross,
And strive and wrestle with thee till I die;
Oh, mercy, mercy! wash away my sin!"

Thus lived the hermits and anchorites, in the region round about the Dead Sea. Before leaving Mar Saba, we went again upon the walls, with the sun flashing from all its towers, the dark shadows over the hermit-caves, across the Kedron, and the roaming Bedouins, watching by day and night to attack the monastery, with its untold treasures.

Again we took up our march over the dreary hills. Now, from the top of a rise, Jerusalem could be seen, and then far back and down the Dead Sea, while, long before we came to it, or even before we reached the fields where the shepherds kept watch over their flocks by night, where Ruth gleaned

among the maidens of Boaz, where a shepherd-boy once tended his father's flocks, and sang to the rocks the psalms which have become "the eternal harmony for pious souls," where the angel chorus sounded back from the skies, and where the young mother was pondering the prophecies of the new-born Christ, on the slope of another hill, Bethlehem appeared.

(To be continued.)

THE VOICE OF THE SPIRIT.

THERE is a low, deep music in the wind,
Sounding at intervals when all is still,
Heard only by the pure in heart, who find
Joy in their daily task, doing their Maker's will.

Be they in velvet clad, or russet stole,
In hall or hut, theirs is that low, sweet chime,
Solemn, yet cheerful, speaking to the soul
Of joys that rest not in this stranger clime.

Loud music cannot quench it, nor the sound
Of mighty voices, like the mingled roar
Of tossing waves that with delirious bound
Leap onward in their fury to the shore, —

Nor yet the jarring sounds of bustling life,
Whose weary footsteps toil in quest of gain
In dusty marts, 'mid sickening scenes of strife,
Till the worn spirit longs for rest — in vain.

Yet few do hear it: either care or pride,
Or thoughts unholy, folly, grief, or crime,
Whelming the soul beneath their rushing tide,
Hinder the coming of that low, sweet chime.

Men's hearts are heavy, or they would not slight
Their spirit's oneness with so pure a strain,
Though faint, as when the far-off torrent's might
Seems as a murmur stealing o'er the plain.

From source far mightier comes that low, sweet sound
Than deep, deep waters thundering to the ear;
From harps and mingled voices that resound
With anthems high through heaven's eternal year.

ANON.

EXAMPLES FROM OUR INFERIORS.

To receive example and instruction from beings of a lower grade in the system of creation is no new thing among men, nor has it ever been thought derogatory to the dignity of the human race. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard!" is a precept many centuries old; and however much the example of the industrious little insect may have been disregarded, it has never been objected to as beneath imitation. In the different races of animals we observe various traits which call forth our spontaneous admiration. Sometimes we call these noble instincts, and sometimes we bestow upon them the same names that we give to corresponding qualities in the human character. But, however vague may be our ideas in regard to their nature, we acknowledge their excellence and feel their attractiveness. Where can we find a loftier exemplification of courageous endurance and generous dread of humiliation and defeat, than in the high-bred horse, who falls dead in his tracks, disdaining to yield the victory to his rival? In the dog, on the other hand, we behold an almost perfect type of milder virtues. His ready and loving obedience, his devotion to his master, which neither privation, danger, nor death itself can shake, have been well cited as a fine illustration of the sentiments and conduct which ought to characterize the Christian in his relations to his heavenly Master.

Let us pass now from this class of humble monitors, in whom one noble or amiable quality is found in connection with so many defects and such a marked inferiority of organization, as to render envy or jealousy forever impossible, and direct our attention exclusively to human society. Here the differences, no longer radical, become comparatively trifling Here, therefore, is room for rivalry, self-exaltation, and the depreciation of others. Moreover, a real superiority in some respects is often accompanied by pride and a fancied pre-eminence in others, so that few men of high station and intellectual accomplishments are willing to accept the humble and illiterate as their models in virtue, — entirely unconnected

though virtue is with those circumstances and qualities in which they have the advantage. Though this unwillingness to receive instruction from social or intellectual inferiors is natural, it should not be cherished, but rather eradicated, not only since it is the cause of absolute moral loss, but also because it manifests and thus strengthens feelings opposed to the whole theory of Christian society and fellowship. Dealing with the spiritual part of our nature, Christianity does not recognize within the Church the ordinary social distinctions, but receiving all primarily as equals, awards ultimate preeminence only to those who in moral and spiritual growth tower above their fellows. Exaltation of this kind differs so greatly in its nature from all worldly attainment, that it is not strange to find the man who has been easily surpassed in the latter a model in the former to all his competitors.

But, beyond this, there is one other class of inferiors by whose example we may improve our lives. It may seem paradoxical to say that from those whose characters are morally beneath our own we may learn lessons of goodness and virtue, yet such is the case.

In both of the preceding classes of examples we have seen that their efficacy for good lay in certain particulars only. It is not in the ordinary course of their brute instincts, but in some peculiar and almost exceptional qualities, that the animal creation become patterns to the master race. It is not to be desired that the man of learning and elegance should copy the rude speech and uncouth manners of the virtuous ploughman, but his moral excellence alone. The principle of this imitation is throughout eclectic, and it is by the same process of eclectic imitation that we may often profit by the example even of the very wicked.

It is a remark so true and charitable that we are glad to believe it trite, that the worst of men are not wholly destitute o good qualities. Perhaps what is true of the wicked as individuals may also be true of them as a class, for there seem to be certain kinds of virtue in which, though they are far from having a monopoly, they often excel those who hold a deservedly high place among the good. These virtuous and amiable

traits are the source of the fascination which such men sometimes exert over others, for a character wholly evil would always be repulsive, while the absence of these qualities is the reason why so many excellent people are utterly unattractive.

De Quincey states with point and boldness the half-acknowledged feeling which almost every one has experienced when he says, "Generally speaking, the few people whom I have disliked in this world were flourishing people of good repute. Whereas, the knaves whom I have known, one and all, and by no means few, I think of with pleasure and kindness."

Stated thus sharply, this sentiment may startle and even shock many whose experience has forced upon them similar feelings, which they have always striven to avoid rather than examine. But the apostolic command to "try the spirits" is by no means without a fair and useful application to such thoughts as these, which, being derived from facts, must have at least an element of truth. A feeling which we refuse to consider openly, and prefer rather to surround with vague mists of doubt and half-denial, is likely to grow colossal as it grows dim, while, on the other hand, if fairly met, it would be by no means formidable.

De Quincey's remark cannot be accounted for by any alleged affinity for evil on the part of that extraordinary man. Similar sentiments have been too frequently expressed by men of acknowledged purity and excellence to admit of such an explanation. It may be interpreted more charitably and more rationally, too, by considering it in connection with the subject that prompted it. De Quincey had just been giving the finishing strokes to a rough but powerful sketch of the character of a man whom he had met in his early wanderings in London. Here and there, in the course of his autobiographical recollections, he had brought to view by occasional touches the features which we will now rapidly trace over.

At first sight they are repulsive enough. De Quincey himself, among other harsh epithets, calls his acquaintance "the perfection of a scamp." He was a lawyer of the lowest

grade, gaining a precarious livelihood by the exercise of such talent as he had in trickery and fraud, both on his own and his clients' behalf. His business was of such a character that it was desirable to conduct it as privately as possible, for which reason, as it seemed, he occupied a whole house instead of a single office. His poverty, however, was extreme. His creditors were so urgent, and his dread of a jail so excessive, that he did not dare to sleep in the same place two nights successively, nor to admit any one into his office-house without first making a reconnoissance through a private window. Poverty, indeed, appeared to be the bane of his existence. It had made his life one long act of knavery. His mode of living was predatory, yet without any dash of bravery or bold adventure, for subtlety was his only weapon either of attack or defence.

But though his necessities and the accumulating consequences of his sins seemed to have banished all regard to justice from his life, a species of sympathetic generosity remained. De Quincey, who was an orphan, had fled from his guardians in a fit of boyish indignation at being ordered to choose his profession before entering Oxford, and was in London, hiding himself from their search, in a state of abject destitution. The hunted man sympathized with the hunted boy, and bestowed upon him the little that he had to give, — shelter in his desolate house and a share of his food, which was scanty almost to starvation. Crooked as he was in his general dealings, he was honorable likewise in this instance, freely surrendering a considerable sum of money, sent by a friend to his helpless guest, when, by accident or inadvertence, it had fallen into his hands.

Beside these acts of justice and generosity, which showed him yet capable of disinterested goodness, he always, as De Quincey expressly observes, exhibited a lively appreciation of every great and noble sentiment which might be uttered in his presence. This admiration for good, which all the evil of his life had not eradicated, was probably at times a source of keen suffering, and, more than anything else, brought into his eye that look of "wandering misery" which De Quincey mentions not without sympathy.

Such was the mingled character of this man, whose few but noble virtues must have really existed, since De Quincey introduces them to our regard by no train of flattering adjectives, but simply narrates the circumstances in which they proved their existence by their action. Such a nature and such a fate are surely fitted to excite the deepest sympathy; for if we grieve to behold any case where the spiritual nature is lowered and degraded by the pressure of earthly wants and temptations, our commiseration is greatly increased when we perceive that the victim is conscious of his own loss and moral ruin, and looking back upon a better past, feebly strives to look forward to a better future. In this most intense and pitiable form of suffering, the subject of our sketch was probably but a sample of all knaves of the more cultivated classes, — distress of this kind being in its nature impossible to such as were brought up in vice, — and does it not afford ample reason for those feelings of kindness which De Quincey professes toward the whole unhappy class?

This reprobate attorney seems to have been a representative man in his virtues as well as in his sufferings. A species of class generosity, not wide-spread, to be sure, but deep and full within its narrow limits, is a common characteristic of the outcasts of the moral world. This benevolence generally finds its objects among those connected with the bestower by ties of kindred or profession. Of this the lives of actors furnish more instances, perhaps, than can be found in any other calling. We read of many and many cases where some of the most disreputable members of the theatrical profession have spared a portion of their poor earnings, from the innumerable legitimate and illegitimate calls which thronged upon them, to assist some helpless relative or associate.

But, honorable and useful as this generosity is, it has somewhat of the character of a beneficent instinct, while that other gleam of moral light, which brightens the dark features of our typical portrait, is of a purely spiritual nature. The love of virtue, even as an inoperative sentiment, has a charm of its own. We admire it as we admire the delicate beauty of the barren fern. Like the graceful vines which wreathe their

pliant forms and spread their brilliant petals to the sun in the depths of the tropical wilderness, it is inherently lovely. Like them, too, it has an air of wild freedom, more attractive than anything that culture can bestow. When a sentiment becomes a principle of action, it undergoes a change similar to that which takes place when a youth of elegant and symmetrical form is gradually developed by time and toil and hardship into a robust and vigorous man. Power and usefulness have been augmented, but the graceful outlines which might once have attracted the sculptor's eye have been marred by rude and unequal development.

Even thus sentiments by nature delicate and beautiful become roughened by the hard usage of life. Drilled to act by rule and measure, they lose their elasticity, and no longer leap forth spontaneously at those calls to which before they responded so gladly. They move with precision, perhaps even with vigor, but freshness, rapture, enthusiasm, they have utterly lost. Too frequent by far is this conjunction of goodness of life with an apathetic, unappreciative condition of heart, yet the exceptions are happily numerous enough to prove that the rule need not be a rule. Such inanimate goodness has but little attractive power, thus separated from the sentiments which should bestow upon it warmth and vitality; and thus it is that the man, whoever he may be, who possesses and unaffectedly displays a genuine love of virtue becomes in so far a model well worthy of imitation. It is a singular fact, which must have become apparent to every one whose observation or reading has given him much acquaintance with human nature, that this ready and earnest appreciation of virtue is by no means an uncommon quality among those whose lives exhibit but little of its practice. It may be said that the brightness of this shining trait is only apparent, — that it results from contrast with the surrounding moral darkness, as the effect of a light is sometimes heightened in the works of the old masters by the deep shade in which all else is enveloped. But even if this be granted, it is of slight importance, since no quality can owe its existence to contrast, and one so noble as this needs but to exist in order to be a fit object of love and veneration.

We may, therefore, conclude that these two species of excellence, and especially the latter, probably supplied the source of those emotions of pleasure of which De Quincey makes confession. If, then, their beauty be so great that it can impart attractiveness even to the soul deformed by vice, what charms might it not add to a character already fair with the 'oveliness of many virtues!

There is another phase of this subject which might profitably be considered. Good traits in the character of the wicked are not valuable for purposes of imitation alone. They serve to bring their possessors nearer to those who would fain do them good. When men are struggling in the midst of the overwhelming billows of temptation and sin, it is not by ropes thrown from the distant shore that they may be saved. The life-boat must go out through the perilous surf, and the hand of Christian sympathy must be extended even until it clasp theirs. Humility, indeed, is a great element in the needed approximation. The rescuing band must bend low over their boat's edge, but if there be any strength left to the drowning, that, too, may bring him nearer, and render it easier to give him aid. It is the good which exists in the hearts even of the most depraved which saves them from being considered merely as the scourges of the human race, and brings them within the circle of our sympathy and fellowship. And the more we fix our attention upon this element of good, and the higher value we set upon it, the more earnest will be our efforts to render that sympathy perfect, and that fellowship eternal.

L. E. S.

Bright, bright are the flowers
In the soft, spring hours,
As they sleep on the hillside green;
And the bright stars are keeping
A watch o'er their sleeping;
But angels guard children, — unseen.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

Rev. Dr. J. P. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, in New York, contributes an article to a late number of the "New Englander," on the importance of establishing a Museum of Christian Art. As we have in this country no old historical memorials of the Christian Religion, it would be a great service to Christian faith to collect, in a central Museum, such memorials as some industry and wealth could bring together. Casts of statues and of reliefs on columns and sarcophagi might be obtained where the originals could not be procured. Copies of early inscriptions in the catacombs and on tombs might be made; and who can describe the interest with which thousands would flock to see them, or imagine to what great degree they would deepen Christian faith and sensibility? Dr. Thompson's article is interesting, though hastily written, and gives tokens of a pretty free use of Guide Books. We copy from the closing pages: —

"We have seen that the worship of the Virgin Mary has no precedent in the pictures of the catacombs. Neither do we find there the sacrifice of the Mass, nor priestly offices of intercession between the soul and God. No trace of purgatory is found upon those walls consecrated to Christian faith and hope. The departed sleep in Jesus, they are 'in peace with Christ.' Indeed, the cheerful, hopeful love of these pictures, the avoidance of the gloomy and painful, and especially of those martyr scenes which were a prominent subject of later art, is in wonderful accord with the spirit of the gospel.

"We have spoken of the absence of scenes of our Lord's passion from this oldest gallery of Christian art. The sacrament of the supper is an occasional subject, but the Love Feast is more frequent. Possibly the Eucharist was concealed from the view of the pagan world, as too sacred and awful a mystery; but as early as the second century it was symbolized by the bread and the fish, so common upon the monuments. In the Platonian catacomb is almost the solitary representation which the catacombs furnish of the crucifixion, — a Christ-head with outstretched arms nailed to the cross, an impressive painting, probably among the later works of that primitive art. But scenes of the resurrection, and pictures and inscriptions declaring the beatific state of the departed, are very common. It has been beautifully said,

that 'not one expression of bitter or vindictive feeling, not one utterance of the sorrow that is without hope, can be read upon these monumental pages; the utmost sign of grief is the occasional *dolens*, in an epitaph.' In contrast with Cicero's vague and unsatisfactory consolations upon the death of his daughter, and his uncertain hopes of immortality, as expressed in the essay on old age, the positive and cheerful faith of the humble, unlettered Christians, who buried their dead in the subterranean caverns of Rome, is like that voice of God for which Plato longed, breaking the silence of the hereafter. Cicero burned the body of his friend Cato, with a loving, tender care for his ashes, and longed to follow his soul to 'the divine company and assemblage of spirits;' but the Christian believer reverently kept the body in hope of the resurrection of the dead, and regarded the soul as already with Christ in his glory. Thus upon one tomb in the catacombs, we see the anchor, the dove, and the olive branch, together with the monogram of Christ; on another, Daniel unhurt in the lion's den, the three youths walking through the fiery furnace, and the resurrection of Lazarus. Here we read, 'Dionysas in Pace,' there 'Teudora in Pace,' and her effigy is painted with a face of rapture, the veil thrown back, the eyes uplifted in the expression of prayer; everywhere the symbols and mottoes of a triumphant faith. 'It is indeed, in the aggregate, a grand and affecting ideal of primitive Christianity, that this monumental series, painted, sculptured, and chiselled, presents to us, — a moral picture of purity and peace, earnestness without fanaticism, — mystic ordinance undegraded by superstition, true devotion manifest in the supreme sacrifice of the heart, the mind, and life. The varied and mystic illustration of sacraments, the select representation of such miracles as convey lessons of divine goodness and love, or confirm belief in immortal life, may be said to revolve around one subject, that dominates like a star whose hallowed light illuminates the entire sphere, — namely, the Personal Office of the Redeemer, towards whom all hope and faith tend, from whom proceed all power, all strengthening and consoling virtue.' *

"Such a testimony to the early power of the gospel, to the simple, earnest faith and piety of its primitive confessors, to its cardinal truth of the Incarnation, and its glorious hope through

* Mr. C. J. Hemans in the "Contemporary Review."

the resurrection of the dead, should be made familiar to the students in our colleges, not as a curious fragment of the history of Beliefs, but as a preliminary chapter in the history of modern civilization. While the Old World was slowly sinking to decay, there were deposited in the tombs of the saints, under the soil of ancient Rome, seeds of thought, of faith, of life, which in after ages germinated in a civilization that made all art and philosophy, all civil and social life, subservient to the visible expression of Christianity."

— The "Sunday Magazine" gives us the following instructive article on Watts' Hymns: —

"In this day, when 'every man hath a psalm,' and the language of many of Watts' hymns come up among our earliest memories, it is hard to realize the effect produced on the England of our ancestors by the putting forth of a people's hymn-book, and the introduction of hymnody into public worship. It was as if the Lord had made a new thing on the earth. Here were hymns for the vulgar as well as for the learned; hymns in which men could pray and think and feel and hope and tremble, in words so simple that all felt that they might have been their own. Christians were no longer compelled to 'wrap up the shining glories of the Redeemer' in the shadowy language of types and figures, but come to God in praise, as they had long come to him in prayer, by a new, living way, with the name of the Lord Jesus on their lips.

"Watts' hymns provided the Independents with a metrical liturgy from which the pulpit could not remain long in dissonance, the family with household hymns, infancy with its earliest lispings of religious truth, the sick and sorrowful with consolation, the dying saint with his last utterances of faith and trust. In ten years from their publication six large editions were published and sold; and even before the poet's death, his 'Psalms and Hymns' were not only the 'use' of numberless dissenting chapels, but were finding their ways into congregations in the Establishment, and so the reproach which had rested on the Reformation Christianity of England for two hundred years at last was rolled away. At the present time it would be difficult to find a hymn-book in the English tongue which is not indebted to Watts. No sect, or section of a sect, has been able to frame a shibboleth which can exclude his hymns. In addition to the

exclusive use of his hymn-book in some churches, the New Congregational Hymn Book has retained three hundred and ninety-one; to the Wesleyan Hymn Book he contributes half of the number contributed by others than Wesley; to the English Presbyterian Hymn Book, one-fourth; to the authorized collection of the American Episcopal Church, one-fourth; and about a half of the whole hymnody of the United States. The Church of Scotland has included eleven of his hymns among her so-called 'paraphrases,' and the Free Church, which still closes the door against hymns and the spiritual influences which they bring, accepts the same, though, with three exceptions, they are among the least evangelical and least poetical of his productions. The United Presbyterian Church, which recently opened her arms wide to hymns both good and bad, has included sixty-three in her selection.

"The innumerable collections in use in parish churches in England are largely indebted to Watts. Kemble's, which is now used in one thousand churches, has one hundred and twenty-seven of his hymns; in that deservedly popular and tasteful volume, 'Hymns, Ancient and Modern,' put forward by the Anglican section of the English Church, Watts finds a place beside St. Bernard, Venantius Fortunatus, Thomas Aquinas, and Keble; and the 'People's Hymnal,' accredited by the Ritualistic section, has placed his hymns among invocations to the saints and the Virgin, adorations of the real Presence, hymns processional, and prayers for the dead. Great would be the wonderment of the worthy divine at some of these extraordinary juxtapositions."

— If our readers should be surprised to learn that the following excellent words came from an ultra-orthodox paper, we can only assure them that we cut the article from the "United Presbyterian:" —

"Let men be taught to know there is as much religion in the good, robust, rejoicing, enthusiastic singing of God's praise, as in the sedate and doleful style that is usually styled the most devotional. Let them know that the earnest prayer need not be a drawling jeremiad. Let them feel that good gospel preaching may be in a sprightly delivery of pleasant truths, more than in a whining recitation of inanities. Let them believe that Christianity is a live thing, — that it is in sympathy with the active, rejoicing spirit of our humanity, — and it will be better commended to their acceptance.

"Seriousness ought always to characterize the Christian. But seriousness does not consist in sullenness, moroseness, or even in the sobriety that drives away smiles and the taste for rational pleasures. He is most serious who best brings an earnest, healthy, rejoicing nature to the performance of his duty. Men are most beautifully serious when truthful smiles are playing on their lips, and when their whole countenances are lighted up with a benignant joy.

"It ought, therefore, to be the effort of professing Christians to pass through the world so happily as to light it up and fill it with joy. They ought to sing in the midst of judgments, and to sing loudly and cheerily and constantly amid their marvellous benefits. We pass to a kingdom, out of sadness and sorrow, where there will be no sorrow nor sighing. Passing to that place, let us cultivate the spirit that is to distinguish us when we arrive there, and show that we do really begin our heaven on the earth."

— The sprightly and ably conducted "Harper's Bazaar" prettily tells the following incident, which is so full of religious instruction as to merit a place in the religious press: —

"As I was trundling up town in the omnibus, in the stifling agony of one of those dreadful afternoons, there was a poor young woman carrying a hideous basket full of something or other. It was intolerably heavy, and I saw the poor girl actually panting upon the curbstone as we came up. I knew, moreover, she had no money to spare for her passage, but that she must pay it or sink in the street. The omnibus was full, crowded. Everybody wished everybody else out of it. Everybody's elbows transfixed his neighbor. Everybody's collar was prostrate, and an intense expression of 'pshaw!' was imprinted upon everybody's reeking countenance. The omnibus stopped, and the weary young woman with the enormous basket appeared at the door. There was a universal gasp of horror. But suddenly I heard a pleasant voice saying, —

"'Here, my dear, sit here!'

"I turned and beheld old Carbuncle, the millionnaire. He smiled, and squeezed, and said to his neighbor, 'We must make room here!' And his neighbor was compelled to make room, and the girl came in, doing as well as she could with her load. Old Carbuncle took it as she approached, and rested the weight

of it upon his knees, so that if anybody had complaints to make, he might complain of him. Then he said to the young woman, —

"'My dear, this is a very heavy load for a very hot day.'

"She said something which nobody could hear, and the old gentleman did not insist upon conversation; but when she came to her stopping-place, he had paid for her passage, and he handed her basket out at the door, and the young woman disappeared. I am very sure that she was happier for that little service than if he had given her ten dollars with a lofty air of condescension. It was a dinner of herbs, and content therewith, which she found infinitely preferable to a possible stalled ox.

"Now very few of us could give a great many tired young women a ten-dollar bill, as Mr. Carbuncle can, but there's nobody in town who cannot help a poor girl with her basket, and relieve her mind as well as her muscles by taking upon himself the burden of his neighbor's indignation about nothing. There is nobody so poor that he cannot spread this dinner of herbs for every wayfarer. And, oh! if all of us did it, what a hospitable and happy world this would be!

"What a fearful amount of friction there is in the ordinary journey of life! What occasions it? Not surely the contest with wild beasts at Ephesus, for very few of us travel by the Ephesus road. It certainly is not the necessity of fighting with lions, for there are very few lions in anybody's path. The difficulty is in our shoes. It is the little peg and the little pebble. We despise them; we wont stop for any such ridiculous thing. So we go striding on, wounded at every step, until there is a blister, a fester, a sore. We wont dine at all except upon stalled oxen, and therefore we starve. But, dear brethren, — I would say, if I were a preacher, — take the pegs out of your shoes, and you can jump over the lions. Dine every day upon herbs, and you will not care for the ox."

— The "Watchman and Reflector" gives the following account of Faith, which seems to us to be both good philosophy and good theology: —

"Faith is not only the name of an act, or exercise, or of a habit of mind, but the word may also describe a faculty or capacity of our spiritual being. There is that in us which we may call our *believing power*, as properly as we speak of our power to judge, conceive, or think. Allied to that high faculty which

compares, combines, generalizes, and reasons, and which deals with being and substance, the faith-power transcends it in the greatness and importance of the objects with which it is employed. It may be described as that distinct faculty or power by which we recognize, appreciate, reach after, and grasp spiritual truth. It has its own class of functions as much as conscience has, if indeed that spiritual faculty be not included among the manifestations of the faith-faculty.

"It does not reason, nor does it depend upon reason; it does not claim or care to understand. It has its own peculiar sphere. Founded on spiritual want, and guided by a spiritual instinct, it seizes upon such objects as are adapted to supply its wants, without waiting first to reason out the matter. We believe in a God, rather than know him, and before we can be said to know him. We know because we believe, and not believe because we know. There is in us a feeling of supreme spiritual necessity for God, which is above all logical processes of proof and disproof, and to which all the atheistical philosophies are as idle as would be the plots of children against the fixed stars."

—The "Independent" discourses as follows on the subject of a Learned Ministry:—

"Dull ministers may often be very useful, and petted ministers may do good; if not directly, then indirectly, as a warning. But is the race of learned ministers to die out?

"Great as are the demands of practical life upon the clergy, are they to think of that only? When the intellectual standard of all other professions is rising, it is not quite safe to let that of the clergy dwindle. Yet, there come up complaints from all sides that genius and eloquence no longer seek the pulpit; or that, if they do, it is crude eloquence and genius in the rough, for want of culture.

"The merest glance at the triennial catalogues of our older colleges will show the enormous change in the relative culture of clergy and laity in America. In the first hundred classes graduated from Harvard College, nearly one-half the names are italicized as being those of ministers. In the ten classes from 1851 to 1860, inclusive, out of seven hundred and fifty-seven graduates, only the odd fifty-seven became clergymen. We take the figures from the catalogue published in 1866, setting the estimate back six years, in order to make it a perfectly fair one.

"The disproportion is something formidable, and it is increasing all the time. It is most marked, no doubt, at Harvard College; but the general fact is admitted by all. The result is most visible in the Unitarian ministry; partly because it had confessedly a higher type of intellectual culture, twenty-five years ago, than any other. It is a great step down from Harvard to Meadville, from Meadville to the new School in Boston, warranted to turn out a competent divine in two years, or, if needful, in one. But in almost all denominations the same change is going on. Practical training counts for more and more, intellectual training for less and less.

"This has its advantages, but also its alarming evils. In one respect, the evangelical sects are worse off than the Unitarian, in proportion as they insist on the authority of the Scriptures. For, whatever may be our personal preferences, the fact remains that the Scriptures happen to be written in foreign tongues; and there is not a question referred to them which may not turn at last upon a Greek accent or a Hebrew suffix. There is no evading the pithy remark of Sir William Hamilton, that 'nothing can make a man a competent divine who is not a learned scholar, theology being in a human sense only a philology and a history applied by a philosophy.' Either we must fall back upon the inward light, and treat all Scripture as a very secondary thing, or else we must have a learned ministry. There is no middle ground.

"Theodore Parker, who at least loved learning, used scornfully to say that a knowledge of Greek and Hebrew was 'a convenience' to a Christian minister. Yet how large a proportion of our clergy (taking all denominations together) are liable to be absolutely silenced when they discuss doctrines by any college student who can quote an original text! How utterly ignorant are they of the mental perplexities of scholarly laymen! It is well known that the great English scholar, Porson, began studying for the Church, but gave it up, because he said it would take him fifty years to settle the difficult questions that came before him. 'There are fellows,' he said, 'who go into a pulpit, assuming everything and knowing nothing; but I would not do so.' Alas! for the multitude of such 'fellows' who enter our pulpits now!

"For pastoral duty and practical reformatory work, a man, of course, needs no scholarship. For these an ounce of heart is

worth a pound of Greek. But a minister bases *his* practical work on a position and a creed which he needs some scholarship to maintain. If he is only a philanthropist, very well; but, if he claims to be a *Christian* philanthropist, he must be able to explain what the word Christianity means. The old functions of pastor and teacher are now united in one. Alas! for that minister who can preach to the ignorant alone. Finney, in his 'Lectures on Revivals,' says that in his time 'nearly every professional man in America was an infidel.' If men of intellect are to be held in the Church, there must be intellect among the clergy to hold them."

—The Secretary of the "Palestine Exploration Fund" has addressed a letter to the editor of the New York "Times," from which we take the following extract: —

"The Palestine Exploration Fund was started in 1865. It numbers among its committee the distinguished names — known as well on your side of the Atlantic as on ours — of Rawlinson, Murchisson, Owen, Pusey, Stanley, Alford, Temple, Tristram, Norman MacLeod, Costa, Layard, Panizzi, and Gilbert Scott. The first expedition was conducted by Capt. Wilson, of the Royal Engineers. He surveyed the country about the Lake of Tiberias; determined the watershed between Banias (Dan) and Mount Tabor; fixed the sites of upward of forty places in Palestine, between Baalbec on the north and Hebron on the south.

"He was succeeded by Lieut. Warren, of the same corps, who with a staff of three or four sappers and a body of fellaheen for excavating, has been principally employed in and around Jerusalem.

"The discoveries made hitherto may be summed up briefly. The south wall of the sacred area, Haram El Shereef, within which stood the temple, has been explored to the very foundations. It is found that in one place the wall was no less than one hundred and eighty feet high. At the lowest point of the wall, which is now determined to be also the lowest point of the Tyropoèon Valley, he discovered a small passage, which he explored for some two hundred and fifty feet, of very ancient construction, and evidently intended to carry off superfluous water. Previously to this discovery, it had been supposed that the lowest point was the south-west angle of the wall where was the great arch, known as Robinson's Arch. Visitors to Jerusalem will remember the spring of the old

arch at this point. They will be gratified to learn that all the conjectures with reference to what formerly stood there have been abundantly verified. Not only was there a splendid arch crossing the Tyropoèon Valley at this point, — the span of which was forty feet across, — and the voussoirs and ruins of which now lie buried in the *débris*, but beneath this old arch, covered over with a pavement, built presumably to cover these ruins, lie the stones of an arch older still, perhaps the arch built by Solomon himself. The complete investigation of this arch has been a long and costly undertaking, but its importance is very great.

"On the east side of the Haram wall lies the valley of the Hedron. Lieut. Warren, by a series of shafts and borings, has ascertained that the present bed of the stream is no less than forty feet higher than the old bed, — the bed having been raised by the enormous masses of *débris* and ruins that have been hurled over into the valley. By the last letter from Jerusalem we received a plan of the system of chambers discovered at 'Wilson's Arch,' higher up on the western wall, near the 'Wailing Place' of the Jews. Lieut. Warren has discovered, at a depth of some fifty feet below the surface of the ground, a vast system of chambers and passages. These chambers, whose use has not yet been decided, are mostly about twelve feet square, vaulted and filled up with rubbish or with water. About eighteen have been opened, of which it is conjectured that two or three are of Saracenic origin and the rest of Jewish. They branch off right and left along a great passage. This has been followed up for a distance of two hundred and fifty feet, its destination being yet uncertain, and its use problematical. Perhaps, however, it was a secret passage for troops. This discovery is intensely interesting, and may lead to singular and most important results.

"It would occupy too much of your time if I were to dwell on the many minor points of interest. They are all to be found in our reports and letters, copies of which I shall be most happy to send any of our friends in America who may wish to have them.

"This, indeed, is the main object of my letter. I wish to let our friends and subscribers on your side of the water know that they have a claim upon us which we shall be most happy and willing to meet. Our office is at No. 9 Pall Mall East, London. Here we have been found out already by several Americans. Here the Society receives all letters, communications, and subscriptions. From this office I shall be very glad to send copies

of our reports and plans to any one who will write to me for them. Subscriptions will be acknowledged in your columns, as well as in the 'Times' of London.

"I have the honor to remain, sir, faithfully yours,

"THE SECRETARY OF THE PALESTINE EXPLORATION FUND."

THE SPIRITUAL BIRTH.

THY knowledge cannot reach
Unto the heavenly birth;
Thou knowest only what is done
Below, upon the earth.

Believe, and thou shalt know
Things holy and divine;
Things unperceived by mortal sense
By faith alone are thine.

To naught the Lord compares
The Spirit, but the wind;
Whose voice indeed we listening hear,
But none its way can find.

It calls thee to repent,
Christ's kingdom enter in;
And, while thou dwellest here below,
The heavenly life begin.

Obey the Spirit's call,
And by its voice be led;
And thou within the heavenly courts
At length shall surely tread.

J. V.

No man ever loved his own child aright who did not love him for his humanity, for his divinity, to the utter forgetting of his origin from himself. — MACDONALD.

MAN is made in the image of God; in other words, God is conceived of in the image of man.

RANDOM READINGS.

THE LATE J. P. BLANCHARD.

Some thirty years ago this Apostle of Peace broke free from his desk at the Eagle Bank, in Boston, and gave himself to philanthropy. Interested by that lovely old man, Noah Worcester, in peace principles, he believed the time had come to prosecute the enterprise with redoubled zeal. It had ever languished for want of public manifestation. Like the Quakers, its most prominent advocates, it was kept under a bushel, so that the mass hardly heard of such advanced views except through a sneer at Utopia. He had not wealth to give, had not eloquence, had not fame; had only a supreme conviction that this heart-truth of the gospel must inevitably triumph. Nor did he put that millennial day far away in some dim future. He saw it near at hand. He believed the United States the destined throne of this development of human brotherhood. He thought he heard its chariot-wheels rolling on, and that such earnest advocacy as the anti-slavery cause possessed would bring about the dawn of its auspicious day. And so he pledged his life to the work, and at times was cheered by such public interest as made him forget the obstacles in his path, — the want of suitable preparation in the country, the exigency which was suddenly to summon the whole North to arms.

The Peace Congresses, which attracted such general attention in Europe as in America, which drew together hundreds of earnest philanthropists, which at first sent a strange thrill into monarchs hearts, but gradually evaporated in poetical sentimentalism, were due greatly to friend Blanchard. A mere handful of gentlemen met week after week at his house, and by extensive correspondence and personal solicitations, without pecuniary means, managed that America should be ably represented at each of these world-conventions. Abroad, the learned blacksmith worked the machine, also without a treasury to sustain him, — lecturing on such subjects as international disarmament throughout England, generally to crowded audiences, and with the greatest acceptance. The success was chiefly upon the surface. Monarchs smiled upon the peace deputies, but postponed any practical concurrence to an indefinite future. Statesmen were shy of such pronounced reformers. Real parliaments gave little heed to the deliberations of what they con-

sidered rather a sham assemblage. Gratifying, yes, delightful to those who participated, these parliaments of peace are remembered now as one of those dreams brightest just before awaking. And so the noonday darkened into night with our friend, and yet his faith never chilled, his hand never wearied, his voice never hushed.

The unfortunate struggle with Mr. Beckwith, of the Peace Society, against whom a decision was obtained, which he very ingeniously converted into waste paper, sacrificed the popularity which had been slowly won to peace principles by constant pleading in the press and upon the platform. Still, I believe that the triumph of cheap postage was greatly accelerated by the advocacy of such devoted peace men as J. P. Blanchard. This measure was so entirely practical, and seemed to promise so much for farther action, that here and in England, by pen and voice, the cause was constantly advocated by every laborer for the brotherhood of mankind. Undoubtedly it has a part in the triumph of humanity. As human intercourse increases, good-will grows apace. As ideas are freely exchanged, misunderstandings cease. As men come to respect each other, it will be found impossible to rush to blows on every occasion of offence.

But the great earthquake through which our friend had to pass was our civil war. Earnest as had been his abhorrence of slavery, heroic as had been his fidelity to liberty, he could not understand the change that enlisted so many peace-men in military defence of our imperilled institutions. On one ground and another, he found himself deserted by nearly all his old supporters, even among the Society of Friends. He insisted upon it that the strife was doing evil that good might come; that the harm to the conscience of the nation outweighed the immediate relief of humanity; that Mr. Sumner's idea of our immense army being merely a police protection was a trick of words. As he reasoned against taking up arms, it need not be said that the peace-advocate found as few listeners as if he had been starting a crusade against all government, all civilization, all progress. So that he must have felt at times a sense of utter failure, as if neither at home nor abroad had the great truths so unweariedly uttered raised themselves up on the Rock of Ages. The first storm seemed indeed to have buried them from human eyes. The first severe test had proved that his grand principles were unshared by many who had stood side by side with him in the front of the reformers' band. They were not able to see, as he thought he saw, that no unexpected exigency might require a resort

to arms. But he had not failed. Doing a vast deal more than he knew for the education of the public conscience, he had kept his own ever true as the needle to the pole. His heart, you felt, would have borne a window, that all might see its crystal clearness. His motives were so single that there flashed upon you a sun-picture of a childlike disciple waiting upon the Master's words. His life of daily self-sacrifice gently rebuked the self-seeking around him. His was a cross such as few philanthropists have to bear. He chose it at first with the sweetest serenity. For his cherished cause was unpopular; its apostle never received such welcome even as the abolitionist lecturer, far less the temperance herald; his theme was not exciting; his audience was commonly the handful already convinced. Gathering quietly, as the shadows troop over the walls at evening, they commonly melted as silently away, leaving no plaudit to the speaker other than that he had borne his honest testimony to the everlasting truth.

But no doubt he and his fellow-laborers sowed that gospel-seed which disappears for a time where it is trodden under foot of men, but is sure to spring up in future harvest. A thousand times over he proved by pen and tongue the unexampled wastefulness of war, its failure even when seemingly successful, its barbarizing influence on society, its hostility to Christianity, its contempt, yes, defiance, of Providence. He cannot have labored in vain. These great facts of experience are not lost. These foundation-stones of the Christian temple still stand firm, and forever will stand.

Of course he could not prevent our national sin from working out bloody retribution. Those that began the strife had hardly heard the first whisper of this literal translation of the Sermon on the Mount. Their violence to destroy necessitated equal violence to preserve, — just as the burglar who levels his pistol has to be answered by deadly weapons again. But lesser temptations to wholesale bloodshed our public, it may be hoped, is quickened to resist. All wars for merely wounded honor, wars to hasten the payment of a debt, wars for extension of territory and the like, are outgrown in the Northern United States. And all who came within the circle of this lay brother's unwearied, whole-souled action know beyond question that he did his full share to gather materials for the rising temple of Peace. His passing from us at last, full of years but not of honors, his receiving hardly any farewell from journals for which he had frequently written, his leaving no apparent gap in any part of society, show how much more men live for the things seen

than the unseen! Show how the world dazzles our eyes still! Show how little we realize the beauty of that lowly life which, like a taper, casts a shadow around itself, but shines with silvery light on everything around!

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,
E'en wondered at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seemed to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on six winters more,
Till, like a clock worn out by eating Time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

Craving permission of the editors of this magazine to lay these few lines upon the fresh grave of one of the purest, truest, humblest men I have ever known, one whom I was proud to call my friend, I have felt as if he desired me to say no more than that his life has not been in vain, his truths will not perish, his name may not be forgotten! F. W. H.

THE POLITICAL SKY grows brighter and brighter. Two things have told with damaging effect upon the cause of the new-fangled democracy, — the bad war-record of Gov. Seymour, who kept up a fire in the rear upon our young heroes, when fighting for the Union, and Gen. Blair's threat of a new civil war, or, by the most favorable construction, a continued war between Congress and the Executive, disastrous to all business prospects, and rendering the settlement of the country impossible. The democratic doctrine of repudiation, too, is evidently odious to the great middle class of Northern people, who have been educated in the schools of moral honesty. "Grant and peace" is the boon for which the great heart of the nation prays. With peace will come prosperity and the rapid development of the latent resources of the South. With prosperity will come the fall of prices, the price of gold included, making the question between paper and specie in the payment of the bonds a dead issue. Last of all, the threatened war of races will be averted, and the African, in the coming four years, will vindicate his right to be educated; the Southern white will find his interest in making the negro his friend and not his enemy; and so the bells of November will ring in the new era of Grant, — peace, liberty, prosperity, union, and glory for the Republic which the blood of half a million of martyrs has redeemed. "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God; speak ye comfortably and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins." S.

SAYINGS OF CONFUCIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM SCHILLER.

"Inclusion, not exclusion, is the law of Progress.

THREEFOLD is the step of Time,
Hither slow the Future comes,
Swiftly on the Present moves,
The Past in marble calm stands still.

The Future comes with tardy blessing,
No impatience lends her wings.
The current swift of present pleasure
Neither fear nor doubt detains.
No repentance, no witch-spell,
Can move the Past, for good or ill.

Wouldst thou blest Life's journey end?
Include Life's *Slowness* in thy *plan*,
Wait not that it mould thy *work!*
* Take not the Swift going for thy friend,
Nor make the Standing-still thy foe!

Space extends in measures three.
With ever-restless striving,
Stretches Length to farther distance.
In circles ever-widening
Flows the Breadth, its breadth enlarging.
Depth ever sinks, to deeper depths descending.

A symbol here to thee is given.

Restless forwards must thou strive.
Never wearied, standing still,
Wilt thou see thy finished work.

Thou must in Breadth thyself unfold,
Wouldst thou to greatness shape the world.

In the Depth must thou descend,
Wouldst thou Nature's secrets find.

Only Striving leads to Heaven,
Only Fulness leads to Clearness,
And hidden in the Depth dwells Truth. A. M.

* Count not Progress thy sole friend,
Nor make Conservatism thy foe!

INKLINGS OF METAPHYSICS.

A YOUNG inquirer asks, "Has thought locality?" One says that "Prayer is an emanation of spirit into the sphere of spirit." And is not thought a movement of mind into the sphere of mind? Thought, like spirit, in *essence*, knows not place or time, but both thought and spirit know these limits, in *expression*.

The one universal Spirit has no form, but lives in all forms; the lesser spirits exist not without form. Finite beings, persons, are always mind *incarnated*. And so a thought cannot be born of thought, except in some form of words. Spirit and sense combine to create it, and it only finds expression in man through the working of the psychical apparatus (the border-land between sense and spirit). It journeys through boundless space and time, but never loses its relation to the brain in which it was evolved.

A. M.

FILIAL TRUST.

'TWAS when the sea with awful roar
A little bark assailed,
And pallid fear's distracting power
O'er each on board prevailed,

Save one, the captain's darling child,
Who steadfast viewed the storm;
And cheerful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.

"Why sporting thus," a seaman cried,
"Whilst terrors overwhelm?"
"Why yield to fear?" the boy replied.
"My Father's at the helm!"

ANON.

MEMENTO.

MY son, be this thy simple plan:
Serve God, and love thy brother man;
Forget not, in temptation's hour,
That sin lends sorrow double power;
Count life a stage upon thy way,
And follow conscience, come what may;
Alike with heaven and earth sincere,
With hand and brow and bosom clear,
"Fear God — and know no other fear."

LITERARY NOTICES.

"If, Yes, and Perhaps." By E. E. HALE. Ticknor & Fields.

Everybody will have read these papers before our notice can get published; but it can do no harm to set down our high estimate of their value as well as attractiveness, and we are the rather moved to do this because a daily newspaper characterizes the pieces as republications "from the 'Religious Magazine' and other extinct periodicals." Brother, we still live! We believe that Mr. Bowles has no thought of withdrawing. We live to say how much service Mr. Hale renders, not only to those who need innocent entertainment, but to the cause of Christian civilization in most of his fugitive pieces, and how bright and entertaining and altogether original these will be found. We cannot understand the criticism which has questioned the *morale* of some of the articles, and even as to the title, which pleases us less than the rest of the book, we really don't know how we could get a better. E.

Tablets. By A. BRONSON ALCOTT. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1868.

These Essays are practical and speculative, according to the formal division of the table of contents, and yet the deed and the thought are not separated in the treatment of the themes, which are all inviting. The Garden, Recreation, Friendship, Mind, Metamorphoses, etc., come up for treatment amongst the subjects. If any one, accepting a common opinion of the author, looks through the book only for sayings strange and dark, the expectation will be disappointed; he will be surprised, whether he ought to be or not, to find an abounding common sense and great clearness of style, and a vast deal of instruction and suggestion. The page and type are very beautiful. E.

What Answer? By ANNA E. DICKINSON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

We cannot better characterize this book than as a spirited and earnest production, having Slavery for its chief topic, and illustrated by some actual truths and familiar scenes of our late war. It is an exceedingly animated work, destined, if read largely, as it doubtless will be, to work much good for the cause of the Radical party. The print and binding are most excellent.

Smoking and Drinking. By JAMES PARTON. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Under this head Mr. Parton has included three most excellent articles; namely, "Does it Pay to Smoke? By an Old Smoker." "Will the Coming Man Drink Wine?" and "Inebriate Asylums, and a Visit to One." All of them are ably written, without exaggeration as to facts, and bringing two important questions before men as they unhappily are not often presented. Doubtless many of his facts and statements in the first of these papers will appear severe to some "inveterates," but we think none of them can be denied. The book is sure to do good. E.

The Butterfly Hunters. By HELEN S. CONANT. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

In some better day we may hope that children will have the good sense to prefer such books as this before the trash which wears away their eyes and washes away their brains. That day is not yet, — still, there are a few who will find delight in this really charming and instructive little volume. E.

Social Hymns and Tunes, for the Conference and Prayer-Meeting, and the Home, with services and prayers, is an abridgment of the larger work recently published by the American Unitarian Association. It is designed to extend the advantages of the Hymn and Tune Book to churches in which a smaller book may be desired. The abridgment contains only half the number of hymns, with twenty-four pages of devotional service, and is about one-third the bulk of the larger volume. Of course it is afforded at a greatly reduced price.

PAMPHLETS.

Mr. Thayer's Bi-centennial Discourse at the two hundredth anniversary of the first parish of Beverly, makes a neat pamphlet of seventy-six pages, and a clearly-written piece of parish history, running through the most interesting of the olden times. Nichols & Noyes.

Plymouth Pulpit, a weekly publication of Sermons preached by Henry Ward Beecher. New York: J. B. Ford & Co.

House of the Angel Guardian. Report of Rev. Geo. F. Haskins, Rector and Treasurer.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have published an excellent "Half Dollar Edition of Tennyson."

THE

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THE DIVISION BECAUSE OF CHRIST:

BEING A REPORT OF THE RECENT CONFERENCE IN NEW YORK, MADE TO HIS PARISH, BY JAMES W. THOMPSON, D. D.

THERE is excellent authority for saying that during the life-time of Jesus "there was a division among the people *because of him;*" and it is well known that such division has continued through every age of his Church, without ever being once closed up, down to this day. Soon after his death a division arose upon the question whether he had a real body, or was only a spirit, — an apparition; another, somewhat later, whether he was of the "same" nature with God, or of a "similar" nature, — a question decided, after days of debate, by the Council of Nice in favor of the former proposition; another, whether he had conscious existence prior to his birth; another, whether he was born as other men are, or had but one human parent; another, whether he was actually God, — possessing all the attributes of the Eternal Being, — or the Son, the Image, the Word of God.

But, comprehended in all these divisions of whatsoever name or date, has been found this one faith, that he was in some special sense the "Sent of God;" that he acted under some special authority from God; that he was a Teacher who received special illumination from God; and that he gave to the world a religion above the power of man to improve.

In this, Catholics and Protestants, — "all who profess and call themselves Christians," — have been, until a comparatively recent date, in substantial agreement. When, during the

last century, what is called Rationalism appeared in Germany this unity was broken, and a new division arose upon the question, *whether Jesus had any authority beyond that which his natural intuition of truth and his unimpeachable goodness gave to his word.* To the rationalist what Jesus taught rests wholly on its own merits, when it has passed the ordeal of reason, borrowing no weight from anything alleged to be supernatural in his life. It is, therefore, as open to criticism, to be controverted as freely, as properly subject to be set aside by man's judgment, as the teachings of Confucius, of Plato, of Seneca, or of any modern oracle in religion.

It is not quite a half century since rationalism began to excite attention in this country; but within that period of time a good deal of interest has been awakened in it, and in some of its forms — for it has many — it has been gradually gaining ground with a small class of scholars, ministers, and their adherents. Among the earliest to receive it, and to give to it a brilliant start, were Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mr. George Ripley, both then clergymen of Boston; the former, a man of pre-eminent genius and of singular grace and sweetness of life; the latter, a philosophical thinker of fine gifts and comprehensive erudition.

After these, in the next decade, came Theodore Parker, who did more than both the others, and, I may say, than all others, have done since, to propagate rationalism. A large-souled man, a man of rare powers and thoroughly in earnest, a man unsurpassed in his moral discriminations and of a very devout mind, a man abundant in labors of humanity and mercy, a strong-handed reformer of the type of John the Baptist. But, having said this, it must be said, on the other hand, that he added nothing to our theology worth having; that, instead of carrying us forward from Channing, — as his friends claim, — he went back from Channing as far as he failed to agree with him, towards the philosophies which Christianity displaced.

I have said these things, and shall say a little more in the same line, as preliminary to the Report which I am about to make of the proceedings of the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches" in New York.

"There was a division" in that Conference, as is now well known, "because of him."

In this country rationalists have lately taken the name of Radicals; but it is only the name that is changed. It is but simple justice to say here that Radicalism has a positive side which is humane, devout, spiritual, and worthy of all praise. But it is its negations upon which division has grown up, and with which we are at present concerned. What, then, does Radicalism deny? 1 It denies any special authority in Jesus Christ as a Teacher sent from God. 2. It denies that Christianity depends for its validity, as an instituted religion, on the books of the New Testament. 3. While it believes that a singularly gifted man, named Jesus, taught the people of Judea much excellent moral and religious truth, — more, perhaps, than any other man has ever done, — and that he lived a very blameless, unworldly, God-loving life, it denies that he was such a person as either Matthew, Mark, Luke, or John has represented. 4. It denies that the accounts ascribed to these writers are genuine, and asserts that they are, in the main, fabrications of an age posterior to the evangelists, or memoirs for which the writers were indebted chiefly to the fertility of their imaginations, vivified by a strong religious sentiment. 5. While believing that Jesus Christ suffered death under Pontius Pilate, it denies that "he rose again from the dead, according to the Scriptures." 6. It denies that he had any thought or intention of founding a universal Church. 7. It denies that the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper enter into Christianity as an integral part, or have an essential abiding in it; and so, in general, it dispenses with their observance.

Such is Radicalism on its negative side. I believe I have done it no injustice. Fifty years ago there probably did not exist a church of any denomination, liberal or orthodox, in America or in Great Britain, which would not have regarded and condemned such denials as overt Infidelity!

There are six men of undoubted sincerity, of distinguished ability and learning, devout men "who fear God and work righteousness," who constitute the main strength of the radical wing. These are D. A. Wasson, John Weiss, O. B. Frothing-

ham, Samuel Johnson, William J. Potter, Francis E. Abbot,— all ministers. There may be two or three others, somewhat younger, who should be added to this list; but if these six should change their position from left to right, there would not be much remaining. These are the men through whom Radicalism is felt as a power in this country at the present time.

It was necessary that I should enter into these explanations in order that the bearing might be seen of much that occurred in the Conference, which, to a stranger to the grounds of our division, would appear puerile and absurd.

It is also necessary, in order to give something like completeness to the Report, to refer, very briefly, to the action of the first Conference in New York, and of the second in Syracuse.

It is not to be denied that the Committee, entrusted with the responsibility of making arrangements for the first Conference, did desire the presence in it of the Radical brethren; did constrain those who were reluctant, as not really belonging there, to come in; did give them to understand that they would be cordially welcomed, and that nothing offensive to them would be introduced. It should be said, however, on the side of the Committee, that probably not one of them ever dreamed of organizing the Conference on any other than a distinctly Christian basis, or that any body would expect or wish them to.

The two great things accomplished in that body were, 1. The exhibition of a quite unexpected *working* power in it; and, 2. The framing and adopting of a Constitution, including a Preamble. I ask attention now to the Preamble, of which so much has been said and written, and also to "Article I." of the Constitution. They are in these words: "*Whereas*, The great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration, at this time, increase our sense of the obligations of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial, and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God and the building up of the kingdom of his Son." [This is the Preamble.] "Article I. Therefore, the Christian churches here assembled unite them-

selves in a common body, to be known as 'The National Conference of Unitarian Churches,' to the end of energizing and stimulating the denomination, with which they are connected, to the largest exertions in the cause of Christian faith and work."

It is almost incredible that in an assembly composed of ministers and delegates of professedly Christian churches, opposition could have arisen to this Preamble, especially to these phrases in it, "Disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ," and "The kingdom of his Son!" Yet opposition, decided and bitter, manifested itself at once. "Some cried one thing, and some another." One said, "It is a creed, and I am opposed to *all* creeds." Another said, "I cannot consent to put the word 'Lord' before the name of Jesus, for I do not acknowledge him as my 'lord and master,' — him nor any other but God only." Another protested against the idea of our uniting and working "for the building up of the kingdom of his [God's] Son;" maintaining that "the kingdom of God" was enough, and that the Son really had no kingdom. And so it went on, the debate waxing warm on both sides, until the question was taken, and both Preamble and Constitution were adopted by overwhelming majorities.

Let me ask you to notice here an incident which, though it may seem slight, yet, as showing the intention of the Conference, is quite significant. When the Constitution had been adopted article by article, numbering eight, Rev. Mr. Ames, of Albany, moved the addition of a *ninth* section, as follows: "Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to exclude from representation in this body any church which chooses to co-operate with us in Christian work." After debate, Rev. Dr. HEDGE, perhaps the ablest man in our body, seeing that the word "church" had not a very definite meaning in some minds, and wishing that the Conference should be composed *exclusively* of the representatives of *Christian* churches, moved to amend the resolution by inserting the word "CHRISTIAN" before the word "church"; and the *amendment was adopted.* But the motion for the additional article was not carried.

Prior to this action, — the day before, — the Committee on order of business reported that "The business of the Convention divides itself naturally into two parts. I. Obtaining information of the present activities, instrumentalities, wants, and opportunities of the denomination. II. Upon the basis of this information, considering how these activities are to be extended, these instrumentalities increased, these wants supplied, and these opportunities improved." The Committee go on to say, "The reports of the morning and those which remain will sufficiently exhaust the first division of our business; and the Committee propose to offer the following Resolutions *as the way to open naturally the second division*," namely, "Considering how these activities are to be extended, these instrumentalities increased, these wants supplied, and these opportunities improved." I quote the second of these Resolutions only, the first having no special relevancy to the matter now before us.

"*Resolved*, That, to secure the largest unity of the spirit, and the widest practical co-operation of our body, it is hereby understood that all *the resolutions and declarations of this Convention*" — mark these words — "are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, claiming no other than a moral authority over the members of the Convention, or the churches represented here, and are all dependent wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our special fellowship." Nothing is said here of Preamble and Constitution.

Now, I beg you to remember the purpose of this Resolution, as declared by the Committee. It was "to open the way" for the second division above stated: "Considering how our activities are to be extended, our instrumentalities increased, our wants supplied, and our opportunities improved;" and lest any resolutions or declarations of majorities, *looking to these ends*, should be regarded as compulsory in their nature, or as infringing the personal freedom of members or the independence of churches, it was declared that such resolutions and declarations "claimed no other than a

moral authority over the members of the Convention, and committed in no degree those who objected to them."

Such is the obvious construction of this now famous Resolution. It had no reference to anything in the Preamble, for the Preamble had not then been reported. It had no reference to the articles of the Constitution, for surely no organization would be so simple as to declare in advance that its Constitution was binding only on those of its members who agreed to it. It is of necessity binding on all who associate under it, and the Preamble as well. The contrary view would render the Constitution a nullity; for, if a resolution of the Conference can release a part of its members from the obligations of the Constitution, it can release the whole; and what would this be but to abandon the Constitution?

The year following, the Conference met at Syracuse. I was not present, nor have I seen the Report, but I learn that, after debate on a motion to amend the Preamble so as to make its fellowship broader, and to include "other Christian churches," — which amendment was adopted, — this Resolution, altered by inserting the words "including the Preamble and Constitution," was brought forward as a measure of conciliation, and passed with great unanimity. This was a Radical gain. Thus the uneasy were quieted, a degree of harmony was attained, and both wings, with few exceptions, returned well satisfied with the result. I remember how jubilant our dear, lamented James P. Walker, one of the delegates of this church, was, who, though not a Radical himself had a deep and tender friendship for many who were, and, in the largeness of his charity, never wanted any excluded.

Here it was believed by many, perhaps by most, that the subject would rest, and that we should go on and do our work together, if not with unity of faith, yet with something like unity of spirit. We had solved the problem of a house divided against itself and yet standing! It was understood everywhere that for the next two years, certainly, the denomination was safe; there would be no split in it.

Two years went by, and we were summoned — the undivided body — to our third Conference. We had done a good

deal of good work, and there was a great deal more to do. The Council, representing, as they believed, the wishes of the greater part, determined in advance to hold all speculative questions in abeyance, and to confine the Conference closely to *practical* matters. They gave timely notice to this effect in the public papers; but their purpose was frustrated. One of the Local Conferences in this State having voted to bring up the famous Resolution on the ground (I believe) that its terms had not been fairly carried out, and a venerable and excellent minister of the interior of New York, Rev. Mr. May, having expressed a desire to amend that Resolution by an additional clause, it became the duty of the Council, as I understand, to lay the subject before the Conference. Accordingly, two or three weeks before the assembling of the Conference, they gave public notice that it would be brought up. But the apparently trifling fact of *that notice having been given* has, I conceive, an important bearing on the opening act of the Conference, which has been severely criticised, — the sermon of the Rev. Dr. Bellows. Rude and bitter remarks followed the delivery of that sermon. "He had no right," it was said, "to put forth his sentiments upon the questions in issue on such an occasion. It was an attempt to forestall the judgment of the Conference upon them, and its direct tendency was to stir up strife amongst the brethren!"

But, forewarned as we had been that the discussion of the great issues was to be renewed, it was the special opportunity of the preacher — which he did well to improve — to turn the thinking and feeling of the Conference into what he believed to be the only proper channel, and to set forth those views of Christianity which he deemed not merely important, but vital. Would any Radical have done less, or otherwise? And now a word on the sermon itself. I heard it with extraordinary pleasure, and never imagined that any one could feel hurt or offended by it. To me, in manner, thought, and spirit, it was admirable. But it nettled a good many, and put a sour look into their usually sweet faces. There were audible murmurs; there was much scolding; and this was continued till the last hour of the Conference, and, I fear, is continued even unto this day.

What was it in the sermon which so disquieted these brethren? There are two paragraphs which I suppose created the ferment. The first is as follows: —

"It is in no dread of free inquiry, in no desire to entangle or baffle others' consciences, in no caprice of opinion or fear of what the world will say, that the Unitarian denomination has planted itself, or rather has been planted by its progenitors, upon the great traditions of the New Testament and the historical Church. It is its providential birth-right, its saving instinct, whence alone nutriment for it can proceed. It is from convictions stronger than any formal arguments, from attachments deeper than reasoning, from wants and cravings that will not be denied, that our Unitarian Churches have held their anchorage in the storms of modern scepticism and a devout infidelity, and the moment the question was raised, declared themselves, by a decisive and overwhelming majority, the disciples of our Lord Jesus Christ."

The other — it is only necessary to quote a part of it — is found under the head of "Theism and Theists." After describing those who "lean to pure Theism," the sermon proceeds to say, "If their consciences are so tender and their views so advanced that they cannot work with us upon a platform which, without a single other dogma, distinctly avows discipleship of the Lord Jesus Christ, then it is plain that we have come to a boundary which the Unitarian denomination cannot pass. If, as it is claimed, there are thousands of religious people who are outside of so broad a pale as ours, surely there is room for a new kind of religion. And its apostles may as well go to work at once to occupy the providential field."

Now, since the beginning of the Christian era, has there ever been an assembly of ministers and delegates of churches, in which exception would have been taken to a sermon, on the ground that it called the members of it "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ," and affirmed, by implication, that those who were not "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ" could not properly be members of it? "But the world moves," I am told. Towards what? That is the question. The ship moves

when, driven by fierce winds, she is heading, amidst foaming and flying surf, directly towards the precipitous, rocky shore; but I should not care to be on board, even though I were favored with the company of some of my excellent Radical brethren.

It was quite noticeable that brave, out-and-out Radicals were much less disturbed by the sermon than those tender-hearted, semi-radical friends who were afraid their feelings would be hurt. Mr. Frothingham, their leader, told me he thought it a "grand sermon," and that he "listened to it with pleasure."

A quiet sleep had its usual soothing effect upon jaded nerves, and the Conference came together in the morning for its first day's work, good-natured, buoyant, wide-awake, as though its slumbers had been a baptism of living water.

The day was wholly given to business of the most interesting and important character, consisting of Reports of Committees on subjects previously assigned, detailing what had been accomplished during the last two years, and unfolding plans for future usefulness; and of debates upon them. It was a day to be rejoiced in, — not a cloud without, not a jar within. No one could have told, from anything said, on which wing the speaker belonged; for, though there were differences of opinion, they did not turn on the Radical question, but on the expediency of measures proposed. These Reports indicated an inspiring ardor in the cause of Truth and the spiritual welfare of man, which it was truly gladdening to witness. After the opening address of the President, Hon. T. D. Eliot, of New Bedford, which was in all respects exceedingly felicitous, came first the Report of the Council, by Rev. E. E. Hale, summing up and bringing under rapid survey the work of the previous two years. And whoever listened to that Report, whatever his bias this way or that, must have felt that we had neither labored in vain nor spent *all* our money for that which is not bread. The Report shows a very considerable increase in the number of churches, there being eighty-three more than were invited to the first Conference. It thinks that the contributions the last year for relig

ious purposes were larger than ever before, though a considerable part of them was for objects not specially belonging to the operations of the Conference, — as for building, enlarging, improving, and adorning church-edifices, and the support of mission chapels. It refers in most encouraging terms to what it calls "People's Meetings" in public halls and theatres, designed to reach the ear, with words of truth and righteousness, of the thousands in our cities who never enter the doors of a church, and who, some for one reason, and some for another, cannot be attracted within them. And it cannot be doubted that such discourses as were preached to the audiences gathered in those places the last season, such prayers as were breathed forth in their presence, such music as stirred their hearts, exerted a refining and Christianizing influence, to inure to the growth and power of the Redeemer's kingdom.

But, while I have full faith in the beneficent influence of these meetings hitherto, who of us does not agree with Dr. Bellows in saying, that "The churches are our great and steady reliance? And to make *them* more efficient and attractive is our most practical way of deepening our influence and extending our type of Christianity. If you abandon or weaken the church organization, you will have broken your connection with the tender and holy associations of the Christian religion, and thrown away all the unspeakable wealth of its hereditary sentiment. . . . No; if Liberal Christianity, in her new method, breaks down the regular traditional church institutions, and substitutes other ways, believe me, it will not be a progress but a revolution, and a backward one at that."

The Report makes favorable mention of a new opportunity of Christian work lately opened to us in the Southern States, by lending our aid to the African Methodist Episcopal Church in its missionary labors, and also in carrying on the Wilberforce College for the training of teachers and ministers, which the colored people have already established in Ohio. It may be mentioned here that the Conference was addressed at one of its sessions in a modest but dignified and able manner by two bishops of that church, on the subject of its condition, strength, usefulness, hopes, and of the sort of understanding

which, without compromising its ecclesiastical position, it would be glad to enter into with us.

Mr. Hale closed his Report by reminding the Conference of the broad ground on which it had planted itself by adopting the famous Resolution at its last meeting.

Next followed Rev. Mr. Scandlin's Report on the organization and work of the Local Conferences, which was extremely interesting in its details and suggestions. These Local Conferences — which are yet in their infancy — have done, and are destined to do, a great and most needed work, especially in behalf of our feeble churches and in those dismal neighborhoods, alas! too numerous, wherein the altar-fires have well-nigh gone out. Why, can you believe it? it was stated, when this Report was under discussion, that there was a tier of towns in the southern part of Worcester County, in which not one-sixth part of the inhabitants were connected with any religious society, ever hear the gospel preached, or send their children to Sunday-school! This, within fifty miles of Cambridge and Andover! Nor is this a solitary case. New England is largely a missionary field, not specially for the dissemination of dogmas, but for the infusion into the minds of the people of those vital truths of Christianity without which no community can long keep its place in the civilization of the age.

After this came the Report of Rev. Mr. Ferry, of Peterboro', N. H., showing how these destitute regions might be served by an "Itinerating Ministry." He would have one minister take, say, four parishes under his immediate charge, visiting each of them himself once a month, to preach, and, if possible, organizing lay co-operation, so that on the Sundays of his absence, by help of Service-Books, worship might be conducted without the presence of a minister, and the Sunday-school be kept alive as the seed of a self-sustaining church, one of these days. This Report was received with universal favor, and it is much to be desired that the "American Unitarian Association" should give to its suggestions early attention. To such a work who of us would not gladly lend his aid, and whose heart would not rejoice at witnessing its successful prosecution?

The Conference then listened to an able paper by Dr. Laird Collier, on "Theological Schools," earnestly recommending the removal of the Meadville School to Chicago: upon which I have nothing to say. He was followed by Dr. Gannett, in an eloquent unwritten Report on a proposition to unite the "Boston School for the Ministry," which Mr. Hepworth without a dollar of endowment has extemporized into an extraordinary vitality, with the Divinity School at Cambridge. But the Conference, some for one reason and others for another, refused by a large majority to sustain the proposition.

This is a meagre sketch of the first day's work, — a work of which no laborer in it need be ashamed, characterized throughout by a very marked unity of spirit, and proving, as some are ready to say, the practicability of co-operation, for ends distinctively Christian, in a body composed partly of those who believe in the divine authority of Jesus Christ, and partly of those who refuse to own him as their "Lord and Master," and challenge the authenticity and genuineness of the records from which all our knowledge of him is derived. But, after all, is it quite demonstrated? It is one thing to see that a field invites cultivation and is lamentably in need of it, and another to select the seed and find fit laborers. We want to sow with the word and life of Christianity, if we are disciples of Christ. But a laborer offers himself who refuses assent to the Christianity of the New Testament; who is willing that the name of Christ should never be heard in prayer or sermon; and whose sovereign remedy for the ills of the perishing world is this creed: I believe in the immanency of the Divine Spirit in man; in freedom of thought in matters of religion; in "the latest results of criticism;" and in a gospel which is not the gospel of Jesus Christ. Will you send *him?* If you do not, Radicalism will grumble. If you do, the churches which "call on the name of the Lord Jesus Christ" will justly complain that you misappropriate the money they have given to you, and withhold further contributions. This is the dilemma, and it is but right that our ongregations should understand it.

Now, what is to be done? No one denies the right of the Radicals to their opinions; no one would limit their freedom to disseminate them in all ways that belong to them; no one would call in question their sincerity, nor cast reflections upon their character. But we cannot help them do *their* work, and they know it. We cannot furnish money and men and machinery to assist them in doing what we honestly believe detrimental to the best interests of mankind, inasmuch as it is obstructive, in our judgment, of the progress of "the truth as it is in Jesus." They know we cannot, and some of them have had the manliness to say so. What, then, is to be done? Is there any better way than to conduct all our machinery of "Associations," of "Conferences," of "Theological Schools," and of "Churches" *on the principle that the majority controls*, and so as not to aid in any manner whatever — by publication, by opening of churches, or by support of ministers — the propagation of religious opinions which that majority deem contrary to the word and authority of Jesus Christ? Undoubtedly our "Conference" and our "Unitarian Association" ought to stand as representatives of a fellowship as broad as Christianity — but no broader. By their various instrumentalities it belongs to them to go out into "the highways and hedges" of irreligion, of unbelief, of reverential doubt, of scoffing denial, of godless license of thought and life, not to carry to them more of the same kind of food they have been living on, or to ask to be admitted into their fellowship; but to invite, to urge, and, with all the tender persuasions of the love of God in Christ Jesus, to "*compel*" them — the hungry and thirsty — to come in and take the seats waiting for them at the Master's feast? If they think that this kind of Radicalism is ruin, that it inevitably kills any church that becomes infected with it, that its temporary triumphs are at the expense of the divinest memories and most cherished hopes of thousands of hearts baptized into Christ and feeling that it is through him that they have come to their comforting rest in God, ought they to lend it the least support or countenance? Nay, ought they not to do what they can, in a fair field and with Christian weapons, to destroy its influence? Instead of cuddling up to it to

keep it warm, is it not better for the life of the world that it h ould be "left out in the cold" till it feels its nakedness, and, taking the garment of Christ all ready for it, puts it on? And, instead of inviting it into their council-chambers, should they not diligently guard those seats against such occupancy, and devoutly thank God when a man so keen-sighted as John Weiss, for example, discovers that it is no place for him, and withdraws?

I speak only for myself. Such is the policy which truth, justice, honor, faithful allegiance to the Head of the Church, demand. If we adopt it, a long and glorious life is before us; the Church of the Redeemer and of the Comforter will be enlarged and made glad through our prayers and labors; and they who shall come after us will enter into a heritage secure in the strength and beautiful in the holiness of the Lord. If we fail to adopt it, we die. No sun of the twen tieth century will ever shine on that denomination which has been illustrated by so many immortal names.

Let me now come back to the Conference and to the second day of it, — "the stormy day," it has been called. You will be glad to learn that the storm was of short duration, lasting just three hours and a half, and at no time threatening much harm!

I have already shown you how it happened that the Radical question was introduced.

The majority were disinclined to bring it up. Leading Radicals, also, were willing to let it rest. O. B. Frothingham in his speech, declared himself "sorry that the discussion came up," and said "it came up without his knowledge or consent." It was introduced by James Freeman Clarke, — not of his own motion, but "by request," in the form of a resolution "which had passed regularly through the Business Committee." He supposed that, as the resolution had been agreed upon by a few of both sides, "who seemed to be somewhat," it would go through the Conference quite unanimously! Before reading the resolution, he made a few prefatory remarks, in his usually grave, unimpassioned way, planting himself strongly and unequivocally upon the Preamble, — for, as

an "orthodox Unitarian," he could do no less (and no man ever questioned his fidelity to his convictions), but at the same time avowing his willingness to concede to "the gentlemen who have felt aggrieved by the terms of the Preamble" what he calls "*an explanatory statement* which will relieve them from some real or supposed difficulties in regard to it." "I thank our friends," he says, "for not asking us to alter this Preamble in any particular. They are perfectly willing it should stand as it is. They do not want any alteration. They only want an explanation. And what they want is this, they want the following amendment to the Constitution:" —

"ARTICLE IX. To secure the largest unity of the Spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby declared that all expressions in this *Preamble* and *Constitution*" — before it was "resolutions and declarations including the Preamble and Constitution" — "are expressions only of the majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, and depending wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented, or belonging within the circle of our fellowship; *and that we heartily invite to this fellowship all who desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God.*"

The clause in italics is an addition to the Resolution as passed at Syracuse, the substance of which precedes this clause. Now, had this clause not been added, Dr. Clarke would have been right in saying that all they wanted was an explanatory amendment. But this clause explains nothing. And, moreover, if adopted, it changes the whole design and composition of the Conference. Dr. Clarke says, "We have already done what this clause contemplates." If we have, what need of doing it again? But, though usually very accurate, he is under a mistake here. We have cordially invited into this fellowship "Unitarian and other Christian churches." That invitation goes much farther. It invites all men, all societies, Christian or not, who are willing to work with us for the kingdom of God, — an invitation which would include every Jewish synagogue in the land, which would include any association of mere Theists, which would include the

anomalous congregation of which Mr. Abbot was till lately the minister, — a gentleman who has avowed himself not a Christian in the sense of being a disciple of Jesus Christ, — and which would transform the "National Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches" into a body of Free Religionists, like that which already exists, and of which Mr. Frothingham is President.

Broad as Dr. Clarke is known to be in his theory of fellowship, I do not believe that he has any desire to see such a change in the character of the Conference.

Robert Collyer followed, avowing his acceptance of Jesus Christ as "the Captain of his salvation, his spiritual Leader and Guide," declaring that he had always "*voted against the Preamble;*" but saying, also, that "it did seem to him that the adoption of the proposed article would do away forever any desire on his part to vote down this Preamble!" I think there was a funny twinkle in his eye when he said that, and a pretty broad smile on the face of the assembly. It was so innocent!

Mr. Hale argued with great apparent candor on the same side, but evidently attached very little importance to the question. Mr. Calthrop was jubilant and ecstatic in view of the unifying speeches just made. Then came Dr. Osgood with a new proposition, which cast a sudden cloud over the face of things. He stood, he said, "upon the idea from which our denomination originally grew — the spiritual authority of our Lord Jesus Christ." He would vote for the amendment, provided they would insert these three words, "in Christian faith," so that the clause would read, "And that we heartily welcome to our fellowship all who *in Christian faith* desire to work with us in advancing the kingdom of God." "That is the ground," he adds, "on which I would stand, — that, as a Conference of Unitarian and other Christian churches, we are Christians; we stand on that ground, and we welcome to our fellowship all who, *as Christians*, will work with us." Nothing broader or more generous than this could be desired by a Christian organization, one would suppose.

At this stage of the discussion, when the spirit of the Con-

ference seemed ready to adopt the amendment, Dr. Bellows took the platform under the serious conviction, in which he was joined by many of his brethren, that its passage would open a door so wide as to put in jeopardy the great interests for which the Conference was instituted. He spoke earnestly and forcibly, as is his wont. "I have not the least idea," he said, "of being put constructively out of the Christian Church, or of being in the least degree compromised in my own position and attitude in respect to a positive faith in Christianity, by any action of this Convention." . . . "It is because I am persuaded that you are opening the flood-gates of Infidelity, that you are saying it is of no consequence whether a man believes in the personal authority of the Lord Jesus Christ or no, that it is of no consequence whether we have a historical church or no, that it is of no consequence whether we believe, individually and personally, or collectively, in the guidance and direction of the Lord Jesus Christ or no, — it is because I believe this that I say these words." In the fervor of an unpremeditated address men cannot stop to cull words and phrases. They can only "speak right on;" and it is likely there are some expressions in this speech which the author, upon cool revision, would qualify. For example, when he says, "I believe in a historic Church which has descended from Jesus Christ; and it is because I see a *secret design* to undermine that Church, to make light of that Church, to distract attention from that Church, that I oppose this change. That, if I know anything, I know to be the *secret* animus of most of those who are opposed to the Preamble, and I believe they are men honest enough to say so." Now, I could not say *all* that. I do not think that with design they are working stealthily to undermine the Christian Church. Whatever their "animus" is, they make no *secret* of it. They are bold, and they are outspoken; and if we do not understand what they mean, it is no fault of theirs. Again, when he says that "the Preamble was adopted for the sake of giving them shelter," I think he mistakes what was in his own mind when he drew it up, for what was in the mind of the Conference when it adopted it. The great ma-

jority meant to say that no man who could not come in under that Sign had a right to come in at all. And as to his saying, "We would not shut our doors against" those whose "secret design is to undermine the Church," why, — what sense is there in having a door?

Rev. Mr. Heywood, of Louisville, spoke next. He professed theological agreement with the previous speaker, and great love for him; favored Dr. Osgood's amendment, but declared his intention to vote for the original proposition, though the amendment should not be carried. He was succeeded by a layman from Chicago, who stated that "this declaration had stood before the Unitarian denomination for three years, *substantially as now*" (a great mistake), and proceeded to argue earnestly in favor of it. Then came Dr. Laird Collier in a speech for the amendment, every sentence of which was received with applause. I will not characterize it, for I have great respect and a certain admiration for that gentleman's chivalrous enthusiasm. You have read the report of what he said. You remember that he exclaimed, "When I took my neck from one dogmatic yoke, it was not for the singular purpose of putting it into another!" (Prolonged applause.) What other? We had no other but that referred to in these words, "Take MY yoke upon you." You remember that he was frank to say, "If it is the temper of this body to refuse to insert this article into its fundamental law, *they may consider me out!*" Now it happened that it *was* the temper of the body to refuse to insert this article into its fundamental law; but I rather think that excellent brother, "conservative of the conservatives," and all the better for that, will live to do a great deal of good work in the Conference yet.

After him came that scholarly gentleman and prince of Radicals, O. B. Frothingham, in a calm, conciliatory, but frank and manly statement of his position, of which afterwards I heard no word but of commendation. Indeed, I am bound to say of all *pronounced* Radicals, that their word, however earnest, was always courteous and brotherly. Mr. Frothingham was in favor of the amendment, not so much on his

own account as for the sake of certain young men who, if it were adopted, would probably stay with us; otherwise, they would naturally gravitate into the "Free Religious Association."

I shall pursue this debate no farther, except to say that it was continued by five or six others, among whom was Rev. Dr. LOTHROP, who spoke briefly, but with great earnestness, force, and point, against the entire amendment, saying, among other things concerning Radicals, "If I belonged to them, I would go out from the Unitarian body, I would take my position upon the principles and ideas which I believed to be true, and, in the name of God and humanity, I would go to work behind those ideas, and if I could have power and success in the world, very well. That is the thing they ought to do, and not come here and insist that this body, called together on a different principle, receiving different traditions, pervaded in all ways by different influences, should stultify itself by so interpreting the preamble it adopted three years ago, that it shall mean nothing." To this I give a hearty Amen.

The previous question was at length called for; but at this moment, by general consent, Mr. Hale took the floor, and proceeded *to withdraw the amendment*, and to move as a substitute, — to become an article of the Constitution, — the Resolution as passed at Syracuse, in these words, —

"*Resolved*, That to secure the largest unity of the Spirit and the widest practical co-operation, it is hereby understood that all declarations of this Conference, including the Preamble and Constitution, are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them, and dependent wholly for their effect upon the consent they command on their own merits from the churches here represented or belonging within the circle of our fellowship."

This substitute was adopted by a very large majority, only twelve voting in the negative. I have since regretted that my own vote had not made the minority thirteen. Here the matter rests. We stand where we stood at the assembling of the Conference, except that we have made what was a Resolution an Article of the Constitution. We have shut nobody out.

We have opened our doors no wider for anybody to come in. We have not "rejected Christ," as some are ready to assert. We have not declared that "he is no longer our authoritative head," as many believe. We have reaffirmed our Preamble, however inconsistent we may have been in adopting the explanatory Article.

One should be cautious and not over-sanguine in forecasting our future. There are tendencies, not hid, which are ominous; but there are also tendencies which are auspicious. These can never be blended into one force, nor co-operate for one end. They may be held in check for a time, and not manifest themselves in frequent collision; but the hour is coming when they will meet face to face, and the strongest prevail. This is a controversy of opinions, of ideas. As it states itself to my own mind, the question is simply this, Shall the gospel of Jesus Christ stand as the religion of humanity for the salvation of the race, or shall it give place to something else? Thank God! the controversy may be carried on peacefully, without acrimony, with decision and still with kindness, with the most scrupulous fidelity to conscientious convictions, and yet with that heavenly love in the soul which is higher than all knowledge and all faith. Who will not pray, "God give victory to his Truth!"

I wish I had time to tell you of the afternoon proceedings of "the stormy morning," as well as those of the next day. They were harmonious, energetic, full of a divine enthusiasm, beyond and above all cavil and all dissension. There was but one spirit, — the breath of all-holy and blessed God, — whether we listened to the story of the efforts in our neighboring city of Providence to bring its "unchurched" under religious influences; or to our brother Hepworth on "the Theatre-meeting movement," of which he is the head; or to the elder Collyer on the important question of "Free Churches;" or to James Freeman Clarke on the working of the "Free Pew system" in his own church; or to Mr. Chaney on "Unions for Christian Work;" or to the voices of our colored brethren, whose brief speeches would have done honor to any white man present; or to Miss Amy Bradley, whose

name is destined to be illustrious in the grand Educational Movement of the South; or to Mr. Dall, our solitary missionary to India, who has come home from that distant field laden with five years more of experience, with zeal unabated, and with such a record of his work as any man might be proud of, and who is consecrated for the residue of his life to that "pleasure of the Lord which has so prospered in his hands;" or to John Ware, unfolding his plan for the more efficient working of the financial machinery of our body; or to Dr. Bellows, relating the details of his observation, experience, and study in relation to Christianity during his recent extensive travels abroad, and particularly among our brethren in Great Britain, and urging upon the Liberal Christians of this country the great need of a church of our faith in the city of Paris. There was but one spirit, I say, during these closing sessions; and the impression left upon all minds was strong, that we had never more magnificent opportunities for Christian activity, were we but in a condition to use them; that the golden fruits of the best efforts for man, for Christ, for God, were never so nearly within our grasp — and yet might fail of being gathered — as at the present hour.

But your patience is wearied, and so is my own. I cannot recapitulate and sum up conclusions. I have tried to tell the plain story of the Conference. "Nothing has been extenuated, nor aught set down in malice." If I have referred to men by name, and with some freedom of criticism, I hope it has not been with discourtesy or unfairness. A single word, in conclusion, for charity. Let us remember that, amid all the diversities of faith which the Christian world exhibits, God is slowly building up, by means of them, a kingdom of human hearts in the image of his Son, to throb with heavenly aspirations, to melt with divine sympathies, to kindle to noble endeavors in behalf of human virtue and blessedness; and that such hearts are often found in connection, on the one hand, with religious systems abhorrent to reason, and on the other with sceptical speculations which we cannot but condemn as subversive of Christianity.

I dismiss my Report with the devout hope that when the

Conference again assembles, its members may be in closer fellowship one with another, because in tenderer and profounder sympathy with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and that all our undertakings meanwhile may be so guided by the Eternal Wisdom that they shall be for the good of man and the glory of God!

NOTE. — This Report was made from a pretty full brief, but in writing it out for publication it will be seen, by those who heard it, that some things have been left out, and others added; while of the main points the substance, and, in great part, the language, are unchanged

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GOOD-BY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

THE year is fading: dry and sere
The dead leaves flutter in the breeze;
A mournful sound is in the trees, —
The farewell of the dying Year.

Nay, part not so, old friend! not so.
We have been glad through many days;
And, going now our separate ways,
What need of all these signs of woe?

Our separate ways; — for me, the breath
Of other Springs, the bloomy sheen
Of coming Summers cool and green;
For you, the sure repose of death, —

The kind and merciful decrease
Of well-used powers, the natural sleep
God gives to his beloved, — deep,
Slow-lapsing into perfect peace.

For me, — but what a very dream
Is this! Who knows or can foretell
His fate? Perhaps your sad farewell,
Old Year, is sadder than I deem!

Perhaps, — but vain are hopes and fears
Alike! Good-bye, Old Year! old friend!
We have been happy to the end,
And we shall meet in happier spheres!

December, 1868.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.

BY REV. JAMES DE NORMANDIE.

BETHLEHEM is beautifully situated on the brow of a high hill, which slopes down in terraces of fig-trees, almond-groves, and vineyards, to the extensive cornfields — whence the name, house of bread — where Ruth gleaned after the reapers in the fields of Boaz. The inhabitants, about three thousand, are all, by a figure of speech, called Christians, and, what is quite noticeable, the *Christian* towns throughout the East are somewhat unsafer than the villages of native Mussulmen. At Bethlehem, in particular, they have an unenviable reputation for immorality, sensuality, a cheating and a quarrelsome disposition. The houses have not the small domes which were mentioned as characteristic of Jerusalem, and are built of clay or bricks, rather than of the limestone in such general use, and, what is quite remarkable, almost every house is an apiary, and the beehives, instead of being such as we are accustomed to, are constructed of a pyramidal series of earthen tiles or pots ranged on or between the houses. Speaking of the quarrelsome disposition of the people, there is a pleasant incident recorded, illustrative of Eastern customs, in connection with one of the outbreaks they had with their government. The government, to be more effective than just, had, as is its custom, made a demand upon the Bethlehemites for a certain number of arms, whether they had the number or not, and the alternative was money or prison. Impoverished by the claim, in their great distress they heard of the approach of the English Consul at Jaffa, and went forth to meet him, and plead with him for help. Following and preceding him in his entry to the town, all at once, as with one impulse, men and women "spread their garments in his way."

When the pilgrim spirit was at its height, and the vagabond Christians were scouring the whole earth in quest of the holy places, thronged Egypt, filled Arabia, and came to visit and kiss the dunghill where Job sat and suffered with such

patience, Bethlehem was one of the first places the Crusaders besieged and captured, on their march to Jerusalem. Here Paular, a Roman matron, a friend of Jerome, came and built four monasteries for the monks and hermits herding in Palestine. Here Hadrian established a heathen sanctuary, and planted a grove of Adonis. Here it was that Joseph arose and took the young child and his mother and departed into Egypt. Here Helena came and built the great Basilica, still standing, "half church, half fort," one of the earliest specimens of Christian architecture remaining. Here was the birthplace of David, and here his youth was passed, and here he was anointed by Samuel. Here, too, is pointed out the birth-spot of one greater than David.

The great interest, to most travellers in Bethlehem, centres in the Church of the Nativity, a few paces from the long, irregular, dirty town. It is without beauty, but a pile of imposing proportions. In the large court we leave our horses, in the care of a crowd of boys and men, always ready to hasten to besiege the traveller with beads, crosses, images, and devices of all kinds, made, not without fine and beautiful workmanship, of mother of pearl. Numbers of little girls of surpassing beauty followed us into the great nave of this famous Basilica. The rafters of the roof, once of cedar of Lebanon, are now of English oak, given and sent thither by King Edward IV. of England. On either side is a row of tall Corinthian columns of gray marble; but, as you draw near the high altar, all charm of memory becomes dissipated in the pressure of conflicting sects. Here, as at the Holy Sepulchre, the Greek, Latin, and Armenian Church must each have its chapel, and celebrate its orgies. On either side of the centre altar, at the end of the nave, a spiral staircase leads you down to a long passage-way, and a chapel, dimly lighted, where, in a little recess, on a marble slab in the floor, a star points out the spot, once a cave on the hillside, where the young child was born. A few steps lower down, in another recess, on an opposite side, a marble stone, scooped out in the form of a manger, shows the traditional place where was the original manger in which Jesus was laid, and the

world still waits to find for him the room which even then was wanting in the inn. But, with the marble and the incense, the paint-daubs and the filthy priests, the gold and silver lamps, how different from the humble birth of a holy child, which the world, instead of appropriating in its divine significance, buries beneath a mass of tradition and ritualism. Through long and dark passageways we came to the other part of the crypt of the Basilica, of even more interest than the one we have already seen, — because no doubt and no formal mockeries hang over it, — the grotto where, for more than thirty years, "beside what he believed to be the cradle of the Christian faith," lived, wrote, meditated, and prayed the eminent Churchman, Father Jerome. In this grotto he made that famous translation of the Bible, called the Vulgate, the most important after the one made at Alexandria, called the Septuagint, and the great textual authority of the Roman Church. This grotto was a kind of Vatican for this Father, whence he issued his bulls against heretics, or his advice to the faithful. When pilgrims were overflowing the holy places, Jerome wrote against the infatuation this remarkable sentence: "The places of the cross and of the resurrection of Christ can benefit only those who bear his cross, and who with Christ rise daily. From Jerusalem and from Britain the celestial halls are equally open." But from cells, and oil-lamps, from gilding, gloss, infatuation, monkism and formalism, it was a dear relief to turn to the open court and reflect upon the changes that very spot had witnessed, — once a grove of Adonis and a heathen sanctuary, where pagan idols were worshipped with doubtless as Christian a spirit as are the present idols, where now all those temples and devotions have been swept away to make room for a Christian Basilica and Christian rites; to turn to the open cornfields of Naomi and Boaz, and to pluck the flowers, fresh as when Ruth gathered them, and to hear the words of the charming pastoral as they fell from her lips, "Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou

diest will I die, and there will I be buried;" to roam along the slopes with the olive and almond groves where David longed for the fountain, and said, "Oh, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem!" to hear the young shepherd singing to the rocks and herds the divine songs which have been the soul's melody and support ever since, with their pious trust and serene inspiration, now opening the gates to the King of Glory, now feeling the touch of the besetting God; now bathed in grief or battling with enemies, and longing for the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest; to hear the prophetic anthem sounding from the skies, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

After leaving Bethlehem our way led us along an aqueduct running over the hills and valleys, here and there opened for the pilgrim to drink, built by Solomon to supply his temple at Jerusalem with pure water. Following the aqueduct — a trough of rude stones laid in cement — for some miles, we came to our encampment at the Gardens and Pools of Solomon. Rude and forsaken as everything about them is now, art might easily make, as art has made, them of rare attractiveness. The reservoirs are of immense size and in good preservation, built of massive blocks of cut stone; and, as the morning sun came along the rich, beautiful valley of Urtas, and sparkled from the pools, we felt how all nature could once have ministered to the luxury of the fallen king. Here Solomon learned of trees, from the transplanted cedar of Lebanon to the common native hyssop on the wall; here he made him great works, builded him houses, planted him vineyards, made him gardens and orchards; here he gathered him silver and gold, men singers and women singers; here he withheld not his heart from any joy; hither he came for his royal drive from his palace in Jerusalem, his servants clothed in Tyrian purple, and their long hair sprinkled every day with gold dust, sparkling in the sunbeams, his soldiers in armor and with bows, in the midst of whom rose Solomon, clad in white, to the palace which was very pleasant in fine gardens.

From here we went south to Hebron, disputing with Da-

mascus the claim of being the oldest city in the world still existing. We must needs pass through the valley of Eschol. Here are vineyards still, as in the days of the great cluster, but not much cultivated throughout Judea, save by the Christians, because the Mussulmen do not use wine; and in the vineyards were the towers for the watchmen, as, with the Scripture, "he digged a wine-press and built a tower."

At last we were on the plain and oaks of Mamre, and among all the natural associations familiar to the Patriarchs, where the rocky and sandy land of the desert changes to fertile valleys, and where the nomad life was given up for the agricultural; where dim tradition begins to assume the accuracy of history; where the solitude of the desert is exchanged for the interminglings of society — the word Hebron meaning the communion of friendship.

Before reaching the city we turned into a by-path leading to an immense terebuith-tree, called the oak of Abraham. Its branches cover a space of nearly an hundred feet in diameter. As we approached we saw from a distance a large gathering of people in its shade, as of some rural festivity. We soon found it was a religious ceremony, and with reverent step drew near. A company of Greek pilgrims, with a patriarch, had come a long distance on foot that day, leaving their convent at three o'clock in the morning, to hold their services beneath the patriarchal tree and amidst the patriarchal memories. Children clambered among the sturdy and wide-spreading branches, and, as the responses and hymns went up, the leaves and twigs came down, and at the close they all gathered around the patriarch, who blessed a small branch for each one to carry home, much as we carry amulets and crosses for that other feeble old patriarch at Rome to bless, — and laugh at him as he passes his finger over a bushel of them. We saw these pilgrims again toward evening, in true pilgrim style, with staff and bundle and sandals, in long line stretching over the hills and valleys, back to their convent.

Hebron is beautifully situated on a hill even higher than Jerusalem, at the confluence of two fertile valleys, a little

smaller than Portsmouth, the houses solidly built of stone, and flat-roofed, and at a distance of fair appearance. There are no walls around it, but the main streets, opening on the principal roads of approach, have gates. Beyond all other places in Judea it is the patriarchal city, and to-day preserves its intense Mussulman spirit beyond, perhaps, any other spot save Mecca. Little boys and girls spat at us from the roofs of their houses, or on every side shouted their curses against the Christian infidels who should dare come so near one of their most holy places; andevery dignified and stately Arab, as he passed, or gathered around with the curiosity of the Orientals, looking just as his Father Abraham did, seemed muttering á curse upon us. Narrower or more filthy streets, with more crowded bazaars, or damper vaulted roofs, we had not seen, and through them all we came to the great mosque, to Arabs, Jews, and Christians, one of the most sacred places in the world, where, beyond all question, are the tombs of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and their wives; but these are most sternly guarded from the Christians' gaze, and we had to be content with going around the outside of the mosque and looking down upon it from the hill top. Stanley, who, by reason of the Prince of Wales' firman, gained admission, tells the following: "The shrines of the patriarchs were found each with a separate chapel or shrine, guarded by silver gates. When they opened the door the guardian remarked, 'The princes of any other nation should have passed over my dead body sooner than enter; but to the eldest son of England's queen we are willing to accord even this privilege.' When they came to the shrine of Abraham, the guard said, 'O friend of God, forgive this intrusion.' They found the chamber cased in marble, and the tomb and coffin-like form six feet high, built up of plastered stone or marble, and hung with three carpets, green, embroidered with gold. When they came to the tomb of Isaac they were entreated not to enter, because 'Abraham was full of loving kindness, he was goodness itself, and would overlook any affront, but Isaac was proverbially jealous, and it was exceedingly dangerous to exasperate him. When Ibrahim Pasha (as conqueror of Pales-

tine) had endeavored to enter, he had been driven by Isaac, and fell back as if thunder-struck.'"

It is said the sepulchre has engraved upon it, "This is the sepulchre of our Father Abraham, upon whom be peace."

It is at Hebron the first seat of life in Palestine appears. Here lived Ephron the Hittite, and received Abraham, "the friend of God," when, with his camels and flocks, the true wealth of a Bedouin, he came, himself a Bedouin Sheik, seeking a new habitation, which for its permanence in history has been a fit symbol of that other home, even the heavenly. It was at Hebron Abraham gave up the star-worship of the Chaldeans for the worship of one God, as you have all read the legend of the Koran, "When night overshadowed him he saw a star, and said, 'This is my Lord.' But when it set, he said, 'I like not those that set.' And when he saw the moon rising, he said, 'This is my Lord.' But when the moon set, he answered, 'Verily, if my Lord direct me not in the right way, I shall be as one of those who err.' And when he saw the sun rising, he said, 'This is my Lord. This is greater than the star or moon.' But when the sun went down, he said, 'O my people, I am clear of these things. I turn my face to Him who hath made the heaven and the earth.'" It was at Hebron Arba lived, the old Canaanite chief, with his three giant sons, past whose walls the three spies stole through the land by the neighboring valley of Eschol. It was *to* Hebron that the mummy of Jacob was brought out of Egypt, and from the hills about Hebron Abraham saw the smoke rising from the deep, cauldron-plain, when the cities of the Dead Sea had been overthrown. It was in Hebron they buried Abner, father of light, when all the people wept, and the King said, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

It was at Hebron that six of David's sons were born. Here Abraham had visions of Jehovah, and heard his voice, "Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward." Here he bought the cave of Machpelah, and in it buried Sarah. Here he died and was gathered to his people, and here Isaac blessed his sons when his eyes were dim.

While we were encamped in an olive-grove near Hebron, more than twenty able-bodied men gathered round to watch us as we took our lunch, — with such curiosity, aided by their excessive indolence, do they surround strangers, — and when we went to a house in a village, instead of to our tent, all the men of the village seemed to come to it, and make of it a public place, and the children to use it as their own play-house.

Hebron was our most southern point. Thence we passed again through Bethlehem, meeting — what is a familiar sight in the East — a man carrying a little ewe lamb tenderly in his arms, as if it were the one in the parable, "which grew up together with him and with his children, which did eat of his own meat and drink of his own cup and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter."

Through the Zion Gate we once more entered Jerusalem, preparatory to our journey Northward.

(To be continued.)

CHANNING.

WHAT sacred memories of departed years
Are wakened by thy name!
Youth's high resolves and consecrated tears
It calls to life again.

Unuttered thoughts are trembling on my tongue;
I would, but cannot, speak;
The songs of gratitude my heart hath sung
Its silence will not break.

And yet this simple tribute I may bring,
Blest teacher, unto thee, —
A truthful, though unworthy offering,
From one by thee made free.

It was not mine to listen to thy voice
Of pathos and of power;
Or in thy earthly presence to rejoice
Through life's short, fleeting hour.

But oh! thy living words, on wings of light,
O'er ocean's pathway came,
To kindle, in the gloom of Error's night,
Pure Freedom's holy flame.

Inspired by thee, I read the world anew,
With joy unknown before;
For truth and love fresh beauty brought to view,
And darkness reigned no more.

The soul, aspiring after nobler life,
No longer sighed in vain;
Its hopeless anguish, and its restless strife
Were never known again.

Precious, most precious is thy memory
To many a household band
In that fair, distant isle beyond the sea,
My own dear native land.

And there, from patient, toiling sons of earth,
Will fervent prayers ascend
For this, the glorious land that hailed thy birth,
And gave them such a friend.

Oh, how I love thy treasured page divine,
To me so bright and clear;
I breathe thy thoughts till all their wealth is mine,
And thus to God draw near.

MARY A. WHITAKER.

TILL the entering in of faith, there is nothing present in the heart but nature, out of which cometh the fruits of nature, which are pride, impiety, self-idolatry, ostentation, malice, and such like; but upon the entering in of faith, there entereth along with it into the heart the light of divine knowledge, which converteth it from its idolatries to the service of the living and true God, and from the love of self to the love of its neighbor as itself, and to the love of the brethren as Christ loved the Church, and gave himself for it. — EDWARD IRVING.

THE ANTI-SUPERNATURALISM OF THE PRESENT AGE.

It is proposed to consider the subject of miracles as connected with Christianity. And, perhaps, than this, there is no religious topic which has been more variously and strangely treated, during the last century. And this is saying a great deal. For how has it fared with Christianity, and even at the hands of those, sometimes, by whom it has been accounted as the Tree of Life? Often and often, among other anomalous doings, it has been treated as though a gardener should take up a tree and turn it about to humor every change of wind upon it; and as though, to prove it to be a living thing, he should lay bare its roots for every questioner, and even paint them, to make them more seemly.

Miracles are the possibilities of a miracle-bearing tree; but commonly they are regarded as though they were some arbitrary manufacture. In the New Testament they are simply called "signs and wonders;" but in this age, among both believers and unbelievers, it is agreed that they are suspensions of the laws of nature, or else are nothing. Miracles presuppose the existence of a spiritual world containing spiritual agents and spiritual forces, with laws peculiar to it, and with some laws also capable of intertwining and inosculating with some of the laws of man's nature and of the material world. And yet often, by even the advocates of their reality, miracles are argued wholly and simply as material occurrences, and quite apart from the philosophy of their nature, and, indeed, as though there were really no such philosophy known. And this is because of the spirit of the age, which is so strong in us all. It is no matter what a man may be, whether philosopher, theologian, or anything else, almost inevitably, in some way or other, the spirit of the age will have its say through him, and pervert, if not quench his meaning.

No doubt, things have often been credited as miraculous which were no miracles at all. But the precise opposite of credulity is not wisdom, always. And if it be said that it is only at Naples that the blood of St. Januarius will liquefy, it may be answered that there has also been such a place as

that in it, neither would "they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." And to-day there are eminent places, where men hold that neither their own eyes, nor the eyes of all other persons, are to be trusted for a miracle, — or, as they would say, for anything different from the laws of nature. But with all their scepticism, these sceptics do not remember that a law of nature may be one thing, and their notion of that law be something else, or something a little different. But, indeed, when incredulity becomes as intense as that, it is self-confounded, self-confuted, even though it should be in regard to such a miracle as that which happened when the axe-head fell into the water, and Elisha "cut down a stick and cast it in thither, and the iron did swim." For, if a man cannot trust his eyes and ears, how can he rely on his doubts? And how does he know but doubting his senses may be an unworthy, untrustworthy act, and even may perhaps be a mere nervous boggling. And how should even a materialist trust the wisdom which has been filtered for him, as he thinks, from outside through his eyes and ears, if he cannot trust his eyes and ears themselves? But, in the spirit of his times or neighborhood, a man will think and hold what, under other influences, would have been for him only a speculative, tentative position. And because of its being in us and of us, it is the last thing to be suspected as vitiating sound judgment.

It is in this spirit of the age to judge of everything by uniformity, whether as regards the world or mankind. And so from what he understands to be the uniformity of the laws of nature, a man of the time thinks himself competent to check the report of the past, and decide that there never could have been water changed into wine, or a demon exorcised, because at this present time water is never seen changing into wine, nor a demon known to be dispossessed of his corporal lodgings. And because of what he fancies must be the uniformity of human nature, this man of the time thinks, too, that from himself he knows of everybody else, as to what they can have seen or cannot have seen; can have heard or cannot have heard; can have felt or cannot have felt; and in

the same way, as differing from himself, he is certain that in the past they must all have been loose thinkers; and not the Jews only, but the Greeks and Romans too, and also even Socrates and Plato, because of their having reasoned about things which he himself has never met with, and which, if he did meet, he would never believe his own eyes about.

It is by availing himself of this temper of the times, that largely Ernest Rénan gets his strength as a controversialist. For what he has to say on the subject of miracles would have been but feeble talk anywhere, one or two hundred years ago, and would sound but inanely even to-day in such regions as are clear away from the influence of Paris and London. "A miracle is not to be regarded, because it never could have happened; and because even if, perchance, it had happened, there never could have been any people who could have been believed about it." This, in form, is the argument of Renan. But, of course, it is good only for people of that way of thinking, only for persons sensitive to the spirit of the age, and who are ready to add, without another word, "And so I think because so I am sure."

The following quotation is from the introductory chapter to "The Apostles," by Ernest Renan: "The first twelve chapters of the Acts are a tissue of miracles. It is an absolute rule in criticism to deny a place in history to narratives of miraculous circumstances; nor is this owing to a metaphysical system, for it is simply the dictation of observation. Such facts have never been really proved. All the pretended miracles near enough to be examined are referable to illusion or imposture. If a single miracle had ever been proved, we could not reject in a mass all those of ancient history; for, admitting that very many of these last were false, we might still believe that some of them were true. But it is not so. Discussion and examination are fatal to miracles. Are we not, then, authorized in believing that those miracles which date many centuries back, and regarding which there are no means of forming a contradictory debate, are also without reality? In other words, miracles only exist when people believe in them. The supernatural is but another word for

faith. Catholicism, in maintaining that it yet possesses miraculous power, subjects itself to the influence of this law. The miracles of which it boasts never occur where they would be most effective. Why should not such a convincing proof be brought more prominently forward? A miracle at Paris, for instance, before experienced *savans*, would put an end to all doubt. But, alas! such a thing never happens." But, now, oracular though this might be, judged by the manner in which it has been bowed to, what is there in it all more than the mere sceptical spirit of the age? What does it do more than simply tickle the humor of the time? Psychologically, it is a curious passage, because the sweep of its intention is so wide, while the wording of it is so like the unconscious, innocent expression of a child. It is as though a boy, as the easier way of settling with a problem in mathematics, should say, "There is nothing in it. There never was anything learned from that direction. O my master, all the best boys have looked at it, and say that there is nothing in it — nothing at all. And so, now, how can there be? And, please, even if it be true, it cannot really be, without we let it be." But here it may be asked, whether it is likely that Ernest Renan, as a boy, ever talked in that manner; and to this it may be answered, that it is very unlikely, considering that he was born in Brittany. And it is just as unlikely, too, that he could ever have written the preceding quotation from one of his works, but for his education, direct and indirect. For he was born in Brittany, a country of simple, fervent, unquestioning faith as to the Church. Thence he was carried to Paris, and placed in a primary theological school, whence he was passed on to a similar school elsewhere. Having finished with the latter school, he became a resident in the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which, indeed, inside, is wholly ordered by members of the Society of Jesus, but on the outside is pressed upon by the light, sceptical, and anti-Christian air of Paris. Ernest Renan had been brought up like a child of the Middle Ages, and then found himself, as a young man, where, with a few steps out of doors, he was in the atmosphere of Paris and under the influence of the Sorbonne. And now,

with all this, was it not natural that Renan should have become a Rationalistic author instead of a Catholic priest? And because of his being a simple, earnest, intellectual man, was it not all the more natural still that, by contrast with the air of St. Sulpice, he should mistake for the spirit of truth itself what was but the spirit of the age manifesting itself through a highly-educated class, in a city singularly self-centered and self-sufficient?

But, says the critic here criticised, "A miracle at Paris, before experienced *savans!*" Elsewhere, too, he explains more exactly what would suit him as to a miracle; that it should be wrought under conditions as to time and place, in a hall, and before a commission of physiologists, chemists, physicians, and critics; and that when it had been done once, it should, on request, be repeated. And no doubt, to the writer, this appeared to be a very fair way of dealing with miraculous pretensions; and no doubt, too, of his most emphatic opponents, there are many to whom, in their secret thought, it would be a puzzle, if such a proposition had been made to Jesus at Jerusalem, why it should not have been accepted at once for the market-place or the court of the temple. For Renan is simply strong in that way of looking at things, which is characteristic of this present age, and which commonly is called sceptical, but which, also, sometimes is called practical and even business-like. Not jocosely, but in all seriousness, every now and then are put forth and read invitations to the miraculous, such as that which Ernest Renan makes. One man writes in abstract, scientific terms, and another in plain English; but both one and the other mean the same thing. "Let miracles come to me in my study, and show themselves inside of my crucible, while my friends are all standing round, and at the moment exactly when it shall be said that we are all ready, and then I will believe; though of course, even then, I should not be absolutely forced to, but still I should, I think. And now what do you say to that?" And there really is nothing to say to it. Martin Luther indeed said once, what probably he would have remarked again, if he had heard this scientific, common-sense proposal, that

for certain, sometimes, over some of his creatures God Almighty must laugh.

But now, as to miracles, it is not pretended that they are absolutely at the ordering of any man, as to time and place. But indeed is it so that science treats a subject even less foreign to its own domain than miracles?

Are earthquakes as reports, accounted incredible, as not occurring at a time and a place known beforehand, and submissive to the directions of men with clocks and spirit-levels, and with magnetic and other machines all ready for use? And indeed a miracle coming to order, would scarcely be a miracle. For, coming to order patiently, punctually, and as a scientific certainty, it would by that very fact have parted probably with something essential to its nature as commonly understood.

But really a Kamtschatkan, unmitigated and simple, arguing with Ernest Renan on Sanscrit, could not show himself more insensible as to the laws of philology than Renan shows himself on the subject of miracles; for he is utterly unconscious, apparently, of there being any philosophy connected with them, and of there being laws as to miracles, known more or less by some men in all ages, and as certain as gravitation.

But it may be asked how this can be, Renan being a very sensible writer. And so a man may write well on geometry and yet show himself to be very stolid as to poetry, and even also as to those thoughts akin to the spiritual universe, which are suggested by the strange properties of numbers, or which come in upon the mind like corollaries on the demonstration of certain problems. Thus, even by his constitution, Renan may have a strong, keen, serviceable, excellent sense of the life which Jesus lived as other men live, and yet be utterly insensible to the life of Jesus the Christ, as fed by the Spirit, and going out in miracles, and incapable of seeing corruption. But indeed for his manner of writing, the spirit of his age abundantly accounts, just as it accounts for some of the more fervent of his admirers, who like in his writings what is weakest as much as what is best.

Of what use, it is asked, can miracles ever have been among people not fit to be believed about them, such as were the people of old time and the people of the Middle Ages, and such as are all the people of the provinces of France, and men of the people and men of the world everywhere? For, as Renan says, neither men of the world nor men of the people are "capable of establishing the miraculous character of an act." An act is what he says, any act, any miraculous act, and not merely some very recondite thing hard to notice. This is one of those general statements which often pass unchallenged, because nobody thinks that they can mean him; but it is not, therefore, the less mischievous. Perhaps there is not a man of the world who allows this opinion, as he reads it, but thinks, though he is no physician and has never been publicly recognized as critic, chemist, or physiologist, that somehow, certainly, he must have science and art enough for being one of Renan's judges of the miraculous, and must have been intended, indeed, to be included amongst them. Physicians, physiologists, men of criticism and chemistry, men of science, the only competent judges as to miracles! For some conceivable miracles, they might be; but for some others detective policemen would be far better witnesses. And, for still some other miracles, that men of the world, as judges, are inferior to chemists, — this is a sentiment which can come only from scientific folly, or from much learning gone mad. As to whether the true magnetic pole could be made to swerve for a moment in the heavens, professional men would be the better and perhaps the only proper judges. But men of the people and men of the world are as good judges as men of science on a miracle like this, which occurred in the wilderness: "His disciples say unto him, Whence should we have so much bread in the wilderness, as to fill so great a multitude? And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes. And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the ground. And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks and break them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. And they did all eat and

were filled; and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full. And they that did eat were five thousand men, beside women and children."

But now what a want of taste and feeling it seems not to pause here for a little while, after such a glimpse into Galilee at that wonderful time. But it is not permitted, as the world now is, to those who know it theologically. For in comes on the mind the recollection of David F. Strauss, the famous writer on the Gospels, who says himself that he can not believe in a miracle until he has had a solution of the philosophical views which he entertains against the possibility of such a thing. So that with him, even seeing would not be believing, unless, by good luck, there were some sophist standing by, more cunning than himself, who could unloose for him in his mind the knots of his own tying. Any man, down in the depths of learning, or up on the heights of science, in a difficulty of that kind, is to be pitied, because of the pains which he must have taken, before he could get there in his senses. But, now for David F. Strauss himself, pity is not the word, but sympathy. And the sympathy to be felt for him is profound, and as though for a pioneer in the grand advance of civilization, who had got bewildered in a thicket, and at whose position only they can laugh who cannot even faintly conjecture what it is to try a step forwards in theology under religious responsibility. Still, however, it is a certainty that such an avowal as that which Strauss makes of himself is the self-exposure of "philosophy falsely so called."

And now let us consider the arguments against the supernatural, from the uniformity of human nature. At present, almost everybody feels the force of it more or less, and not the less unduly, often, because unconsciously. But, as a dogmatic position, it is commonly assumed by persons belonging to two very different classes, — by studious, scholarly men, and by people who call themselves self-made men, and who boast themselves of having been sharpened by collisions with their fellows. Human nature, it is supposed, is everywhere and always the same, and as uniform as a law of nature; so as that everybody knows of himself whether a spirit has ever

been seen anywhere, or a vision ever been had, or a miraculous cure ever been experienced. Now, certainly, human nature is everywhere human. But then what is this humanity? For, before beginning to deny from it as a ground, it should be absolutely certain how far the ground reaches. Plainly, we are not all the equals of Plato, or Solomon, or Newton. And if now and then individuals have proclaimed themselves sensitive to a world of spirit, it would hardly seem to be a greater variation in human nature than what is common in every city, where one man wallows in the mire of sensuality, while another feeds on fruits ripened on the topmost boughs of the tree of knowledge. And certainly a seer does not vary from a Troglodyte more than Plato does, and so why should he not be believed in, on good evidence as to his character?

But, indeed, for those who hold that man is body and spirit, why should it be incredible that there should be varieties of spiritual experience among men, considering that some men do nothing but live to the body, while others live earnestly to the spirit?

If there be a spirit in man, and a spirit with the powers of a spirit, why should it be reckoned a thing impossible that it should make itself more distinctly felt in one man than another? And why should it be beyond belief or expectation even, that now and then there should be a person with whom some faculty of the spirit should be more than dormantly alive? — the eye for spirits even, if any should be near; the ear for more than mortal sounds; and the spiritual understanding for a prompting other than that of flesh and blood? But the fact is, that the anti-supernaturalism of our times is the result of thought akin to materialism. And from this effect of materialism very few persons are wholly exempt. For even the partizans of a spiritual theology argue it commonly like materialists, — argue it as though it were some field of nature, reaching out of sight, indeed, but to be pronounced upon from familiar analogies. Even those who rank themselves farthest from the professors of materialism, show themselves to be inwardly affected by it, from their

unwillingness to have spirit defined in any other way than negatively. They say that spirit is not substance, because matter is substantial; that spirit cannot be known of by men, because though they may be spirits themselves, they can learn only through the five senses; and that spirit cannot act upon matter, because it cannot touch it, from the want of some property in common with it. So that, for some fervent disciples of a spiritual philosophy, spirit is not much more than the indefinable. The universality of the materialism of the age is illustrated by the manner in which even immaterialists agree with their opposites on some most important points of denial and disbelief. Some of them talk reverentially of George Fox and his doctrine and experience of the Spirit; but they resolutely ignore all the signs and wonders in his history, which by Fox himself are ascribed to the Spirit. Others of them hold the writings of Jacob Boehme like oracles of spirituality, while they treat like an idle, unmeaning preface the assertion prefixed to one of them, that it was not written out of his mind, but from thoughts which forced an utterance through him from the Spirit. And still others of them affect Plotinus, as a great spiritual teacher; but they shut their eyes on the intercourse with spirits which he held, and on his experiences of the ecstatic state.

A man may hold the creed of his sect or party ever so firmly, but yet largely his thought will be governed by what he can never quite escape from, — the spirit of his age. And narratives or doctrines of the supernatural, in a time like this, can be at best only just not rejected. At present, in meditative stillness, spiritual perception may be attained, but out in the world almost it quite fails at once, from being stifled by the atmosphere of the world's common thought.

True, thousands and tens of thousands of clergymen preach the supernatural, and millions of persons, week by week, sit and hear them. But this is not evidence of faith, any more than the discords, deceits, and discontent, the treacheries, sensualities, and blasphemies of Monday are proofs of what was preached and acquiesced in, on Sunday. I suppose that nearly every learned and thoughtful clergyman

might express himself in something like this manner, "I am one of His witnesses for these things. I see that they were so, and are so. And yet, strange to say, I cannot preach as I feel; or, rather, I cannot make my hearers feel what I wish to preach. And the sermon, which I thought was full of the arrows of the Lord, hits no one where I aim, and is indeed no more than the 'lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument.'" And, more than that, the sermon does not sound like the same thing, even to himself. And the words, which, while they were meditated in secret, were fraught with the Spirit, being uttered in public, do not reach the spiritual man, but only the ear of the natural man, and are powerless except as they may chance to be approved by the intellect, testing them by logic, rhetoric, history, and some of the natural sensibilities. And the reason is very simple, for the atmosphere of the world and of a worldly church is not that of a Christian study, with its windows opening towards Jerusalem. And even a preacher may be really "in the Spirit on the Lord's day;" but he must be very happily constituted if he does not find that, with crossing the street, on his way to the pulpit, the Spirit has been more or less quenched with him. And, from exchanging looks with his hearers, he is conscious that he is not quite what he was, while in presence with the fathers, in sympathy with Jeremy Taylor, and in fellowship with Baxter and Doddridge, — while sharing so in the communion of the saints. Partly his rationalistic dogmas and forms of speech do not admit fully of either the doctrines or the utterance of the Spirit; and partly, what utterance of the Spirit his words suffice for, often his hearers are not capable of receiving; because in them the sense of the supernatural is very commonly almost quite suspended; and so "they seeing, see not; and hearing, they hear not; neither do they understand." And with the people, as well as the preacher, all this is not so much their fault as their misfortune, — the tendency of the time which they belong to, and which it is not possible to quite escape. And this tendency, this spirit of the age, is not of yesterday merely, but of previous ages, — an effect of the manner in which the

souls of men have been stupefied by the astounding disclosures of science, and a result too of the ordinary modes of religious administration having been persisted in, without the slightest modification, since the days when they were the agony of George Fox's soul, and the scorn of Robert Barclay's logic; and in part, also, a consequence of altered ways of life, the growth of luxury, the increasing subordination of the individual to the body politic, and the predominance of the peculiar influences of the city over those of the country.

Perhaps never before has there been as much unbelief innocent in its origin, as there is at present. In former ages, widely prevalent unbelief has been caused by moral corruption. But the peculiar scepticism of the present age is not as desperate as that. It is not mainly of the heart, and thus the issues of life are not thereby corrupted, as they otherwise might be. And so at present, in their inmost hearts, men have really more faith than they themselves think. And often it is observed that, apparently, while sickness thins away the body, there is also a mental incrustation which gives way, too, and through which the soul seems to look out with a sweet surprise, and a glad sense of the God, who is nearer than was thought. If it may be so expressed, it is for the comfort of the strong more than even of the dying, that faith, at the present day, needs to be strengthened. What general uneasiness there is theologically! Every church is opposed to every othe church, and yet also is divided against itself. And the same want of faith or satisfying conviction is largely evident in individuals. Vast numbers are simply acquiescent in their creeds, and timidly recoil from even learning about them. And how often it is to be seen, that if an individual thinks to think for himself, he is at one time zealous for ceremonies, and at another time resolute against them, as embarrassing crutches; and is a believer in mainly one article of his creed, one year, and another article another year. And from those hearts, which best know themselves, what an unceasing prayer must be rising, from closet to closet, from church to church, from town to town, all round the world, "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." The unbelief which is specially of

this age, is so far from being atheistic, that it even prays. For such atheism as is possible now, is what really may be confuted within the range of the mind of a child. Indeed, the unbelief of our time is mainly anti-supernaturalism, or more precisely, perhaps, anti-spiritualism. It is not, however, a denial of the angels any more than of God. But exactly it denies that man, as a class of creatures occupying that particular place in the universe which is the kingdom of nature, is liable to be visited by any other creatures, whether higher or lower, not also denizens of nature. It denies, too, that there are any other avenues to the human mind than what the anatomist can indicate with his scalpel; denies, therefore, that the human spirit is open to be acted upon by the Holy Ghost, as in the early days of Christianity; and denies, too, that men are ever approachable in any way, or for any purpose whatever, or ever so slightly by angel, spirit, or devil. The denial runs thus, "As to spirit, I have never seen it, and I will believe it when I have. And, what is more, I never have heard of any one, worthy of belief, who ever did see a spirit. When I am told about my head or my hand, I know what is talked about; but about spirit I know nothing, nor anybody else, either; and my common sense tells me the same thing. And that God has given me common sense, I do know. I do not mean to say that we shall not live again; but I mean to say that at present spirit is what my common sense knows nothing about; and I am for common sense." True; but uncommon things may require an uncommon sense, or rather a sense which is too commonly fast asleep. For the purposes of the natural man which are common sense, the faculties of the natural man suffice; but things which are of God, or which look towards him, are not discerned so. Says St. Paul, "Now we have received not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God, that we might know the things which are freely given to us of God."

Often, in the very arguments which they employ, persons writing in defence of the Christian miracles evince their own latent anti-supernaturalism. Continually, in theological works, miracles are defended as realities by those who have no per-

ception whatever of spiritual laws, and no sense whatever of the miraculous. How infected by materialism a person may be, who fancies himself to be very spiritual in his views, is shown in the attempt which frequently is made to render miracles credible by analogy with Babbage's Calculating Machine. This wonderful machine is said to work accurately through a long series of figures, till suddenly it throws up a number which is out of order, and which cannot be accounted for, but which, it is supposed, may possibly result from some undiscovered law of mathematics. And it is gravely suggested that, in obedience to some occult property, the great machine of nature has here and there, and especially about Palestine, stopped its regularity for an instant, and thrown out a miracle, at a time foreordained in the making of the clockwork. Anything rather than suppose the intervention of God, or angel, or spirit! Anything rather than a miracle, as being out of the order of nature, even though really it should be in the order of heaven! A thousand miracles of the strangest origin may be brought in at the back-gate, if only they can be used for barring the front door of the intellect against admitting the possibility of signs and wonders having ever been fresh from Heaven, ever having been supernatural, willed, that is to say, in the spiritual world, outside of nature, and at the very seasons respectively of their being shown.

By certain professors of theology there has been lately published an explanation of the day of Pentecost, as having been a day of misunderstanding among the frightened apostles, in consequence of there having been an earthquake, which they thought was a mighty rushing wind, in the house where they were sitting. And the speaking with other tongues, at which the foreigners were amazed, is argued to have been altogether a mistake, and in keeping with the impenetrable darkness plainly discernible in the ingenious but excusable manner in which the Acts of the Apostles are narrated, up to the day of Pentecost, from the resuscitation of Christianity, whenever and whatever that may have been.

The operation of the Spirit by its gifts, as described by St. Paul, tests Scriptural expositors very curiously. One says,

virtually, that it means what it means, without attempting to realize it in any way. Another sees into not only the credibility, but also the philosophy, of the various gifts, and yet, as even Neander does, finds the gift of tongues to be unintelligible and improbable. And a third expositor teaches that the gifts of the Spirit are simply natural endowments; that coveting earnestly the best gifts is merely attempting self-culture; and that by the gift of tongues is to be understood not a power for speaking languages, foreign or unknown, but the interjectional, broken utterance of a man choking with emotion. The spiritual blindness of the age is such, that often there is not much more light to be perceived in the Church than there is out of it. And everywhere, too, and in every section of the Church, are to be seen blind leaders of the blind; and continually one or other of them looks up, and with authority says some such thing as that the gift of tongues means broken utterance, that is really an inability to speak.

The anti-supernaturalism of our time is shown, again, in the state of feeling which generally exists on prayer, the Holy Spirit, and everything else which supposes either that the spiritual world can open in upon the soul, or the soul open out on that. Of modern treatises on the nature, operation, and effects of the Holy Ghost, the best which can be said is, as Coleridge expresses it, that they believe that they believe. They believe, indeed, but with a faith which has never realized itself. Why is it that so rarely the Scriptural doctrine of prayer is enforced, except by such men as preach everything which is written, and everything alike? Why is it that so commonly men pray by the way of duty merely, and with no sense of the Divine bosom to lean against? Why is it that so many good men pray only the prayer of self-recollection before God, and never the prayer of faith? Why is it that they go through their daily supplications as a spiritual exercise, but never both delighted and trembling at once, feel their souls in that state when they not only speak but are spoken to, when they not only humble themselves, but are lifted up? And in almost any church, anywhere, why is it that it feels as though the heavens overhead were like brass, but that men's

hearts fail them for fear, lest praying with the apostles, they should be really hoping against the laws of nature? There is hardly anything which is more foreign to our modern ways of thinking than that a sensible sick man should ever have thought to be the better for calling the elders to pray over him. Says the apostle, "The prayer of faith shall save the sick." But to-day faith feels itself powerless for such a prayer, being benumbed by the phrase "laws of disease." And yet the very same persons who would scout a miraculous cure of the Middle Ages, because of the laws of disease being as inviolable as the bands of Orion or the law of gravitation, these same persons continually forget themselves, and allow or assert that the will of the patient helps on a cure. But, in doing this, they indicate the way in which exactly a miracle is to them incredible. For, precisely their objection to believing in a miracle, is because it implies a hand thrust into nature from outside of it; is because it implies the will and action of some one, not of this world, God, angel, or spirit.

It is an old proverb, "Like people, like priest." Of cours- instances to the contrary must be allowed for; and then it may be said that the spirit of the age preaches from every pulpit. Nor can this be reasonably expected to be otherwise, unless the preachers should be at least all men of rare genius, or have been educated in some other earth than this. The spirit of the age is like the atmosphere; it reaches men everywhere, as they sit at the fireside or in the lecture-room, and as they wander in solitude or kneel in the closet. And with breathing it, when baleful at all, there are very few persons, if any, who can resist being injured by it. And, notwithstanding creeds and articles of admission, it is yet no more to be shut out of a church than air is. And if it could be so excluded, then the remedy of intellectual suffocation would itself be worse than the disease. And thus everywhere among the clergy, when they utter themselves, is manifested something of the same anti-supernatural, anti-spiritual state of mind as what plagues other people. It is true, that the doctrines of supernaturalism are almost universally preached; but a discerner of spirits judges not only from doctrine, but

from the manner also in which it is developed. And a preacher may set forth doctrines of a supernatural character and support them by arguments from history and logic, and he may grace them, too, with rhetoric, and lend them also a sincere utterance, and yet have no lively sense of the miraculous, nor much perception of the spiritual, of which miracles are a manifestation. Miracles are for signs; but they are no proper signs, unless there be in us some faculty or mental state to which they signify. A miracle, believed merely from the force of testimony, and from simply the same state of mind as what believes in the reports of the diving bell, is not rightly believed, is not believed in the right way, is not believed from that spiritual state from which it ought to be believed, and through which only is it of any good. And that state of feeling is conscious of susceptibilities of its own, and of an order higher than that of nature, and of relations to high answering purposes in God, through which there is not a soul but may possibly be vouchsafed a miracle, and not a neighborhood but may have the Spirit poured out upon it.

In order to have the miracles of the Bible answer better the purpose of doctrinal proofs, the theologians of this century have often largely availed themselves of the spirit of the times, for the prejudices, which it prompts against the possibility of the supernatural in any other locality or age than the Scriptural. But now Chubb, Toland and Anthony Collins were unbelievers; and yet they were harmless men, compared with the hapless clergyman who thinks to uphold the miracles of the Holy Scriptures by denying the possibility of any others. He may not know the mischief of his course, but his successor will inevitably develop it.

On the evidences of Christianity, there is an argument often made, according to which one well-attested ghost-story would countervail all the angels who have ever visited this earth, whether singly or in hosts, and all the words of the Lord which have ever come to prophets, and all the miracles of Jesus and his apostles, and all the visions of John the Divine. But Richard Baxter knew better what he was arguing about than perhaps any English controversialist of this day,

and his manner of arguing was the very opposite of that. For he published two collections of narratives of supernatural occurrences in his own time, which had been attested to him as being true, by the persons to whom they happened, or else had been vouched for, as well authenticated, by friends whose judgment he thought he could trust. Such histories were becoming unfashionable in his day, but Baxter saw clearly and published, that to yield the credibility of such things to the sceptics, was blindly to betray Christ to the Sadducees.

Let facts be facts, and good evidence be evidence everywhere, or truth can never be itself. Christianity will never be itself while disciples fear for its fate, or feel it necessary to argue among themselves as to its essence. As an inheritance from the past, the gospel is defensible easily and perfectly; but, when it is itself, it is its own sufficient evidence. But, even as Jesus in his own country had to marvel at unbelief, and "could there do no mighty work," so might Christianity now, in its own country, complain of unbelief, not as directed upon itself, but, worse than that, as general anti-spiritual sentiment, weakening the air, so as that the soul of man can get no breath nor strength, nor can think freely, nor look clearly into the past, nor hope for what is offered it from above, nor trust even its own faculty for receiving.

In those in whom it is strongest, the spirit of the age boasts itself against all the ages of the past, as being unworthy of credit on the greatest things which they have to tell about, and as being incapable, incompetent witnesses on even some very simple subjects of observation. And this it does, notwithstanding that, though calling itself the spirit of this enlightened age, it is the avowed spirit of perhaps not one person in a hundred. Every now and then comes forth some one, who says aloud, after this manner, "I know it, and also every man living, knows by his own eyes and ears, that there has nothing ever been known of the spiritual world, not a word from it even, not a miracle. That there is a state, a region, a fountain-head, a something of spirit, it is now agreed shall be considered as certain. But that anybody knows, or ever has known more about it than anybody else, is nonsense.

I am myself the standard by which you may measure Abraham the patriarch; and as to his visions, they were merely dreams, such as I have myself. I am the measure of the man Paul. And, you may believe me, as to voice or light from heaven ever having come to him at the time of his conversion, that it was not so. Simply, at that time, he had an attack of vertigo, such as we all know something about. Oh, the glorious freedom of the spirit, by which I am free to ignore the weary past, so hard to understand, with its miracles and histories. Oh, this glorious clearing of the mind, by which now, in my view, there is nothing higher anywhere than the level of my own experience! Oh, what a comfort it is to have miracles shrink into common earthly things, and to know that nobody has ever seen them, any more than I have!" This would seem to be odd comfort; but there are persons whose needs it would seem to meet, because, perhaps, of some particular stand-point or turn, at which they have stopped on their path as inquirers.

The spirit of the age! Just as it is of this age precisely, so certainly is it but a bubble on that stream of spirit which comes down through all the ages of the past, and which will run on for men and through them, till they all on earth shall be no more. Soon, of the self-gratulation and self-glorification of the spirit of the time, all that will remain as palpable effect, will be a few very curious lines in the History of Man.

As certainly as the pendulum swings from side to side, as certainly as feeling is subject to revulsion, as certainly as man walks by one step to the right and another step to the left, so surely will the child born this year see in his generation, as a class, the merest men of science to be reverent believers, not only in the supernatural of the Scriptures, but because of analogy, curious students also in the idolatries of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, and interested even in the superstitions of the tribes of Africa, as seeming to suggest the possibility of some singular variations from the commonly received opinion as to spiritual influx.

This world of ours, — this world of our eyes, and of the optical, electric, and other instruments, with which our eyes

are helped, — this world of our bodily senses has circumfused about it and permeating it a world of spirit, as to which philosophy conjectures confidently, and which faith is sure of, and as effects resulting from which experience tells of miracles. It may be that in some, perhaps even in many respects, this world may be the antitype of that world invisible, and it may be, as Plotinus has said, that we human beings are the dregs of the universe; but even if it should be so, between us dregs and the wine above, there may be a great difference by inferiority, but there must also be a great likeness. To that spiritual world and this world of ours at least there is one thing in common, a great thing, — the company of vanished friends we have had, who know of our wants and ways and wishes, and, at least, who wonder about us. Between us here and them over there, on some points there must be affinity. And it may be, as sometimes philosophy has taught, that the atmosphere of that world, or rather, perhaps, an effluent, diffusive effect from it, may be necessary to our consciousness as thinking beings, just as the atmosphere of this earth is the breath which we draw in common with other earthly creatures, such as cats, dogs, and horses. It may be so; and even should it be, that atmosphere of influences might be expected commonly to be imperceptible, and only very rarely to be distinctly noticeable, and strikingly so only in things which at once are denominated miraculous. But, whatever may be the philosophy of the connection between the world invisible of spirit and this visible world of us people in the flesh, that connection exists.

It is true that above and beyond the ordinary experience of mankind there is an influence sometimes felt, of which the effects are what is called miraculous, or wonder-causing; and, in the strength of which, it is possible that a common man might show himself like an angel, for wisdom; and, with stretching out his hand, have it answer like the finger of God for miracles; and have, indeed, the inborn, latent faculties of his spirit so quickened as that both his words and deeds together would be like signs and wonders from heaven. And, it is true that the ongoings of this world are capable of be-

ing quickened by power from the world invisible, so as that a man might be converted from sin to holiness in a moment; and a man that is a leper be restored in an instant; and even in such a manner as that a dead man in the tomb might hear and come forth; and so as that in a vessel water might be so affected as that upon it might occur instantaneously what could otherwise only be the result of slow processes in the earth, on the vine, and at the wine-press, and afterwards. It is true, also, that now and then in the process of the ages there have been seasons in which, from the outpouring of the Spirit, young men have seen visions, and old men have dreamed dreams, which were signs and wonders, and proofs of that higher order of things which mortals belong to.

It is true that, from outside of the circle of human nature, there are influences for human spirits such as those which once for a simple maiden quickened forethought into the power of prophecy, and made strong feeling be the outgoing of angelic power, and caused the life of a peasant-girl of Domremy to become the career of Joan Darc; and such as those, with the experience of which George Fox grew to be a prophet and the mouthpiece of power from above; and under the sense of which John Wesley was wrought up to the recognition of spiritual marvels which the multitude could not believe, and at which still the majority can only laugh, — influences by which every now and then persons are able to affirm, some that they have felt themselves called, warned, or comforted; others, that they have been inspired for work such as otherwise they could only have wondered at and never have done; others, that they have been conscious of having been guarded in times of exposure, sometimes by angels in form, and sometimes by tendencies started upon them, angelic as to their ends; and others, who have known, like Paul, what it is to be lifted up above the beggarly element of mere law into that liberty with which Christ has made men free, — the liberty of the Spirit, — which, indeed, as to the ends of service, is stricter than even the letter of the law, and which sometimes works on the mind of a person with all its power at once, — a manifold power which makes itself felt simulta-

neously as conviction for sin, absolution by grace, inspiration from above, and acceptance with God.

It is true that the Waldenses are worthy of belief, and that they believe that among them, at certain periods in their history, have been events sensibly pointed by the finger of God on their behalf. It is true that in the Cevennes, when the Huguenots were nearly in the last agony from persecution, there opened among them a power, by which the machinations of their enemies afar off were sometimes disclosed to them, as though by sudden revelation to one or other of their members,—a power which clothed them with such terror as that almost in the manner of the old promise, one of them could chase a thousand; and so as that, indeed, a mere handful of men, as they were, they resisted for long years and successfully the concentrated armies of France; a power which, going out from a speaker, made even Catholic enemies succumb and confess themselves; a power which often uttered itself from the mouths of little children; a power through which they believed many times, and where it is impossible to think that there can have been mistakes, that there was let in upon their mortal ears the songs of the hosts of heaven. It is true that men worthy of all credence have testified of experiences by which the early history of the Church of Scotland is not unlike a continuation of the Book of Acts. And it is true that, by what the Spirit has been and has done amongst them, the Friends have been justified in trusting to it. It is true that, even in these latter centuries, there have been branches of the Church which have blossomed with the marvels of ancient times, because of the Spirit which has been in them. And it is true that still and now, there are good reasons for trusting and expecting the Spirit.

It is true, and the saints of all ages cannot have been deceived, or been self-deceived, as to what they felt and trusted; the martyrs who, one after another, laid down their lives for Christ, until they became a great army; the fervent spirits, like Augustine, who tried one way of life and another, till at last, with turning about, their souls caught the light, at which they rejoiced with trembling; the scholars like Thomas Aquinas,

who, with studying themselves as to the natural, became but the more persuaded as to a something that touched, or held, or drew, or whispered them that was supernatural; or students like Cudworth, who gathered up the experiences of the ages and the thoughts of all great writers, as to what of a spir itual nature had ever been known or felt, and who gazed upon it till they saw the Intellectual System of the Universe take shape in it; and hosts after hosts of gentle souls, such as Madame Guion and the poet Cowper, who hasted as they thought of the powers of the world to come. It is true that, except when it gets impeded and disbelieved, there is an opening between this world and the next as it is called, by which comes the Holy Ghost, and through which it may be that sometimes we some of us are approachable by various occult influences, some of a high origin, and others of a nature not so good. And it is true that there are good reasons for believing that when Christians can pray again as Christians used to do, and have fitted themselves by acts of faith for seeing it, that there will be felt the approach of a day which, with its coming, will assimilate still more nearly than at present the lives of modern disciples to the experiences of the saints of all ages.

One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one Christian make a church. A believer separated from his fellows by convictions which they do not share; a man living apart from the sin about him, in loneliness; a woman shrinking from unsympathetic contact, and dwelling in seclusion with her own heart, — for these all there is communion with God by the Spirit. But there is an answer from above which is specially for the prayer of two or three. And on an age of controversy separating believers from one another, even though through it there should be higher and better ground to be reached, there is an irremediable, unavoidable drawback attendant, — the loss of the unity of the Spirit. The joy which a man has in common with a multitude is not the same joy, which he has all to himself in his closet. And, however a man may be sanctified by the Holy Spirit, through religious experiences apart from his neighbors, yet should he ever be-

come one with a great body, wherein by that same Spirit all the members are assimilated to one another and harmonized together, he would feel a triumphant joy quite new to him, and he would have such a sweet confidence of God's love to men everywhere and in every state, as would be for him like a new sense of salvation.

Fearful is the penalty which the holiest of dissenters incur, and sometimes without knowing it, and even while, perhaps, it is the voice of Christ from heaven which they obey; but they do not go without compensation from the grace of God, nor yet without that crown which is specially vouchsafed for the martyrs. But yet so it is, that, in the Church of Christ, with losing the unity of the Spirit, or the Holy Spirit in common, there is a great, grievous loss.

The Spirit may be quenched in the present age, from one cause and another, as so largely it is; but it can reassert itself. If to-day be clouded by scepticism, to-morrow may be broad daylight from a "sun with healing on its wings." And if in this age, because of sectarianism, Christians can hardly be what they ought to be, as to faith, hope, and charity, in the next age, perhaps, divisions will have ceased altogether. It may be asked, perhaps, how such a thing as that can ever be hoped for. And certainly it cannot be expected humanly, as though from controversies argued out. But, even as Jesus Christ, after his resurrection, appeared among his disciples suddenly, while the doors were shut, so, perhaps, will it be that the various churches of Christendom, which to-day have their doors shut against one another, will sometime find themselves all included in one great fold, by the manner in which, through the Spirit, Christ will manifest himself, so as to be recognized of all, in one church and another, irrespectively of their walls of separation.

And at that time, — oh, dear anticipation, sure though as the heavens themselves, however far off, — at that time Christians will know one another, almost without a word, because of the Spirit; and with assembling together they will feel joy in the Holy Ghost, such as at present public worship stirs but rarely. In meditation, also, because of the ease with which

men will apprehend spiritual things, it will be as though they "were all taught of God." And while inquiring in some particular direction, where there is no seeing for the eye, and no hearing for the ear, — strange and holy experience, which only the holiest hearts are fit for! — while so inquiring, often for the natural man the darkness will yield to a light not of this world, nor of mere reason, but of the Spirit quickening him from within, by which man sees what he could not otherwise have seen, and understands what is only to be spiritually apprehended; "for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God."

Strange and incomprehensible language this is for many persons. But yet it means what is the same thing as the text, "Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you;" that is drawing nigh to God, as a God to be met, for that is his nature, and meet you he will. Men, too, are encouraged to hope even more than that, and to believe that God will help our helplessness, and inform our ignorant prayers, if we will let him. "Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities; for we know not what we should pray for as we ought; but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." And now again, because of this age which we live in, does this text seem to need still further translation? It means that there is direct action of God upon the soul, and which a man may yield to or resist; and that that operation is not merely such force as that by which the eagle lives, or the pulse beats, but rather is like the presence of a dear father on his son, in a time of trouble, by which the child feels himself fill with courage and grow strangely quick of apprehension.

In the next age, when men shall have learned how and where to find themselves; when they shall have escaped from the bewildering effects of human science imperfectly mastered and disproportionately esteemed; when they shall have come to see how this earth revolves, and may yet very well have been visited by angels at times; when science, in some great professor, shall have been baptised by the Spirit, then will begin great and multitudinous effects to ensue; and because of the spirit of the times then, science will grow poetic with

rainbow beauties, and poetry will grow towards prophecy, from the deeper strain which will be in it of spiritual and eternal truth. It will sing familiarly in a style which Milton reached only a few times, which Œschylus just knew of, and which more exactly will be as though King David should have returned to chant from his heavenly experience fresh psalms for his friends on earth.

Also, under the influence of the Spirit from on high, social, problems, which now seem to be hopeless, will become very easy of solution. For, when people shall wish to stand right before God, when they shall be willing to let their hearts be drawn and draw them, it will be wonderful in all righteousness how soon and naturally and easily they will find themselves standing towards one another very much as they ought to do. With a general experience of the Spirit, yet no greater than there is to-day of scepticism, — but with such an experience of the Spirit what is there socially which might not be hoped for? Since, because of the Spirit in common, there will be a feeling, — of exactly the opposite origin, however, from communism, — there will be a feeling with the rich for letting their wealth run to common uses as far as prudence and political economy and the state of the world will allow; like the impulse for having all things in common which was felt by the first Christians during the first few days after Pentecost. And things which at present are continually being reformed, and always to no purpose; things invincible to reason and incapable of being corrected by utilitarian philanthropy, will yield at once to the sweet, subtle effects of that Spirit, by which believers will feel themselves all "baptized into one body," and by which they will know themselves for glory and shame, for joy and sorrow, to be really and vitally "members one of another."

There are some special causes of scepticism to-day, which in perhaps the next age, will have ceased almost altogether. And, in that better temper of the times, Christianity as the work of Christ through the Spirit, will manifest itself still more distinctly than it does to-day. It is oddly characteristic of these times that, as regards the gospel, men are more duti-

ful than believing. They act out of a higher spirit than they are quite sure of. "Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief." This precisely is their state of mind. With their hearts they believe, but not quite, not altogether with their minds. They would believe wholly but for an accident in social progress, — a temporary humor, — the mere spirit of the age.

But already signs are visible of a new period, and with its arrival fresh purpose will be felt from "the powers of the world to come;" and God will be known more dearly as a mighty Fatherly presence about us and awaiting us; and by every believing heart Christ will be more tenderly felt as its personal friend; and by every bereaved and suffering spirit more vividly still than now will be felt across the grave the communion of saints.

And, because there have been wonders in the past, they will not, perhaps, be wanting to the glory of the future; and again, it may be, will the gifts of the Spirit subserve the work of the Spirit in the Church; and one man find himself preternaturally quickened in wisdom for the benefit of his fellows; and another, by the way of prophecy, become like the mouthpiece of thought from outside of this world; and another, by reason, perhaps, of some personal and fitting peculiarity, be known as a channel of healing power for the afflicted; and still another from perhaps some special susceptibility, be remarkable for the faith that will possess him, and through him that will strengthen the brethren.

These are things which we may never see, perhaps, but yet as mere possibilities, they have some meaning for us. It is for human beings that the order of nature is orderly, and not for any other creatures. And when signs and wonders are vouchsafed on earth, it is only to men that they are significant at all. And no doubt, if men could be the better for it, the heavens themselves would be bowed and brought down. The Lord is willing to meet man as far as possibly he can, consistently with allowing man himself to stir at all.

Creatures, as we are, that have but just lately struggled out of the dust, that often we should feel as though the dust

were everything, is very natural. But, beyond the realm of the natural, is the region of the supernatural, which we know of, and to which, as knowing of it, we must certainly belong. And reasonably and rightly may we trust those glimpses of it which have been caught and reported by previous voyagers across the sea of Time, and even though they may have been but as momentary as the observations at noon which sometimes have to suffice for a stormy passage across the Atlantic. For, even of ourselves, we can judge as to whither the current sets, which carries us. And, for comfort, we have faith given us by God himself, and as reliable therefore, as he himself is, — faith, which, like the magnetic needle in a starless night, by its pointing is "the evidence of things not seen."

MY FIELD.

The night had come; the moonlight whitely lay
Athwart the field where I had sowed all day
Seed I should ne'er behold
Waving its harvest gold.

Naught even showed that seed was hidden there;
In pallid light lay furrows long and bare;
No blade, no leaf was seen
Signing its promise green.

And on the shore the little shallop lay
Which in the morn must bear me far away
Where I might never know
Whether the seed did grow.

And if I wept, 'twas none but God could see
How much the hope of harvest was to me.
He sent his angel down
My trembling trust to crown.

His gentle angel led me by the hand
Until we stood upon the bare, sown land,
And then he turned and smiled,
With eyes serene and mild.

"Behold," he said, "to still thy human fear,
In one short hour will God unfold the year."
And, as he spoke the word,
The barren clods were stirred,

And tiny blades crept out into the light,
And grew, and grew, before my wondering sight,
And then the ears were seen,
Long-bearded, full, and green.

And while I watched the waving grain, behold,
The heads bent down with weight of ripened gold.
The angel said, "The Lord
Shall give thee this reward.

"Fear not to get thee hence across the sea;
In harvest-time I'll bind thy sheaves for thee.
The field may ripen late;
Fear not, but trust and wait."

A little cloud sailed by and hid the moon;
My angel comforter was gone too soon;
A tremor blurred the air;
Again my field lay bare,

Except that near me, close beside my feet,
Remained one handful of the golden wheat;
God's token that for me
Rich harvest yet should be.

And in my bosom, cherished, loved, behold
These precious ears of sacred harvest gold.
Such fruit my field shall bear —
I leave it in God's care.

THE whole act of worship is and ever must be of an inward birth, of an invisible spirit, producing outward reverence; and this reverence is never to be too much outwardly marked. Like true goodness, which blushes to find that it is known, true worship puts forward its most precious fruit in silence and alone.

— EDWARD IRVING.

SPIRIT OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

We find ourselves always turning first to the "Catholic World," because we find on its pages so much that is fresh and positive, so much that arrests and fastens attention, however it may fail to produce conviction in the end. The leading article in the number for November is entitled "The Church of the Future," a favorite topic of discourse with the lamented Starr King, and with many lesser discoursers. The chief aim of the paper seems to be to show that the Protestant Episcopal Church cannot be that which is to come and to take up into itself all that now calls itself of Christ. With regard to the claim that "The Protestant Episcopal Church is alone of apostolic constitution and derivation, with a pure and uncorrupted faith, a duly authorized ministry, the word and sacraments of the gospel, and with and through these the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God," it gives us the following: —

"We know that the writer says, 'Whatever may be alleged of others, it cannot be denied that all this is true of our church.' But, whether it can or cannot, it most certainly *is* denied. We here deny it. We deny the apostolic constitution and derivation of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We deny that she holds a pure, uncorrupted faith. We deny that she has a duly authorized ministry. We deny that she possesses the word and sacraments of the gospel. We deny that through that ministry, that faith, that word, those sacraments,* she retains the dispensation of the supernatural grace of God. And, in support of our denial, we point to Holy Scripture, to the unanimous tradition of the fathers, to the vast treasures of historical and theological learning which have accumulated in the past eighteen hundred years, and to the united voice of the holy Catholic Church throughout the entire world.

"Nor only we. In our own country these bold assertions, and the extravagant pretensions which are based upon them, are also constantly denied. Two million Methodists deny them. One million six hundred and ninety thousand Baptists deny them. Seven hundred thousand Presbyterians deny them. Six hundred thousand Universalists deny them. Three hundred and twenty

* Except baptism.

three thousand eight hundred Lutherans deny them. Two hundred and sixty-seven thousand four hundred Congregationalists deny them. Of the one hundred and sixty-one thousand two hundred Episcopalians, how many dare maintain them? How many are at open warfare with that party, within their communion, from whom these rash and groundless allegations come? Among the extremest of '*Reformed Catholics*,' how many actually believe that the ecclesiastical organization to which they protestingly belong, is, in truth, that glorious fabric which our Lord built upon the Rock, St. Peter, and to which he communicated the infallibility of his perpetual presence? Even the subtle *Churchman* will hardly venture to affirm distinctly his belief of such an extravagant proposition, but will most likely take refuge in the declaration that his is a reformed *branch* of the Catholic Church, a declaration that destroys the value of his whole argument, unless he also demonstrates the impossibility, to other branches, of the reformation which has sprung from within his own.

"To argue that the Episcopal Church alone possesses those characteristics which indicate the true Church of God, and that, as such, she must eventually predominate over all the rest, is thus as useless as it is unwise. It opens up a series of disputes which no generation would be long enough to exhaust, and no acknowledged authority be sufficient to determine. It creates in advance an adversary in every Christian outside her exclusive pale, and puts him on his guard against the courtesy and solicitude with which she seeks to win his personal devotion. It thrusts into the face of the inquirer a proposition whose absurdity annoys him, whose positiveness discourages him, whose arrogance repels him. If our Episcopal brethren wish to realize the dreams of their modern seer, they must abandon this species of argument and betake themselves to the adaptation of their church to meet, more fully, the wants and necessities which surround them upon every side."

— Turning from the theoretical to the practical, we find an interesting paper upon "The Charities of New York," — the part which the Roman Catholics take in them: —

"Out of fifty institutions here enumerated, only ten belong to us. Out of 37,904 persons annually relieved by the fifty charities, our share is only 6044. The case is not so bad, however, as

it appears on first inspection. Our Sisters of Charity and Mercy perform an immense amount of benevolent work outside of their own houses and asylums, nursing the sick, consoling the afflicted, watching in public hospitals, feeding the hungry, and visiting the prisoner; work which cannot be measured by figures, because there is no record of it except in heaven. Benevolent labor of the kind to which our sisterhood sdevote themselves is undertaken by various of the non-Catholic organizations enumerated in the above table, and largely increases their apparent predominance over our own establishments, because they sum up in statistical form what is done, and we do not. Then, again, several of the charities set down as Protestant are entirely unsectarian in their character, and we dare say draw a fair proportion of their support from Catholic sources. Not so bad as it seems, we say; yet surely bad enough. Perhaps we ought not even to claim credit for what the sisterhoods do; for theirs are in reality labors of individual benevolence, and the Catholic community at large shares little or nothing of the expense, the trouble, or the merit of them. The Catholics of New York are supposed to number four hundred thousand, — nearly half the population of the city, — and it is notorious that they comprise a great deal more than half the pauper population. Are we doing a fair proportion of the work of taking care of our poor? Moreover, pauperism increases *ten times as fast* as the whole population. The growth of the entire number of inhabitants in thirty-four years has been ninety per cent.; the increase in the number of those receiving charitable relief has been during the same period no less than nine hundred per cent. What provisions are we making to meet the terrible responsibility which this state of society entails?

"We can hardly question that the time has come when the physical wants of these unfortunate classes should awaken in us serious consideration. We have done well to look so carefully after the building of churches, and of course we must not relax our efforts or check our generosity in the slightest degree on account of these additional calls upon us. We must work also for our schools as we have never worked before. Systems of education all around us are daily improving, and Catholic schools must not be left behind. Perhaps it may be found possible to make some arrangement by which we can be relieved of the disadvantage under which we now rest. Catholics and Protestants

should have but one and the same end in view in the education of the young; and we are not without hope that the love of fair play which belongs to the American people will enable us in time to compose the old school-quarrel, which has been such an injury to the community. How this may be done, it would lead us far from our present subject to consider. We trust it will be done some day, but meanwhile our church schools have a right to the most generous support. Churches and schools must come first; but when we have given them all they need, we are not to stop there. Protestants are fully awake to the danger which threatens the public welfare from this rapid increase of a destitute class, and are working hard to effect a reform. If we do not take care of our own poor, they will not only provide for their physical wants, but will soon acquire charge of their souls. Such institutions as the Five Points Mission, the Howard Mission, the Children's Aid Society, the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, however honestly they may be conducted, are powerful engines of proselytism. Their managers may be actuated by the most disinterested benevolence, they may use none but legitimate means of influence, but is it any wonder that they draw many Catholics, especially children, away from the faith, when we let them have the field so completely to themselves? Against the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, we can set off, indeed, our noble Society of St. Vincent de Paul, though its resources are far smaller than they should be; but to take the place of the three other important charities mentioned above, we Catholics can show little or nothing."

Per contra, read what the Methodists say of the Roman Catholics, in the "Methodist Quarterly Review": —

"1. The Romish Church in this country is perfectly districted and organized, under capable and energetic leaders, archbishops and bishops especially; and was never before as hopeful of success, or as defiant in its tone and spirit, as at the present time.

"2. Though the number of their priests is small compared with the number of Protestant ministers, yet they are sufficient to man all their churches, and are rapidly increasing. And what is more alarming, many of them are American born. Brownson was born in this country. Doane, of Newark, N. J., is the son of an Episcopalian Bishop. Hecker, of New York, is the son of a Presbyterian father and of a Methodist mother, still belonging to one of our New York Churches, and two priests in

the East are the sons of a Congregational minister. And we know of three cases, two in the West and one in the East, where the sons of Methodists have become Roman Catholic priests, two of the three being sons of Methodist travelling preachers! And what is more, these renegade Protestants are the most zealous, efficient, and *intolerant* of all the Papal priesthood in this country.

"3. In the erection of costly churches they are outstripping every single Protestant denomination in the land; are rapidly filling the land with monasteries and nunneries; and are already on the road to vast accumulations of real estate, such as have led to oppression, rebellion, bloodshed, and confiscation in England, Germany, and elsewhere long since, and in Italy and Mexico during the last decade. And so as to the schools; the Jesuits are rapidly undermining our public school system, and getting control of the educational interests of the country, so far as the children of Romanists are concerned, and even of the public schools of many of our cities. All these are evil omens for the future peace and well-being of our country.

"4. In regard to *numbers*, the Romanists are probably about three and a quarter millions strong, all told, or more numerous than any other denomination in the land. For although all Methodists put together would outnumber them, the Methodist Episcopal Church has little more affinity for the Southern Methodist Church, and the former Protestant Methodist Church, than it has for other Protestant bodies.

"5. Romanism has grown rapidly in the country for the last half century, and was never growing more rapidly than at present. It has nearly or quite kept pace with the growth of the population, and may now be even gaining upon it. But this is no more than Protestantism as a whole has done, and is far less than the average progress of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Its progress, therefore, would of itself afford no ground of alarm, but from the terrible character of the system, and its world-wide alliances with politics and with every species of intrigue, and also with the most dangerous elements in society.

"6. In its periodical and other literature it is already formidable, and is taking most active and efficient measures to fill the land with its doctrines, and attack Protestantism right and left, in lecture and sermon and bound volume and tract and periodical and school-book. Never was Romanism doing half as much for itself in this respect as at the present time.

"7. Of its elements of success and resources in other respects, its designs upon the American Republic, and the best means of thwarting its purposes and assuring the triumph of the true Church of God, we have not room here to speak. Of one thing, however, we may speak with confidence, and that is, that the idea of *reforming* the Roman Church, or of successfully resisting Romanism without writing and speaking against it, pointing out its errors, and warning Protestants against it, would give this whole land to Popery in twenty years. Look at it! While they are challenging controversy by periodical and lecture and bound volume, and flooding the land with their errors, some say we should stop exposing, or writing against it, and cease to antagonize it, except as we do so by loving and caressing it! Is this God's method of treating error? Did either Christ or the apostles adopt this policy? Did the early Christian fathers manage thus with Paganism? Have not all our victories over Popery hitherto been won by antagonizing and exposing it? What were Luther's celebrated *theses* but a challenge to Popery, the acceptance of which cost her millions of adherents?

"How has it been in Dublin, where Cardinal Cullen himself admits that five thousand Catholics a year abandon Popery and become Protestants? We have just read the history of these missions; and the great weapon, first and last, has been *controversy*. 'Controversial Classes' were established in various localities, to which Roman Catholics were invited, and thus, as well as by controversial tracts, magazines, lectures, and sermons, the truth of God entered the minds of the Papists, they saw their errors and forsook them. Of course when we speak of controversy and antagonism, we mean kind and Christian discussion; but the idea of meeting Romanism without antagonism and discussion, is not only to adopt a policy never employed as to other errors, but to abandon the beaten path of success hitherto, for an impracticable experiment.

"Romanism has resources at command which Protestantism does not possess, and would scorn to employ; and, on the other hand, it will have difficulties to encounter here which it has not encountered elsewhere, and to which Protestantism is a stranger

"Yet their only hope in all the earth is these United States, and they will contest the ground with the energy of desperation. And though they must ultimately fail, and Babylon must fall, yet unless the Protestant pulpit and press awake, and do more to

arouse the nation to our danger, to confront Romanism in all its designs, and to warn Protestants and others of its purposes and encroachments, we shall awake one of these years to find Papists in all the high places of the nation, with the control of cities and states, our Sabbaths abolished, our educational system in ruins, Romanism established and sustained by law (as it already is partially in several places), our religious freedom gone, and all to be recovered only as they have been regained elsewhere, through revolution and bloodshed. And the American people cannot awake one day too soon, if by timely and well-directed efforts they would avert such a calamity. Resistance now, or a religious war within twenty years, is the alternative before us."

And here is a word as to "The Mission of Methodism":—

"It was the mission of Methodism to demonstrate, even in New England, not only the non-necessity, but even the great injury of a fatalistic creed in converting men and spreading the most intense evangelism through the land. She interposed in the midst of the great reaction from old theological Predestinarianism to Rationalism, and rescued a living gospel piety from being wrecked between the two. She showed the Christian world how to be evangelically *liberal* without being Pelagianly *literalistic*. She powerfully repudiated and reprobated the 'horrible decree' then reigning in all its horrors; she broke the limitations of partial atonement; she unlocked the fetters of a cast-iron necessity upon the free-will; she scouted the diabolical dogma of infant damnation; she flung open the glorious gates of gospel day by the free offer of a full salvation to ALL, unbound by negative 'decree,' or fettered will, or moral impotence. At the same time she insisted intensely on justification through the atonement by self-surrendering faith, and the attainment of a full sanctification by the blessed Spirit. The Methodist preacher found the learning, the wealth, the aristocracy of the land against him, but 'the common people heard him gladly.' The popular heart beat responsive to his mission, and awakened even old hide-bound Calvinism not merely to a sense of danger, but to an aspiration after something at once more liberal yet not less evangelical. Hence the internal strifes of these 'schools.' As yet the efforts of the theological doctors, after a satisfactory scheme, have proved a signal failure. They have sought the object by paltry expedients and patchings of new upon old cloth, and the

'rent is made worse.' Consistency is sadly in their way. The necessity of retaining the old ground of Calvinistic traditions and formulas while adopting a more expansive enlargement, involves them in tergiversations, contradictions, and 'digladiations.' There is no relief for them but in sending the remnants of old Calvinism back to the source from which they came, and coming out upon the platform of a bold, free, expansive, and consistent evangelical Arminianism."

— Some forty pages on "Pampresbyterianism" we can in no wise be persuaded to read, even though they are offered by the "New Englander," and we do not much care whether the first syllable shall be henceforth "pam" or "pan." Either way, the word should be changed for something more pronouncable. And we cannot say that "The Rejoinder to the Princeton Review" interests us greatly. Shall there be no end to such discussions? This about Divorce seems to have some practical value: —

"Greatly to be desired, then, as is a reform in divorce legislation, if the direct interests of religion are considered, it is not for this reason absolutely necessary, because the Christian Church can resist and counteract, and more than neutralize the existing laws, however bad they may be. But such reform is of immense importance, when we look at the effect of legislation on the general interests of society; when we look, especially, at those vast classes who, even in a country like ours, receive no direct influence from Christian truth and the Christian Church. What is to be done with and for the lower classes of society, in a country like ours, is one of the gravest of questions for the mind of a benevolent man. In a country which is mainly Protestant, the noblest things, — the right of private judgment, and the intellectual light which always accompanies an open Bible, — are a 'savour of death' to the neglected classes; they are made self-confident, vain, uneasy, ready to receive the crudest falsehoods, and to reject the most venerable truths. Religion appears to them a restraint, and religious people they are jealous of, because these, in the natural order of things, get above them. So liberty also is another 'savour of death,' as they know not how to use their political right, fall into the hands of demagogues, and become, as a class, a political power within the State. Their cry is for freedom from restraint. Free rum, free Sundays, free suffrage, free divorce, and the like are their watchwords; and those who ex-

pect to get into power by their votes, if they have any better or higher aims, are afraid to contradict them. What is to elevate or purify these classes? They stand aloof from the ennobling influences of religion; politics do not wash them clean; their 'little learning is a dangerous thing;' their facilities for sensual gratification are less limited, perhaps, than those of the working class in any other land. There is no help for them, unless it lies in the voluntary movements of Christian enterprise, teaching the knowledge of Christ, and with it elevating the idea of family life. But loose divorce laws corrupt family life at its foundation, for it is hard for such persons to believe that what law sanctions is not right. Here, then, the conflict between low views of marriage and divorce and the views contained in the New Testament, is waged with the greatest sacrifice of the interests of society. If one out of five or six of the marriages within a certain class is dissolved by law, and the law with the procedure in the courts almost offers a bribe to get rid of a husband or wife, how is family life to be sustained, how is it to have for that portion of the community its venerable or holy character? And the low conception of marriage tends to creep up into higher circles, as some of this class, from time to time, rise in respectability and wealth. Since, then, reforms in the divorce laws are especially needed for the lower stratum of society; since this class is most demoralized and corrupted by the fatal facility of the existing laws, and since it has in itself no power of self-recovery, when once thoroughly debased, it becomes all Christian and all benevolent persons, on their account mainly, to unite in an attempt to procure a reform in the laws concerning divorce, to bring legislation as near to the Christian standard as the people will bear. We do not conceive that a reform in law would remove all the evils to which the marriage state is subject. Law cannot reform beyond a certain point, because 'it is weak through the flesh.' But bad law can corrupt even more than good law can purify.

"But would not a strict divorce law defeat its own end? It certainly might, and that in two ways; first, by creating opposition enough to obtain an alteration of the law, and then, in a corrupt state of society, by tempting to sin within the marriage relation, if a person cannot free himself from its constraints. Yet it must not be supposed that, if divorce were confined to cases o adultery, or at least to gross violations of marriage duties, such more flagrant crimes would be multiplied. This would be the

case, if the law gave the adulterer the advantage of marrying again, but not if it took away the right from him, or delayed the exercise of it for a term of years. And on the other hand, loose divorce laws do not prevent adultery, as is abundantly shown by the history of Roman society under the emperors.

"We entertain no fear, then, that a system of divorce laws coming nigh — gradually, if it must be so — to the severity of the New Testament, will defeat its own end, and only force the corruptions of society into a worse channel. It is the defects of our present system that are corrupting. A system more in accordance with the idea of marriage could not, if accepted, fail to purify society."

— "Zion's Herald" would give greater weight to its exhortations to the Unitarians, and more effectually warn them against "Rationalism," if it would be less free in the use of the word "Infidel." It was once the accepted usage to apply this name to all who reject the supernatural claims of Christianity; but the epithet carries along with it in these days the implication of a measure of denial far beyond this. Our own position as to the points at issue between "Conservatives and Radicals" is well known to our readers, and has been distinctly reassumed in our number for November. and yet we should be very slow to use the word "Infidel" in these discussions.

What we want is, to be helpers of men's faith, not to scold them for not having any faith. We cannot receive or recognize as teachers those who are chiefly concerned to criticise the evidences of Christianity; but we recognize in many who are not satisfied with these evidences, men and women of a most genuine piety and large-hearted humanity.

— Rev. Richard Metcalf, in an excellent Sermon upon the "Unitarian National Conference," after paying a well-merited tribute to the earnest workers who are striving to show forth a better spirit and a better life, and so are winning praise in all the churches, sets forth with great clearness the deplorable action of the body in amending its Constitution. Mr. Metcalf is a thorough-going Unitarian of the very best stamp, and is entitled on every account to a hearing from his brethren of like faith: —

"The gist of the matter is this: Three different kinds of Conferences are possible, all proper and all useful in their way.

"First, it is possible to have simply a *Religious Conference*, where Christian and Mohammedan, Pagan and Jew, Theist and Pantheist, can all meet on the ground of that common religious sentiment which lies at the basis of all the religious systems in the world.

"Second, it is possible to have a *Christian Conference* which shall take up topics common to all our churches, Catholic and Protestant, Unitarian and Trinitarian. This would welcome every disciple of Jesus, and confine its work to those general matters of love to God and man, in which all true disciples sympathize with each other.

"Third, it is possible to form a *Unitarian Christian Conference* to consider the interests of Unitarian churches, establish Unitarian missions, and provide for the circulation of Unitarian books.

"My own idea is, that the last-named assembly would be the most useful of the three; that it would contribute most to the spiritual life of its members, and that it would do the most valuable work in all our communities, not simply for this one denomination, but also for general Christianity and pure religion.

"Now, on which of these platforms did the National Conference vote to stand? For one, I do not know, although I listened to every word which was spoken publicly upon the subject. The very men who took part in it do not agree as to the meaning of their votes. The Unitarian papers give their interpretation, and complain that all the secular papers give another and very different one; but while I have no doubt that the former are best qualified to speak of the intentions of the leaders, I am equally confident that the 'outside' journals can give a calmer judgment as to the real bearing of the vote which was passed. Yet whether these are right or those, it is evident that, in the eyes of the world, the denomination has not taken that unequivocal position which we in this society have assumed and mean to maintain. Whatever was intended, the trumpet has given so uncertain a sound, that those who prepare for the battle cannot agree as to what, when, and where they are to fight.'

"I wish to do justice to a meeting which was full of the deepest religious feeling. Nothing was said in it which looked like denying or ignoring the name of Christ. No intellectual sympathy was expressed with anything outside of positive Christianity; and, so far as the debate was concerned, the Unitarian body rests to-day, as of old, on Him who is the chief corner stone. And yet we undermined this whole position and robbed our brave words of all their force, by inserting into our Constitution an article to this effect, that — '*All the declarations of this Conference, including the Preamble and Consti-*

tution, are expressions only of its majority, committing in no degree those who object to them,' etc.

"By all the common rules of language I think this means that the Conference would not, as a body, take either one of the platforms above mentioned. It still bears the name of 'Unitarian and other Christian Societies,' but says that this name does not, of necessity, express the position of more than a majority of its members, 'committing in no degree those who object to it.' It calls its members 'disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ,' but now says that this may denote simply the opinion of the majority, and that it does not commit any one who objects to being so called. And thus we are trying the unheard of experiment of declaring that the Constitution under which a body meets is not binding upon all who meet under it! When did a trumpet ever give a more uncertain sound?

WHERE WE STAND.

"Therefore I turn to you, my people, and ask you to enter a protest in the name of this society, against all such indefiniteness of speech and action. Let us, at least, announce our own position so clearly that no one shall ever doubt where we are or what we mean. We shall use for ourselves, and grant to others the most perfect freedom of thought; and if, in the exercise of that freedom, we are so separated from each other that we can no longer work or walk side by side, we shall keep the same fraternal love and bid each other 'God speed.' But we have marked out our own course calmly, and announced it unequivocally. We are trying to build up a Christian Church on what we regard the only sure foundation. We preach the Unitarian doctrines before mentioned, of the Unity of God, the special mission of Jesus, the presence of the Holy Spirit, and the final holiness and happiness of all God's children; and yet we welcome most heartily any of a different faith who still feel moved to pray, study, commune, and work with us. Towards other churches, like those in this town, for example, we cherish entire confidence and love, speaking of them never as 'enemies,' but always as 'fellow Christians.' And towards the churches of our own name and faith, we preserve the attitude of perfect independence, though ready and eager to work with them — as the National Conference invites us — in 'the service of God, and the building up of the kingdom of his Son.'"

We overlook our own faults on account of our merits, and others' merits on account of their faults.

RANDOM READINGS.

LONG ARTICLES.

Two of the articles in this number have expanded far beyond the limits which were assigned to them; but our readers, we are sure, will not be sorry. The subjects of these papers demanded fullness of illustration, and are eminently subjects of the day and place. They will be glad to know that the writer upon the Anti-Supernaturalism of the Age has promised that we shall hear from him again, and more than once. Nevertheless, we mean ordinarily to be short; we try to be short; we exhort our contributors to be short. We say to them that a magazine is no place for long articles. We remind them that long articles are read chiefly by persons of leisure, who are always too much occupied in their leisure to carry any suggestions out into practice. We *beg* for short articles, that we may fill the pages of future numbers with pithy paragraphs. Meanwhile we hope that the additional matter, some eight or ten pages in the present issue will commend itself for quality or for quantity E.

RITUALISM.

UNDER this name, according to the report of *The World*, many Episcopal churches are going over to Romanism; and the church of St. Albans, in New York, has got so far over, that in all the externals of doctrine and ceremony, nobody can tell the difference; so that one poor fellow, who was really a Romanist, went in there and received absolution, and did not discover till afterwards that it was all counterfeit, when he had to go into a neighboring Catholic church and have it done over again. His own priest told him that the one at St. Albans had not received genuine ordination, and so the real presence was not there in the Eucharist, and it was a bogus kind of absolution. The ritualistic churches are dreaming of a millennial day when the Greek, Roman and Anglican churches shall become the one Catholic church in three divisions, or rather variations. The Catholics proper look upon the new movement with great hope. "We shall not change, of course," they say, "but the Ritualists will get to us presently. We are enlarging rapidly, and growing strong, and are sure to take possession of America, and it is only a question of time." The statistics show that the boast is not an idle one. Probably no church in this country is making more rapid strides and conquests, or has an organization more complete and aggressive.

THE PREAMBLE.

THE *Monthly Journal* promises to give the debate in full of the memorable Thursday morning of the Conference, and quotes what Messrs. A, B and C said, showing that the Conference has not changed its base. It forgets that the new article has become a public document, and is no longer of private interpretation; and whatever those gentlemen said or thought, the Christian public and the world generally will interpret it by the merits of the case and the laws of language. We can repeal the Preamble, and this is unmistakably done in behalf of any members of the Conference, or any to become members who object to it, declaring them "in no degree" committed by it. It is repealed so far, that persons who are *not* "disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ" may be members of the Conference with those that are. It is manly to own this and accept the position and the consequences; for what Mr. A said, or Mr. B thought will not repeal the dictionaries.

The "Commonwealth" has the following bit of sage criticism, "Mr. Ellis tells us why he left the Unitarian Conference. Perhaps he will write another article to inform the inquiring reader why he went there. Is he a Unitarian? He is, undoubtedly, a most excellent man and zealous Christian, with whom we have no disposition to quarrel; but — why did he go to a *Unitarian* Conference?"

We should not suppose it would take a very long article to inform "an inquiring reader" why "a most excellent man and zealous Christian" should go to a Conference of "Unitarian *and other Christian churches*" whether Unitarian or not. S.

RESURRECTION OF THE FLESH ILLUSTRATED.

NATURAL science slowly but surely crumbles down old artificial systems of belief, though it cannot build new ones. Under the heading, "Who ate Roger Williams?" we find an extract from Steele's "Fourteen Weeks in Chemistry," which shows very strikingly the fatal difficulties of the old doctrine of the Resurrection. When Gabriel blows his trumpet over the grave of this New England patriarch, he will find that the body had arisen some time before: —

"For the purpose of erecting a suitable monument in memory of Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, his private burying ground was searched for the graves of himself and wife. It was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shape of the

coffins could only be traced by a black line of carbonaceous matter. The rusted hinges and nails, and a round wooden knot alone remained in one grave, while a single lock of braided hair was found in the other. Near the grave stood an apple tree. This had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the coffined dead. The large root, pushing its way to the precise spot occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn, as if passing around it, and followed the direction of the back bone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heels, when both turned upward to the toes. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole bear a striking resemblance to the human form. There were the graves, but the occupants had disappeared; the very bones had vanished. There stood the thief — the guilty apple tree — caught in the very act of robbery. The spoliation was complete. The organic matter, — the flesh, the bones of Roger Williams had passed into an apple tree. The elements had been absorbed by the roots, transmitted into woody fibre, which could now be burned as fuel, or carved into ornaments; had bloomed into fragrant blossoms, which delighted the eye of the passer-by, and scattered the sweet perfume of spring; more than that, had been converted into luscious fruit, which from year to year had been gathered and eaten. How pertinent, then, is the question, 'Who ate Roger Williams?'"

A NEW STAR.

Such is the Rev. Mr. Punshon, of London, who is called the Methodist Cicero, and is soon to appear in Boston as a lecturer and preacher. His brilliant fame has preceded him as the most eloquent man of the time. Even at twenty-one years of age he had a high reputation as a pulpit orator. He is unlike Spurgeon, and as he is described to us, soars into a higher sky, and showers from it a more heavenly music. "Sometimes," says the "Watchman and Reflector," "in the most business like discussion, he throws out a sentence which sounds like the carol of a bird in a crowded street. Talking, for example, of the restraints of church discipline, he defended them and threw a glamour around them by saying, 'The lark has as keen a sense of freedom when she sits in her nest amid tufted clover as when she trills her sky-song through the air. The highest liberty has a self-imposed restraint.'"

As described he is quite as effective and brilliant on the platform as in the pulpit.

"LABOR, WORKING WITH YOUR HANDS."

How far the following extracts from the, "Evening Gazettee" were intended as a criticism upon Miss Dickinson's Lecture in New York before the Association of Working-women we do not know; but aside from all personalities they are eminently truthful and eminently seasonable. E.

"The plain truth is, that the labor-market in our cities, at least in the articles of clerking and shopping and sewing, is prodigiously overstocked. Nearly all our people of both sexes, especially the younger generations, are leaving the ancient manual work of the soil and the home for pursuits of a more showy, more exciting, and more *aristocratic* kind. There is an almost universal rage for professional, mercantile and millinery life, as being more liberal, modern and honorable. In fact, the whole Yankee nation, men, women and children, of all grades and places, bootblacks, knaves, beggars, vagabonds, all are, or claim to be, aristocrats, — *born* aristocrats. It is said that even dogs, and other four-footed citizens and democrats, have gone to putting on aristocratic airs; living for honor and ornament, not for use and service. Miss Dickinson tells us there are many thousands more of clerks than of masons in the city of New York; and that masons get four dollars for eight hours of work, while clerks get only two dollars for twelve. By her account, people in other walks, lawyers and physicians, fare still worse, 'receiving only what will purchase the chameleon's dish, — air.' They do this, it seems, in order to escape the dishonor of old-fashioned manual toil. Now, if people, whether men or women, crave such exemption so intensely as to be willing to pay for it in shame and misery and starvation, the thing is indeed infinitely sad; but we really can see no help for it. The only relief that true philanthropy can work them is by disabusing them of their wicked and hideous nonesense; and probably nothing but the sternest discipline of suffering can accomplish that. . . . . .

"In most of our eastern towns and cities there is notoriously a great surplus of women already. In Massachusetts, the population now averages about seven women to five men, and the disproportion is daily increasing. One result of this state of things may be seen in Boston, where, on every practicable evening, the streets are literally swarming with young 'ladies' from shops, stores, and other places, who ought not to be thus in the streets, who are not there for any good purpose, unless it be to piece out by shame the insufficiency of their wages for the bare necessities of life. The

thing is indeed inexpressibly shocking, but it is strictly true, and there is no use in disguising it. Probably one reason why these poung 'ladies' resort to such airings is, because, according to their liberal ideas of honor and aristocracy, it is more honorable and aristocratic to spend their evenings so, than to dwell in the privacy and tame purity of domestic service. In other words they are so proud and refined and progressive, that they will throw away their 'eternal jewel,' rather than go into the honest old kitchen, where they must needs be subject, as all male clerks and apprentices are, to the commands and orders of their parents or their employers. For there is everywhere housework enough to be done; reasonable pay for doing it; only this is not the right work for 'ladies and aristocrats,' but for those unaristocratic people who are willing to gain an honest living by useful work, and who are so humble and unaspiring in their thoughts as to esteem a clean-hearted and modest usefulness the first principle of respectability. Miss Dickinson complains sorely that manual toil is not honorable. To be sure it is not, and never was, in the aristocratic sense; it is work for women, not for 'ladies;' for those who crave to do right, not for those who hunger and thirst to be honored.

"Miss Dickinson, according to the published report of her lecture, had nothing to say about housework; not a word by way of recommending the 'working women' to cultivate that most useful and necessary part of human service. Whether her silence was meant to emphasize that point and make it more conspicuous, we know not; if so, her omissions were the most valuable part of her discourse For the best knowledge any woman ever had yet, is how to keep house; in fact, this one thing alone is worth far more than all other woman's learnings and accomplishments put together. It is the one thing of supreme importance in every true lady's education; the last thing that any lady ought or can rightly afford to be ignorant of. And it is high time this truth should be understood and insisted on. For most of our young woman are studiously educated out of all such knowledge; even parents who themselves have to work for a living, take a mean and vulgar pride in not having their daughters learn the lessons of the kitchen. There are far more young women learning to smatter French than learning how to make good bread. So long as our American people are possessed with this miserable and criminal folly, so long the cause of Miss Dickinson's distressful cry will continue to press more and more, and we shall keep drifting further and further from the springs of

social and domestic health. With us, all the parts of old household work have fallen mainly into the hands of immigrants and their children who have not learned to be aristocrats. When a sensible man wants to marry, which do you think he will go after first, — the Irish girl who can make good bread, or the Yankee lady who can talk poor French?"

OLD HYMNS AND PSALMS.

The Day Psalm Book, says *The Methodist*, was the first book of any consequence printed in this country, and gives a specimen. Nothing like it, nor anything which can rival it is found in the new "Hymn and Tune Book." The preface to the Day Psalm Book says that God's altar needed not any polishing. Evidently it did not get it.

THE SONG OF DEBORAH.

"Jael, the Kenite, Heber's wife
'bove women blest shall be;
Above the women in the tent
a blessed one is she.
"He water asked, she gave him milk;
in lordly dish she fetched
Him butter forth, unto the nail
she forth her left hand stretched.
"Her right hand to the workman's maul
and Sisera hammered,
She pierced and struck his temple through,
and then cut off his head.
He at her feet bowed, fell, lay down,
he at her feet bowed where
He fell; whereas he bowed down
he fell destroyed there.

CONCERNING YOKES.

"When I took my neck from one dogmatic yoke it was not for the singular purpose of putting it into another." — *Rev. R. L. Collier.*

"But then the value of this proposition depends upon the nature of Mr. Collier's aims. If he wishes simply to be a wild horse, and disport himself in the green pastures of speculative inquiry, of course, he need wear no yoke; but if he wishes to form part of a team that is to move anything, the insertion of his neck in the collar is essential." — *The Nation.*

"Take my yoke upon you and learn of me . . . for my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." — Jesus Christ.

THE "RADICAL" ON "DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT."

"THE First Church Society of Boston, in Berkeley street, has prayed. It was for a remission of the duties on some painted glass windows which the church wanted for obscuring its interior, with a hope to imitate, in a box, the effect that belongs to a cathedral.

"Religious be, but dim at any rate;
Truth needs the rouge upon her naked beauty.
Alas! too many churches in the State
Already have their light exempt from duty.

"Oh Churches, if the light within you be
But darkness tinted up by Scripture story!
Ye crave a light subdued — what mockery!
A light triumphant in the Church's glory."

— NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

How much is quotation, and how much is the "Radical's" own, we do not know. We suppose that the editors mean to endorse the whole. The Christian Church has sinned fearfully against charity. Is "Free Religion" to give us nothing better? Because those who live in beautiful houses see fit to have beautiful windows in a church, are they to be charged with wishing to obscure the truth? If God has made his temple beautiful, may we not make ours beautiful? But the poor! Well, that is a very old criticism, and it came from a suspicious quarter, and the Master did not allow it, but praised rather the costly anointing which Judas called a waste. As to the remission of duties, those who "prayed" for it, as the extract phrases it, although they believed that their petition was reasonable, are abundantly satisfied with all that Mr. Morrill urged against granting their request, except the insinuation that the windows would probably not be beautiful. We can decide that when the glass is put into "the box," as the writer of the paragraph kindly calls the house of worship in question. E.

THE USE OF A LITURGY.

"I AGREE with you as to the necessity of allowing, even in that test of unity, a Liturgy, a certain latitude. . . . I claim liberty for extempore prayer, liberty for silent prayer, liberty for abridging the Liturgy, liberty for baptising infants, or adults. . . . As long as the world stands there will be people who prefer a Liturgy like yours, others who prefer the extempore prayer, others free selection from fixed prayers; but all reasonable men would allow such form to be the best, to be the really catholic, which should unite all, assigning to each mode the fittest place." — *Bunson to Dr. Arnold.* 1834.

TYPES WILL BLUNDER.

It must be rather vexatious to a writer who has produced something unusually good, to see it come out in print transformed into something else. There was a figure in Miss Packard's exquisite poem on the sea, published in our last number, which pleased our fancy so much that we read the line over and over with new admiration. Job calls the clouds "the bottles of heaven;" Miss Packard, improving on the figure, describes them as brittle goblets, which, after discharging their contents, part and dissolve in those light, fleecy vapors that float away in the sunshine, and hence this incomparably beautiful couplet, —

> "Come while the summer smiles on land and wave,
> *When the crisp beakers part in golden light.*"

Behold! it comes out from the press spoiled by the addition of a single villainous letter which turns *beakers* into *breakers*, sacrificing the figure, and making nonsense. Will the readers of the magazine please, each and all, erase and denounce and annihilate the atrocious *r*, and so preserve the poetry unmarred, as it deserves to be.

A WONDERFUL FRAME OF MIND.

Somebody thus describes Dr. John Henry Newman's spiritual frames before his conversion to Romanism It seems to us, if we had attained to such a transcendental and cosmological state of felicity, we should rather have staid in it, and not been converted out of it Thus: —

"All the external universe seemed to him a deception, an ange ic extravaganza, a spangled phantasmagory of zodaical signs and hieroglyphics, a vivid environment of sacramental symbolisms and picture-writings, speaking to him of a Great Being besides whom and his own soul there was none other. Dwelling long within the cabalistic ether of this cosmological conception, till his soul had learned its language and could think in no other, but tenacious of a principle which had strangely possessed him from an early age, that of the necessity of dogma, Dr. Newman passed on logically and gradually to his peculiar ecclesiasticism, and became one of the most unquestioning adherents and advocates of the Roman faith."

> "They who make all duties pleasure
> Ope a mine of boundless treasure,
> Make each humble, right employment
> Lasting source of pure enjoyment."

CONVERTED.

THERE is a striking difference between conversion to Christ and conversion to the forms of a sect. A writer in the "Baptist Quarterly" tells an anecdote which is a decided illustration of this difference. A cannibal chief professed conversion, but was informed by the missionary that he must renounce polygamy by giving up his second wife before he could receive the ordinance of baptism. On the return of the missionary, the following year, the chief presented himself, with smiles, for the holy rite, when the following examination took place, —

Missionary. What have you done with your former wife?

Indian. (With a glow of satisfaction), *Me eat her.*

THE SPIRIT IS EVERYWHERE.

IN our dreams of heaven, whate'er they be,
Of golden vista or moonlight sea,
Where the stars are borne on fiery wings,
And space with celestial cadence rings;
In the earnest breathings of nightly prayer
The Spirit of God is there, is there.

'Mid the coral reefs of the wild south sea,
In the small green leaves of the amber-tree;
Where the journeying air to the wind-flower sighs
Of unfading bloom in Paradise;
Where gems are sparkling in beauty rare,
The spirit of God is there, is there.

As the dew that falls on the twilight bough
We know not whence, and we know not how,
As cherished tones round the heart which play
Of one beloved in our life's sweet May,
As viewless music in viewless air,
The Spirit of God is everywhere. ANON.

THE Christian religion is more after the nature of an affection than of a command. It hath a command but that command dependeth on love, not on sovereignty. It abhoreth servitude, and favoreth hearty consent. Hence the apostle throws off with indignation the yoke of bondage, and insisteth that we are not under the law, but under grace. EDWARD IRVING.

THE LOVE OF WORK.

A TRUE STORY.

THE master of a certain school in Germany knew how to employ the ceaseless activity of children in the best manner, and instead of leaving them to spend all their hours of recreation in mere boy's sports, or the contrivance of mischief, he made useful work agreeable to them. Near the school there was a piece of land six miles in circumference, and partly covered with fine fruit and forest trees. On this the boys were allowed to carry on their operations. They were permitted to choose what they would do; but whatever they undertook must be completed. If they failed, they were punished by being kept in the house in play-time. This made them careful to consider their undertaking well before they attempted it.

They made good walks through the wood, trimmed the trees of their dead branches, made rustic seats and arbors; and according to a favorite custom of the Germans, they constructed platforms and seats high up in the large forest trees.

In the centre of the wood there was a large piece of marshy ground, and some enterprising boys proposed to drain it; but as the land was very level where should they lead the water in order to get rid of it? After much consideration, and many long exploring walks, they found a very large, old, stone quarry, and resolved to carry the drain there, and let the water fall into it, making a pretty cascade. The distance from the marsh to the quarry was a third of a mile, and to make so long a drain was a great work for little boys; and their master cautioned them not to undertake it, unless they had perseverance enough to carry it through. A grand council was held, and speeches made, and at last all agreed that they would do it. Accordingly they set to work, and were so interested in their new project that they devoted to it all their leisure hours. Bat and ball, hoops and marbles, were all given up for the sake of making that drain; and the work proceeded rapidly. The young arms ached, and the little hands were blistered, and the perspiration ran from their faces, but their resolution never failed; and a few days before the close of the school term they had the satisfaction of completing the drain, and seeing the waters of their marsh pour over the edge of the quarry, and form a very pretty cascade.

The master of the school was so well pleased with the industry nd perseverance of the boys, that he gave them a *fête champêtre* on the occasion. He had a banner made, on which was written "Honor to Industry;" and he hired some musicians, and his daughters made little garlands of leaves, for the heads of the boys who had worked on the drain, and they all marched in procession to the sound of music, accompanied by the ladies in the master's family, and some of his friends, to the quarry. They descended into it, and danced on the flat rocks near the new cascade, and spent the whole afternoon there, exploring its recesses and walking its whole length, which was three miles. Nor were refreshments forgotten. Cakes and fruit were amply provided, and a more joyous party seldom was seen.

What a fine story each boy had to tell on his return home for the holidays! When they again met at school they all spoke with great interest of what they would do with the piece of land which they had drained, and as the soil was very rich, they resolved to make it into a flower-garden. Each boy wished for a piece of ground of his own to plant and cultivate as he pleased; but all desired that the whole should be handsomely laid out. So those boys who had seen fine gardens, and could draw, were appointed to make plans; and then the whole school would choose from among them the one they thought the best.

This was done, and to work they all went to make paths and ornamental pastures. The master gave them plants and seeds, and each one cultivated his own bed as he pleased, and made a mystery of what he planted. They made some mistakes, and some things did not grow, but they had a pretty good show of flowers that year; and the next spring they had learned by experience, and had read some books on gardening, and brought seeds and plants from home, and in the summer their reclaimed land was a beautiful garden full of blooming plants; and every morning, vases of fresh flowers were placed on the desk of their beloved master, who had taught them *that most valuable lesson*, "THE LOVE OF WORK."

This seems like the end of my story, and the boys appeared to have reaped the full reward of their industry. But it is not so. A far greater reward awaited them. A cruel war raged in the country where this school was. The farmers wished to con ceal their cattle from the enemy, and drove them into the lower end of the great stone quarry; but they could find no water there,

and without water they must die. At last they discovered the cascade, and immediately the strong arms of the peasantry were at work to form a large basin to receive the water; and from that, they made a channel in which it flowed the whole length of the quarry, three miles, and all the men and beasts drank of that water, and blessed the children who had brought it there. E. F.

JESUS MY TRUST.

Jesus, I will trust in thee,
Thou, my Saviour, ever liveth,
This I know, and this to me
Peace and deep contentment giveth;
Thus the thought of death's long night
Shall not dim my spirit's light.

Sprung from earth, I therefore must
To her bosom once more go;
God will wake my sleeping dust,
He will raise me up I know;
So that I with him shall be,
Blest through all eternity.

Then I with my eyes shall see,
Then shall I my Saviour knowing,
I, I myself no stranger be,
My heart shall with his love be glowing;
And all around, and all within,
Be free from weakness, free from sin.

They who suffer, mourn and sigh,
In glory rise without a stain,
Earthly, I shall fall and die,
Heavenly, I shall live again;
A mortal body I am here,
I shall be a spirit there.

The doctrine of immortality is one of the most sublime truths, and should often be presented and dwelt upon. It offers one of the strongest motives for a good life, for obedience to the will of God, and is one of the best supports under all the trials, temptations and afflictions of life. But it should be remembered that it is only one; and while this should not be neglected, the many others that sparkle on the page of Revelation should be equally imparted, impressed and applied to daily life.

THE LIBERAL CHRISTIAN.

A FRIEND tells us that the Liberal Christian for November 21st (we have not seen the paper), is not satisfied with our November number. We are inclined to think that the Editor will be equally dissatisfied with the present issue.

HOME.

HALLOWED and sacred home, thou fillest me with gratitude and joy. Thy blessings are infinite and thy influence heavenly. In all the scenes of life thy influence, like that of a guardian angel is about me. My early home, I would not forget it, and a mother's love, who does not bless it? Oft has the gentle voice of my mother sounded in my ear when far from her in distant places, warning me against temptation, and bidding me the straight and narrow path pursue; and oft have I felt her hand gently pressing upon my head full of blessing for her boy far away. Oh, my early home, I will never forget it, nor the blessed ones, the friends of innocent childhood. And who are they but the father and the mother, to whom each child is more dear than all else beside; who bless God in all their suffering for its sake, that they have been so blessed of heaven; who watch over it with anxious love, to catch each expression of joy or sorrow; whose lot it is to watch its soul's development, to aid in fitting its soul for future happiness, to sympathize with it in its joys and sorrows, and find their recompense in the consciousness that its home has been the home of love, virtue and innocence. D. P.

SELF-DENIAL.

THE life of Jesus was a life of self-denial, of self-sacrifice; in him the finite was subordinate to the infinite; his was a life of the soul; it was an open vision of immortality. In no instance did Jesus seek his own good, his own aggrandizement; he lived a life of self-exertion, of self-sacrifice; he never used his wonderful powers for his own advantage; he asked no aid from the Father for his own good; he disclaimed all worship that was offered to himself; he sought no earthly consolations; he gave himself up as a lamb to the slaughter. Read the history of his life, and you will find that in this, as in all things, he was a perfect example that we should follow. E. L. F.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Christmas Carol in Prose. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By CHARLES DICKENS. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1869.

These few words give but the feeblest idea of one of the most beautiful gift books of the coming holidays. The story itself has got beyond the day when its merits can be brought into question. It is a classic, and a Christian classic too, a Christmas Sermon of the most stirring and instructive sort. "Ticknor & Fields" may well retire upon this choice specimen of the book-maker's skill, and leave it as a legacy to the new firm, which, happily, is new more in name than in fact.

Locksley Hall. By ALFRED TENNYSON. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1869. Waits in all its luxuriousness for those who would be in season with their Christmas preparations.

ANNA M. DIAZ tells, with the help of the same publishers, the *Entertaining Story of King Brondé, his Lily and his Rosebud,* and W. L. Sheppard supplies excellent illustrations.

The Gates Ajar. By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co., successors to Ticknor & Fields. 1869.

Deacon Quirk, of Miss Phelps's story, is, we hope, to some extent a caricature, though, as our church in the country had no deacons at all, we cannot write from experience. The rest of the book is very real and very refreshing, and a helpful protest against those conceptions of the world to come which are simply negations of everything in this world. "There are bodies celestial."

Poems. By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 1869. The poetry is very sweet, and religious in the best sense. We mean to steal some of it for our own pages.

The Philosophy of Domestic Life. By W. H. BYFORD, M. D., of Chicago, Ill., published by Lee and Shepard, is a little volume which contains excellent advice, some of it of special importance to married persons.

Little Women, by LOUISA M. ALCOTT, is a very bright book, in which four lively girls play their several parts. May, Jo, Beth and Amy are full of frolic, and fun; and the portraiture is as true to life as it can be. The father is away to the war, while the mother and the four girls remain at home, and make up a charming picture of domestic life. Miss Alcott has a fund of lively humor, and puts her readers in the happiest frame. Her book is a very healthful one, and is a decided success. Roberts Brothers. S.

Freaks of Fortune; or, Half Round the World; and *Make or Break; or, The Rich Man's Daughter*, are two new books by OLIVER OPTIC, which the children are reading with a very keen relish. They belong to the Starry Flag Series, and are among the author's best stories, teaching lessons of youthful heroism and self-sacrifice. Lee & Shepard. S.

TICKNOR & FIELDS publish *the Poetical Works Complete* of Sir Walter Scott, in a single volume, making a neat, portable edition, double columned, handsomely bound, and specially convenient as a pocket companion. It is intended as a continuation of the Diamond Edition of the poets by the same publishers, which have been largely successful. The Diamond Scott will, we hope, be equally so.

ROBERTS BROTHERS reprint from the English Edition *Rural Poems*, by WILLIAM BARNES. It is beautifully bound and illustrated, on tinted paper, gilt edged. The pictures of country life, child life especially, are quaint, queer, and vastly amusing. We laugh over the rhymes without seeing the poetry in them which the English reviewers do. But they are true to country human nature, and the illustrations are inimitable.

The same firm publish *The Little Gipsey*, a tale for children, translated from the French, with elegant illustrations.

A New Practical Hebrew Grammar, with Hebrew-English and English-Hebrew Exercises, and a Hebrew Chrestomathy. By SOLOMON DEATSCH, A. M., Ph. D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 1868.

The distinguishing features of this Grammar are more than sufficient to justify its publication, and the manual will be found especially useful to those who, without the help of a teacher, would gain some knowledge of Hebrew.

MESSRS. E. P. DUTTON & Co. publish an *Excellent Clergyman's Visiting List.*

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